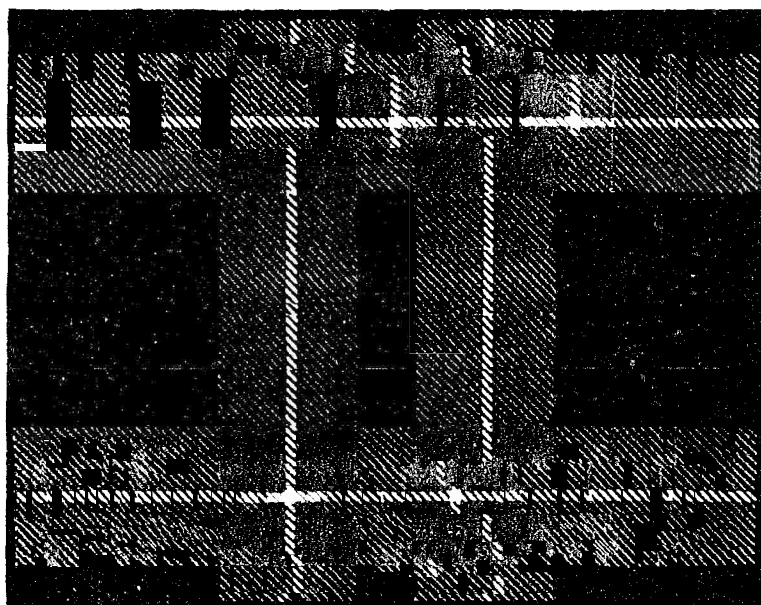


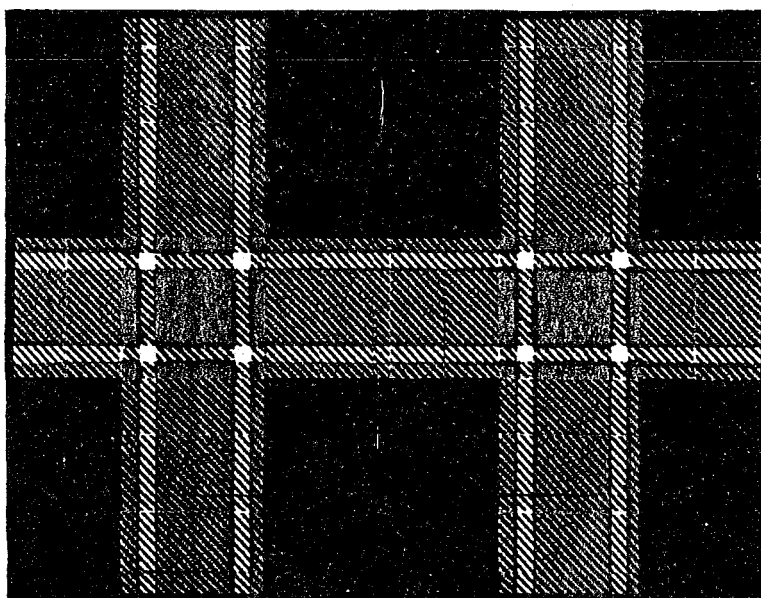
CLAN GRAHAM STORIES



PERSONAL ARMS OF THE DUKE OF MONTROSE



GRAHAM OF MONTROSE



GRAHAM OF MENTEITH

LISTED IN ORDER THEY WERE BORN TO ELDER JESSE GRAHAM

Number 1 Child

SARAH EMALINE GRAHAM BLACKWELL

Henry Clay "Hank" Henderson
Ila Ruth Mitchell Conner

Number 2 Child

ISAAC JACKSON GRAHAM

Sarah Jane Graham Davis
Ruby Diar Davis Walker
Sarah Junell Walker Mullinnix
Isaac Jackson Graham
Aaron Graham, Sr.
Ora Graham Faubion Putman
Jewel Graham Taylor
Eunice Louise Graham Oney
Bythel Oney
Aaron Graham, Jr.
Dorothy Wayne Graham Smith
Flix Graham
Martha Lucinda Graham
Hanes Robertson

Number 3 Child

CURTIS BEASON GRAHAM I

Curtis Beason Graham I
Hank and Dean Borg
Curtis Beason Graham II
Madie Eva Johnson Graham
Lois Graham Harbur
Curtis Johnson Graham
Hazel Graham Wilkinson
Thomas G. Wilkinson
Frances Emogene Graham Purl
Mary Beth Graham Smith
Mary Lee McGriff Rubenkoenig
Bill E. Graham
Jean Anne Barbar Graham
Hubert Allen Wilson
Bobby Edwil Wilson
Mark Wood

LISTED IN ORDER THEY WERE BORN TO ELDER JESSE GRAHAM

<u>Number 6 Child</u>	<u>Number 7 Child</u>	<u>Number 8 Child</u>
<u>MARTHA JANE GRAHAM MANNING</u>	<u>DR. WILLIAM SMITH GRAHAM</u>	<u>JESSE ABNER GRAHAM II</u>
James D. Manning	Jehu Graham	Daisy Fleming
Manning Mountain	Ben Leslie Graham	William Earl Conner
	Thelma Lavene Graham Moxley	Barrey Mac Colvin
	Loman Ephriam Moxley	Wilma Earl Colvin
	Beulah Bettie Proctor	
	Alabama Graham Waldrip	
	James Trousdell Waldrip	
	Lois Ella Waldrip Warren	
	Eddie April Graham Pass	

LISTED IN ORDER THEY WERE BORN TO ELDER JESSE GRAHAM

Number 11 Child

JAMES MONROE GRAHAM

Ronald A. Graham

James R. Graham

Jo Betsy Graham Talak

Will F. Graham

William Smith Graham

Bessie Beulah Graham Payne

Travis Payne

Charles Weldon Payne

Brenda Sue Dyson

Chester Melvin Payne

Lola Colleene Payne

Melvin Gene Payne

Marion F. Graham

Richard Hill

Inez Davis Roland

Verna Lois Roland

Letta Dell Roland Coconaugh

IN MEMORY

This book is dedicated to Frances Emogene (Jeannie)
Graham Purl, who was born April 1924 and died May 1991.
She was the daughter of Curtis Beason Graham 11 and Nadie
Johnson Graham.

There is only a curtain between us, between the beyond
and here;
They whom we have called dead, have not left us,
Nay, they were never so near.

Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither
at the cold wind's blast, but thou, Oh Death,
hath all seasons for thine own.

Jesus said unto her, "I am the resurrection and the life:
he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall
he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall
never die."

P R E F A C E

With the cry, "Go West Young Man" many individuals unhappy with their lot in the earlier settled portions of North America pulled up stakes and sought their fortunes by attempting to conquer the wilds of unexplored hills and valleys beyond the organized areas. Along with their meager holdings they carried the customs and philosophies of their ancestors.

Jessie Abner Graham I was born in Scurry County, North Carolina, in March 1804 to John and Mary (Pennington) Graham. Jessie's childhood in North Carolina was on the frontier. In 1827, Jessie married into a well known pioneer family, the Fannins. His bride was Martha Jane (Fannin) Graham. By 1849, Jessie Graham had good reason to reflect on his family's future in Alabama. The nutrients were becoming exhausted in his fields and he had ten children - including seven sons - for whom he had to provide. Further, the older four sons were nearing adulthood and would soon need land of their own. Because of those considerations, Jessie loaded his household goods and farming equipment into wagons and moved to a new frontier for better opportunities. He led his own family and a convoy of relatives and friends to Texas. In route he stopped for a few months in Shreveport, Louisiana. Later that year, the Graham family moved on to Rusk County, Texas with Jesse's band of Alabama Families and made their home there for six years.

Conditions were primitive in Rusk County. The removal of his family to another crude frontier resulted in the loss of many comforts and refinements. From friends, Jesse learned that Coryell County was being opened to settlement. He rode south on horseback to look over the country in Central Texas, and obviously liked what he saw because in 1855 he again loaded his family and household in wagons and moved to Coryell County. Jesse's younger brother, Gideon Graham I, had followed him to Rusk County, Texas, from Alabama, and again followed him to Coryell County.

Jesse and Gideon were among the first intrepid pioneers who settled in Central Texas in 1855 when the Comanches menaced the sparsely settled region embracing Coryell, San Saba, and Lampasas counties. Jesse settled on Brown's Creek, near the Cowhouse River, about fifteen miles southeast of Fort Gates. Gideon first settled on Station Creek in Coryell County, but later settled on Henson's Creek, or Cowhouse River, near his brother Jesse. Coryell County was created and organized in 1854.

The area in which Jesse and Gideon settled was bountiful in nature. Creeks and rivers supplied plenty of water, and ample grazing was provided by the lush prairie grasses. Fruits and nuts grew wild, particularly in the river bottoms; land was abundant for claiming. One of Jesse's sons, Jesse Abner Graham II was born in Alabama and moved to Texas with his parents in 1849. He described Coryell

County as the Grahams found it upon their arrival in 1855 as a wild country, but pretty. There were wild animals of nearly every description, and wild Indians for many years.

This was the new frontier that the Grahams had chosen for their new home.

By 1880, the census showed that Martha and Jesse were alone. He was listed as a minister and she was listed as a housekeeper. The census showed most of their children living relatively nearby. Sarah Emeline and her husband, Joel Blackwell, lived on the Cowhouse River. Curtis Beason I married Elizabeth Thornton and lived near Harmony. Ozias Denton married Martha M. Thornton, believed to be related to Curtis Beason's first wife, had become a physician and was living near by. Martha Jane was married to James D. (Jim) Manning and was living on an adjoining farm. William Smith had married Ann Elisa Alley and like his older brother, Ozias Denton, had become a physician and was practicing in Coryell County. Jesse Abner II was married to Cornelia Griffin, Benjamin Franklin was married to Sarah Abigail Fleming, and James Monroe was married to Elizabeth Jane Fleming and all three lived in Coryell County. Isaac Jackson Graham, the oldest son, was married to Sarah Dee Kinsey and also was living in Coryell County. Hulda Ann had married Joseph Abbott in 1864, but he died 4 years later. After his death she married John McCloud in 1870 and they farmed in Coryell County.

Jesse and Martha Jane Graham had found a fertile ground in Coryell County for planting Clan Graham!

Few people have bequeathed to the world a better family than did Jesse Abner and Martha Jane (Fannin) Graham. Their progeny has reflected honorably upon this worthy couple.

CHILD NUMBER ONE

SARAH EMALINE GRAHAM BLACKWELL

A HISTORY OF THE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST CHURCH

"Taken from a Book by J. S. Newman, Glen Rose,
Texas; Published 1906"

Concord Association: Was organized with Concord Church in Williamson County, on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in October, 1858, with the following six churches.

Little Flock Church, Bell County. Elder S. Wheat and J. C. Barry; this church has 13 members.

New Hope Church - Elder W. S. Smith and brother A. C. Jones; this church has 31 members.

Concord Church - C. C. Hickman, T. S. Whitely, and Jobe Ratliff; this church has 16 in fellowship.

Zion Church - B. Payne; this church has nine members.

Sugar Loaf Church - Elder Jesse Graham and J. Blackwell (Elder Jesse Graham's son-in-law). Number of members not given.

Rainey Creek Church - S. Haggard, W. Miller, and B. J. Miller. Number of members not given.

NOTE: The Sugar Loaf Church and Rainey Creek Church had to have 64 members between the two of them because the information states in the next sentence that "The association was organized with six churches, three preaches, and 135 members. The three preachers were Elder Jesse Graham, Elder S. Wheat, and Elder W. S. Smith

In 1859 the association met at Sugar Load Church in Coryell County. The association had 139 members.

In 1863 the association met at Sugar Loaf Church on Friday before the second Sunday in September.

Elder Jesse Graham preached the first sermon who was chosen moderator and Squire Haggard clerk. The association this year had seven churches and 177 members.

In 1864 the association met at Shiloh Church September 24, 25, and 26. The first sermon was preached by Elder J. H. Russell. Elder Jesse Graham was moderator and S. Haggard, clerk. Zion Church was dissolved by Elders Jesse Graham and W. S. Smith. The association only had four churches and 141 members.

In 1865 The association met with Rainey Creek Church September 8, 9, and 10. The first sermon was preached by Elder Jesse Graham, who was moderator, and J. S. Meeks, clerk. This year Bosque Church of Erath County, and Friendship Church, Coryell County were received by their messengers into the association. This year the association had six churches and 128 members.

A HISTORY OF THE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST CHURCH

Page 2

In 1866 The association did not meet.

In 1867 Met at Friendship Church Septembet 6, 7, and 8th. Elder Jesse Graham, moderator. Six churches, 122 members.

In 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, and 1872 Elder Jesse Graham was moderator at the association meetings.

1874 Elder Jesse Graham preached the first sermon when the association met at Niel's Creek Church on Friday before the fourth Sunday in September. The association had eight churches and 219 members.

In 1876, 1877, and 1879 Elder Jesse Graham was moderator at the association meetings.

In 1880 the association met at Bosque Church on Friday before the fourth Sunday in August. The first sermon was preached by Elder Jesse Graham, who was moderator. The association had 13 churches and 328 members.

In 1881 the association met at Zion Church on Friday before the fourth Sunday in August; Elder Jesse Graham preached the first sermon. Neal's Creek, Salem, Little Flock, Bosque, Bethany, and Bluff Creek asked to be dismissed from the association for purposes of organizing a new association. The association had 11 churches and 250 members.

In 1882 the association only had two churches; Sugar Loaf and Mt. Zion, and two preachers, Elder Jesse Graham and Elder A. Toliver.

In 1883 the Concord Church came back to the association. The association continued to meet annually with one or the other of the three churches until 1896 when it met for the last time.

Elder Jesse Graham and Elder A. Toliver both died, leaving the churches without any ministerial aid. Sugar Loaf and Mount Zion churches soon became extinct. Sugar Loaf and Rainey Creek were dissolved.

PERTINENT INFORMATION ON SUGAR LOAF CHURCH

Sugar Loaf Church was organized on the fourth Sunday in August, 1856, near Sugar Loaf mountain in Coryell County by Elder Jesse Graham with the following members: Martha Graham, James and Nancy Hatley, William and Nancy Kinsey, and Joe and S. E. Blackwell. (Note: William and Nancy Kinsey are my 2nd great grandparents). Elder Jesse Graham was chosen pastor at the time the church was in the Concord Association. This was the first Primitive Baptist Church constituted in Coryell County.

A HISTORY OF THE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST CHURCH

Page 3

Rainey's Creek Church was organized July 12, 1857, at Rainey's Creek school house in Coryell County by Elders Samuel Wheat and Jesse Graham with the following members; William Miller, Hannah E. Miller, Margaret Miller, Felix K. P. Miller, Squire Haggard, E. P. Haggard, B. G. Miller, Mathew C. Miller, Zilpha C. Miller, Ann Norman, and Ann McKowns.

Elder Jesse Graham was called to the pastoral care of this church at time of constitution.

STORIES

AS TOLD BY SARAH J AND MARTHA
TO MARTHA'S GRANDDAUGHTER

At one time there were no fences. People branded their livestock as a way to show ownership and they ran loose. Sarah J. and Martha went to a subscription school a few months of the year and walked some distance to attend. This was wild territory and wild animals grazed freely over it. One morning the girls were on their way to school when they encountered a bunch of wild cattle which took after them. They ran to the nearest tree, which was a Mesquite, and climbed as far as they could manage to get away from the cattle, just terrified. One old cow remained under the tree, bellowing and pawing the ground for quite some time. When the cow finally went away, the girls climbed back down and went home instead of going to school.

One time at Christmas great-grandfather Graham had gone to King to the store late the day before. He had purchased some small gifts for the children and bought a few of the luxuries (Coffee, sugar, etc.) for the household. Among the gifts for the little girls were fragrant bars of store-bought soap made in the shape of animals and flowers. Grandmother Martha and Great-Aunt Jamie had used most of theirs up over the weeks that passed, but Great-Aunt Fannie, being younger, decided to keep hers since it was so interesting (it was a green frog) and she would take it out and play with it instead. One day she took it from the box where she kept it and came crying to Great-Grandmother Graham----"My frog is sick and starving to death----he is so poor". The situation was caused by Martha and Sarah Jane occasionally borrowing it to wash their face with---so he was disintegrating quite naturally.

When our grandparents were small the Indians roamed the areas quite freely; in fact, some of our relatives were captured and killed by them. On one occasion great-grandfather Graham was away from home overnight leaving great-grandmother Graham home with the small children and a faithful old watch dog, DASH, chained to the door to protect the family. Great-Grandmother Graham fed the children, and put them to bed. She then took her cards (these are used to card cotton, or wool into small bats, or rolls to be used for spinning into thread to make material). They are made of wood with wire teeth, and when pulled against each other they make a dull noise. As she worked into the night she became aware that just outside the door was a very errie sound--almost like the noise of the carding. She stopped, but the noise continued----. Her fear became intense--- she must do something! She got the trusty old gun, loaded it, and in the meantime old DASH was barking the warning. She knew she must loose the chain that secured the door enough to sort of see outside what it was. Terrified, she did this----and there was an old cow licking away at the side of the house where she had thrown out the dishwater earlier. Probably the salt in it was attracting the cow.

STORIES

Page 2

At another time this occurred: A trail drive was coming through, this being along the site of the now famous CHISOLM TRAIL area. It was growing late and a bad storm was coming up, the trail boss approached great-grandfather's house and asked if they could bed the cattle down for the night. The permission was granted, and soon the vast herd of long-horned cattle came into view with the trail-riders trying to gather them into a close milling group. They built a bonfire and started their supper before the storm broke. As the storm of thunder, lightening, and rain came, the cattle became excited, with a very loud noise of bellowing and bawling, the entire herd was in a state for starting a stampede. Needless to say, the entire household of great-grandfather Graham's was terrified. If the cattle should stampede, they could go through the log cabin like a minor obstruction to them. However, the riders were into their saddles as soon as possible, surrounding the herd, calling and getting them circulating again. After a time they began to settle down somewhat, but the riders continued in shifts all night, riding in circles around the herd, singing, to keep them in line and from breaking loose again. Needless to say, our great-grandparents set up all night too anticipating the worst, but hoping for the best for their household. It was with joy when morning finally arrived, the riders made breakfast, broke camp, and was on their way again.

B Y G O N E D A Y S

WASH DAY

On wash day we arose very early in the morning, built a fire around the large old iron wash pot, which had been filled with water drawn by rope and bucket or pumped from a well or brought from a creek or spring. Lye soap (homemade earlier in that same wash pot from lard rendered in that same pot on hog killing days) was brought forth, some was chipped up and put in the wash pot and some was left in big bars on the rub boards.

Sheets, and then the table and other fine linens were washed (boiled) first, then cup towels and towels and then successively more soiled materials, ending up with the mens dirty work clothes.

Two or three tubs were filled with cold water and lined up along a bench or table. After the clothes had been boiled and punched with a broom handle or a paddle until all the soil was loosened, they were lifted from the boiling water with the broom handle and carefully put in a bucket and carried to the first tub of clean water with a rub board and cake of lye soap. After scrubbing and rubbing each item until it was clean, it was wrung out by hand and placed in the next tub of water, thoroughly rinsed and then put into the next tub of water. Some of the white items went into another container with bluing added to the water to make them appear whiter. After that if any items needed starch, it went into another container where boiled starch (made earlier that morning on the wood cook stove) had been poured.

Then the clothes were ready to be taken to the clothes line. It helped to shake each piece vigorously before hanging it up to get some of the wrinkles out; hopefully, a light breeze would finish the job and the sun would do the drying. The clothes were fastened to the clothes line by means of a solid wood split pin, the split would be slipped down over the item and line beneath to hold the item on the line.

The last of the water in the pot was used to scrub the floors with a broom or brush down on hands and knees. The excess water was broomed away and cleaner water used to rinse the floors. The rinse water was used to water the flowers. By the time the floors were finished it was time to go get the dried clothes from the lines and bring them into the house.

They were placed on a table or bed, sorted and folded. Some were sprinkled down and wrapped in a sheet to be ironed.

The wood burning cook stove was used to heat the cast metal hand irons; they would stay hot only a few minutes and had to be reheated repeatedly. Several irons would be on the stove so a cold one could be exchanged for a hot one. Some of the irons had

WASH DAY (Continued)

removable handles and others had handles made on to them. There was no such thing as a folding ironing board; the ironing board was a padded plank held up by the backs of two chairs or a padded table.

Lunch on wash day usually consisted of a pot of pinto beans, corn-bread, and onions.

BURIAL ARRANGEMENTS

Even in the early days of Coryell County death would occasionally visit each community and knock on someones door, it might be at the house of a neighbor, or it could be at your door. There were no funeral homes, and the word "mortician" had not been invented.

Regardless of who died, the same essential things had to be done; there was some, but very little, deviation from the routine as follows: First, the preparation of the body took place in the home of the deceased.

Friends and/or family would place a pad under the body to absorb body wastes when the body relaxed. The body was then bathed and clothed in underwear. A house door would be removed from the hinges and placed on a bench or table to form a "cooling board". The body was then placed on the "cooling board" and was covered with a white sheet. The eyes were closed and nickles were placed on them to keep them closed. A rag was saturated with soda water then wrung out, and placed on the face to keep it from turning dark. Sometimes camphor was used.

The body was never left unattended. Someone was always in the room with it, even at night, never sleeping. Usually several people would stay with the body during the "death watch".

The next day a coffin would be brought in; if no one had them for sale, the neighborhood men would construct one. If the body was male, he would be dressed in his best suit, if he had one; if not, a new suit, shirt and tie were bought for the occasion. If the body was female or a child new clothes were sewn for them (ready made clothes were not available for them). After the body was dressed, it was placed in the coffin.

The neighborhood men and boys then took their picks, shovels, and crowbars to the cemetery and dug a hole six feet deep, three feet wide, and long enough to accommodate the casket at the specified plot.

A religious service would be held at the residence of the deceased or church. Then the coffin would be loaded onto a wagon and the team of horses would be driven slowly to the cemetery. Family, friends, and neighbors would follow in their own wagons, buggies, cars, on horseback, or on foot.

There was usually a graveside service; then the coffin would be lowered into the grave by leather reins from harness borrowed from teams that pulled the wagons and buggies. Friends and neighbors of the deceased would then fill up the grave while others sang appropriate hymns.

Most of the neighbors helped in one way or another; all attended the service. If it was the right time of the year, flowers would be brought from the gardens and yards of the neighbors, if it was not the right time of the year, there were none.

SUGAR LOAF

The Sugar Loaf Community takes its name from the Mountains called Sugar Loaf, so named because of it's resemblance in shape and color to a type of candy common in the early days and known as Sugar Loaf. The community was located in the southeastern part of Coryell County.

It developed from a sparsely settled frontier village into a flourishing community. Unfortunately, the cattle there were in sufficient supply to attract two tragic raids by roving bands of Indians.

In 1859, the Riggs Massacre took place near Sugar Loaf. In the Sugar Loaf cemetery was a headstone "John and Jane Riggs, murdered by Comanche Indians , March 16, 1859". Riggs, his wife and two daughters had gone to the woods with their wagon, unarmed. The Indians found them there. Mr. and Mrs. Riggs were murdered, and their home was set on fire. The two girls were captured, but one fell off the horse she was riding. The other was carried for a distance by two Indians, each holding one of her hands. They finally dropped her and the girls wandered into the woods and spent the night at a vacant house; they were found next morning.

David Elms was with a young man named Pierce when they were attacked by Comanches. Pierce was killed, but Elms escaped after the Indians had stripped off his shirt and beat him.

About two years later a band of Indians killed a boy about ten years old, who was the son of Gid Graham, a Ranger Captain who lived in the Eliga Community on the opposite side of Cowhouse Creek west of Sugar Load. The boy was stabbed and left to die.

In neither of these instances were the Indians captured.

Atop the Grand old Sugar Loaf mountain are big rocks with names of folks carved in their youth for several generations. Not far from Sugar Loaf mountain is the Cowhouse Creek crossing. The creek is extremely pretty, its water clear and cool and the rock bed of the stream clear from washing by the fresh waters from springs and rains. Pecan trees, hugh and majectic line the creek by the hundreds at this crossing.

ELIGA

One cannot find Eliga on present day maps; the community was obliterated by the government when it took land for Camp Hood. Eliga was located where House Creek runs into Cow House Creek on the old (pre-1942) Gatesville to Killeen Road. There was a large swimming hole there where people from miles around came to swim, fish, and camp and picnic under the large pecan trees.

Eliga once had a post office, two stores, blacksmith shop, and two gins; an old steam gin and a newer one. The mail was discontinued to it in 1912, and sent to Killeen. There was never a school there. There were two church buildings at Eliga. One on the north side of Cowhouse (the Church of Christ) and one on the south side (the Freewill Baptist church which shared their building alternately with the Methodists). Johnny Graham was a Baptist preacher there. They held many singings at the church which were attended by all in the community.

It was near this area that Jesse Graham brought his family to live in 1855.

Chapter 35

KILLING OF SAM GRAHAM BY INDIANS IN FEBRUARY, 1865..

Old man Gid Graham lived on Browns Creek, about twelve miles south of Gatesville, on the place now owned by Joe Graham and is now on the Gatesville and Kileen road. In February, 1865, Sam Graham, a boy of fourteen, rode out one morning hunting oxen or horses. Just on top of the mountain, about two miles from home, the Indians ran on him and carried him off. I don't know just when the white men got on the trail of the Indians, for there were but few men in the country, for this was in February before the close of the war. I think it was in Lampasas County, where the whites ran on to the Indians.

The boy Sam was riding behind one of the Indians and when the Indians saw they would have to leave the boy the Indian Sam was riding behind, struck a lance through his body and let him fall. The whites had a fight with the Indians. I don't know where this took place or how many Indians were killed, but believe they got about all of the horses the Indians had. Sam was taken to a house, where he died in two or three days. We never got him home. Captain Gid Graham, as he was called, died several years ago, I believe in Oklahoma. His brothers were Abner, John and Tip. Old man Abner was living a few years ago out near Osage. John and Tip went to Oklahoma.

(The above Chapter 35 copied from pages 68 and 69
of the book "SEVENTY YEARS IN TEXAS")

461. Samuel Graham.—Accounts slightly differ concerning this episode, but it occurred sometime during 1864, or early in 1865, and will be reported at this time.

Samuel Graham was a younger son of Gideon Graham, who lived on Brown's Creek, about 12 miles south of Gatesville, near the present Gatesville and Killeen road, and not far distant from the Sugar Loaf Mountain. Early one morning, young Sam Graham, who was about twelve years of age, was sent to search for stock. He was about two miles from his home. As he rode leisurely along on his pony, several Indians dashed upon him, and made little Sam their captive, took his pony, placed him on a horse behind an Indian, and started toward the western wilds.

They had not gone a great distance, however, when some of the crimes of these unscrupulous criminals of the plains, became known to the local pioneers, who were soon in pursuit. The Indians were encountered, perhaps, somewhere in the present Lampasas County. During the running fight, with the savages in the lead, young Sam attempted to jump from behind the Indian, but was caught by the arm. A few moments later, however, when the red men were being closely crowded by the citizens, one brutal barbarian thrust a lance in little Sam's body and threw him in a nearby thicket of brush.

Although rescued, he only lived about two days, but before his death, related some of his experiences while an Indian captive. He stated that although the savages had an abundance of venison and buffalo meat, they only offered him horse flesh for food, and attempted to force him to drink water from a horse's stomach, which had been killed only a short time before. But this dastardly deed cost the life of at least one savage.

Note:—Author interviewed Geo. Crawford and others who were living in Coryell and adjoining counties at the time.

Further Ref:—70 years in Texas, by J. M. Franks; and Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas.

(The above article 461 was copied from pages 107 and 108 of the book "The East Texas Frontier")

DIARY OF HENRY CLAY "HANK" HENDERSON WHILE A JAPANESE POW

The following is a copy of the Diary of Henry Clay "Hank" Henderson while he was a Japanese Prisoner of War during World War II. He was stationed aboard the USS Otus in the Philippine when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and Baguio in the Philippine Islands simultaneously on the 7th of December 1941. Because of the International Dateline, it was already the 8th of December in the Philippines. He and other American military personnel fought the Japanese invaders in the Philippines until on the 6th of May, 1942. Hank and the small group of defending stragglers that had been left behind to resist the Japanese invasion of Corregidor were captured. For his gallantry against such impossible odds, Hank was heavily decorated by both the Philippino and American governments. Following his capture he survived the death marches and forced-labor camps in the Philippines to be shipped to Japan and imprisoned in POW camps until the end of WWII. Hank's courage and strength in defending the cause of freedom in America includes his in the ranks of those for whom all Americans owe gratitude. We in Clan Graham are greatly honored to have Hank as one of our honored members.

Hank's wife is Lois Henderson, who descends from the Sarah Emaline (Graham) Blackwell line.



HENRY CLAY HENDERSON
1953

December 9, 1941, Monday Morning 0235 Hours: General quarters was sounded on board the submarine tender, USS Otus. It was in the dry dock in Mariveles, Bataan peninsula, Luzon, Philippine Islands undergoing emergency repairs on its propeller. I was onboard, serving

DIARY OF HENRY CLAY "HANK" HENDERSON

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with the Commander Submarine Division 203, Flag Allowance, in charge of submarine spare parts. Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, and Baguio, Luzon, Philippine Islands, US Protectorate, were both being bombed by the Japanese Air Force. This signals the beginning of World War II for the United States of America.

December 10, 1941, Wednesday 1200 Hours: Fifty four Japanese Air Force heavy bombers made bombing runs over the Navy Yard at Cavite, completely destroying all facilities. I went out on the dock from the USS Otus with the Commander of Sub-Div 203 so he could give orders to the Commanders of the USS Sea Lion and the USS Sea Dragon to get under way and make preparation for starting War Patrols against all Japanese vessels. As he was giving these orders, a bomb landed on the USS Sea Lion, rendering it useless as a combat vessel. How he and I were spared being hit by fragments of this bomb in particular, or for that matter, how we escaped without injury by any of the hundreds of bombs that rained down on this small US Navy Repair Facility is only known to God. The alert lasted less than one hour. The USS Otus got underway for Port Darwin, Australia. The Commander of Sub-Div 203, gave me orders to commandeer a small motor launch and take him across Manila Bay to the USS Holland. He conferred with the Commander of US Submarines, Asiatic, Captain John Wilks. Orders were issued for the USS Holland to procede to Port Darwin, Australia. The Submarine Tender, USS Canopus was ordered to remain behind and service the USS Sea Dragon, making it sea worthy for the voyage to Australia. The USS Sea Lion was towed out to sea and sunk.

I remained in the Port area of Manila working with submarine spare parts, doing what I could to service the US submarines helping to make them ready for war patrols. Some of these submarines intercepted the Japanese landing in Lingayen gulf in Northern Luzon.

December 12, 1941, Friday Morning: I went to the Cavite Navy Yard to try to salvage any submarine spare parts or torpedoes. God what a sight. Dead bodies every where. Dogs, cats, chickens, and pigs were eating the flesh of these bodies. It was a scramble to find a place to put my foot down without stepping on some one or some dismembered part of a body.

December 23, 1941: The USS Canopus sailed to Mariveles Bay, opposite Corregidor at the entrance of Manila Bay to service submarines. I was sent to Point I (Corregidor) to work with the spare parts.

December 27, 1941 0900 Hours: Japanese heavy bombers started the first of a great many bombing runs on Corregidor inflicting very heavy damage.

January 2, 1942: All Flag personnel were assembled on the USS Canopus for assignment to submarines that would ultimately take them to Australia. This included every one except submarine spare parts personnel.

DIARY OF HENRY CLAY "HANK" HENDERSON

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When the Submarine Officers left the area, us so-called stragglers were fair prey for any and all dirty details the Army could come up with. Some of us were assigned to the PT Boat command. I was put on a small unarmed craft, the Fisheries II, to accompany the PT Boats on inshore patrol missions from Corregidor to seaward up to Alongapo. One night we jumped a Japanese landing craft way down inside our combat lines. This was a hell of a tussle. The PT Boat was armed with torpedos and fifty caliber machine gun mounts. We had a Lewis Machine gun and a Browning automatic rifle and also several 1916 Enfield 30 caliber bolt action rifles as armament. The PT Boats had both speed and maneuverability, but we were sadly lacking in both areas. This Japanese landing was at Agaloman Point, near the Section Base at Marivelas.

As a result of our discovery, we later made a raid on this so-called small pocket of Japanese. Boy what a surprise. They massacred us and they left the area and went back to their own lines. Several of our own landing party were killed or wounded.

February 17, 1942: The Commander of the 16th Naval District (Cavite), issued a Directive authorizing Commanding Officers authority to advance personnel on their ships to Chief Petty Officer, that had successfully passed the Bureau of Navigation examination given on October 31, 1941.

March 1, 1942: Lieutenant Commander, E. E. Paro, assumed authority as Commanding Officer of us stragglers for the purpose of complying with the Com-16 directive pertaining to promoting personnel. This was very nice, except for one thing. I went from senior Petty Officer first class to junior Chief Petty Officer. This was a whole new wrinkle, when something had to be done, who did it? Naturally, the junior Chief had the honors.

The USS Canopus was eventually bombed and had to be scuttled. This crew, as well as all of us stragglers were put in the Beach Defense sectors, serving under the US Army. The US Marines also suffered this same fate. They were put in charge of training us in the use of the rifle, bayonet, pistol, hand grenades, knife, garrot, and hand-to-hand combat. Boy!! they made Marines out of us in short order. I got so adept with the rifle (Enfield) that during the invasion of Corregidor, when I got one of the enemy in my sights, he was a downed man. The training was ordered as a result of that fateful miscalculation we made at Agaloman Point to roust out the so called small pocket of infiltrators that had landed behind our lines.

I tried to continue for the needs of the submarines by giving them spare parts, and also technical advice when asked for. Many of the supplies had become exhausted or damaged by the incessant bombings and shellings.

March 15, 1942: I was transferred to the Beach Defense sector on Monkey Point (not its true name) on Corregidor with the Marines and other stragglers like myself. Being the junior Chief, I was put in charge of this group. This was a sorry lot, each of us knew just exactly what we were, cannon fodder.

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April 9, 1942: Bataan had been run over by the overwhelming odds of the Japanese Army.

May 5, 1942, Wednesday, 2230 Hours: The alert was sounded to repel boarders. The Japanese had landed, and where, right on top of us stragglers. Now I know this was not planned, but nonetheless, it happened that way. The battle raged until we were told the next morning to resist until noon, strip our guns and dispose of them and surrender. However, by 1000 hours this morning, we knew the end had come, after all my Enfield was no match for the Tanks that had followed the Infantry ashore and stomped us into the ground. As all of this was happening, a big shell dropped in on top of us. A small piece of shrapnel hit my left ankle and the concussion stunned me. We had been subjected to seven days and nights of constant bombing, shelling, and strafing without a let up of any kind. Food and water were very short in supply and had been for the past few months. The Japanese wasted their time invading us. If they had waited a few more days, we would have finished starving to death. This is the Gods truth. In my opinion, this was one of the contributing factors of why so many of the POW's died so early after the surrender on Bataan and Corregidor.

As a result of the enemy action, we were awarded the Philippine Defense Medal. The US Army Distinguished Unit Badge, with Oak Leaf Cluster covering the period (1) March 31, 1942 through April 9, 1942, and (2) April 29, 1942 through May 6, 1942. I was also awarded the Purple Heart Medal for wounds received in action on May 6, 1942.

I don't know how long I was in this stupor, some time later, I came to. My rifle had been fired for so long and so many times, the protective wood around the barrel showed signs of being charred by the heat of this rapid firing. A Japanese soldier was nudging me with his bayonet and pointing in the direction of the 92nd Field Artillery garage. I didn't think I could, but he convinced me otherwise. We were all moved to his location to await further developments. General Sharp of the US B17s on Mindanao would not surrender, so the Japanese Bombers hovered overhead above about 12,000 of us and he was told to surrender or the war on us would resume again. General Sharp complied immediately.

The shrapnel in my ankle was killing me by this time. A Corpsman from the USS Luzon, a river boat from China, removed this sliver from my ankle with a pair of needle nose pliers. He sewed the wound up, using needle and thread from a sewing kit one of my friends had.

May 23, 1942: It rained all night; however, it hadn't rained once since the fighting began in December, 1941.

May 24, 1942: We were moved to some Japanese transports to carry us to Manila and into Bilibid prison. I had a new blanket slung around my shoulder. A Japanese soldier on the small craft ferrying us to the transports swapped my new blanket for one that was full of holes. I thought this was a real good deal. He was very convincing.

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May 25, 1942: The transports got under way, instead of tying up to the docks in the port area, they went way out on Dewey Boulevard and dumped us off into the water. Now these were conventional landing craft and they could have went right onto the beach, but this was more fun. Ole lucky me, I was number one man in the front rank, right behind some cavalry horses. This was also a lot of fun. We made the victory march from this point into Bilibid.

May 27, 1942: We were marched to the railroad tracks, to be hauled to Cabanatuan to the POW camps. These box cars were the narrow gauge type, groups of one hundred each were crowded into them to await transportation to our new home. There was no ventilation and several were almost overcome by heat exhaustion. We unloaded and stayed in a very crowded enclosure for the night.

May 28, 1942, 0500 Hours: We were fed some rice and started a twenty five kilometer march without food or water. Now this is quite a chore, because all of us had diarrhea. Many of us were recovering from wounds, also a great number had malaria. In general, we were a sorry lot. At 1400 hours, we arrived at camp number three. Someone tossed me a canteen of water, I drank all of it and threw it back to him. Boy what a life saver. Several men died in the next day or so from heat exhaustion as a result of these two ordeals. After we arrived at the camp, four men walked out the front gate, and as they walked down the middle of the road, they were apprehended and brought back to camp. They were tied to some corner posts for the next two days without food or water.

May 30, 1942: We witnessed our first execution of these four men. During the next two months, many, many of the POW's would die of disease.

July 28, 1942: Three hundred of us were assembled with orders to go back to Bilibid in Manila to be further assigned to construct Air Bases.

July 29, 1942: We were marched down to the docks and boarded a Japanese transport to be moved to Puerto Princessa, Palawan, Philippine Islands.

August 1, 1942: The ship docked at our destination and we were billeted in a deserted Philippine Army Scout barracks. From our physical immobility during the stay in Cabanatuan, we were so weak, it was almost impossible to work. We were immediately introduced to the Vitamin stick, now one of these is adequate incentive to work. As a result of this hard labor, our hands were bloody pulps from using the Juji (pick axe) and the Impi (shovel). We worked almost naked in this boiling hot sun for the next twenty seven months. We constructed a 1200 meter landing strip with turn tables at each end. The jungle had to be cleared. Try cutting down coconut, mahogany, and bamboo clusters with primitive hand tools. Making cuts and fills with the Juji and Impi. Moving the soil in hand operated push carts on small light narrow rails.

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Early August, 1944: A note was thrown to one of our POW's that was working in a shed across the street from our barracks. The note stated they were McLaughlin, Martin, and Poston, survivors from a US submarine that had been sunk about a month ago a few miles off the west coast of Palawan. They have no idea where they are now.

August 14, 1944: We came in from work this day and were told to line up in two ranks, ten paces apart. The first rank was told to go inside the barracks and pack our gear, we were going back to Bilibid in Manila. There was 309 POW's in camp. Nine were classified as sick and the other one hundred and fifty was in the first rank with me. We marched down to the Japanese transport and went aboard. Little known to us, Admiral Halsey's seventh fleet of Carriers, and Admiral Spruance's submarines, were sinking almost all shipping and all war crafts in the Philippines. We continued to work from the hold of the ship for the next month.

September 15, 1944: The ship got underway for Manila, arriving late in the day of September 18th, and we debarked the next morning marching off to Bilibid prison.

September 20, 1944: Gad, pay day. Being a non-commissioned officer, I was paid fifteen centavos per work day. Sixty percent was invested in Japanese War Savings, and the other 40 percent was paid in cash. With my twenty seven pesos, I bought one coconut. Now one might surmise that I was grossly over paid for my 27 months of hard labor in Palawan. After all, a coconut is a coconut.

September 21, 1944: One hundred and seventy planes from Admiral Halsey's seventh fleet carrier task force bombed Manila. The port area was severely damaged as well as the Clark field installation. Many gun emplacements throughout the city were rendered useless. Some were so close to Bilibid that debris from the bombing rained down on us inside, injuring several POW's.

September 22, 1944: More of the same. These same planes sank Japanese transports carrying POW's from Malay to Japan. The survivors were brought to Bilibid.

October 1, 1944: Our group of 1,000 men were numbered, lined up, and ready to march down to the docks to board a transport bound for Japan. We were scheduled for a very large, modern ocean liner for this voyage. As usual, we would be crammed in a lower hold of the ship like rats. A Japanese colonel pulled rank on our Japanese Major, waiving us to one side. There were 1856 POW's in his group. Our 1,000 was up to 1165 by adding the 165 survivors of the transport that was sunk by Admiral Halsey's planes. There was possibly 1,200 POW's on board the ship that had been sunk. As you can see, not too many souls survive these bombings and straffings.

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We marched down to the dock and was put on a small miserable ship (City of Sidney, captured from Australia), for our voyage to Japan. We were stuffed into two holds of this ship and told to make ourselves comfortable as the trip would take twelve days. Pea coal had been placed across the bottom to make it about level. There was absolutely no room to lay down, just sit. Bodies on all sides touched each other, and also, there was absolutely no ventilation.

October 8, 1944: The northern coast of Luzon, Philippine Islands. This was my birthday. We were in a convoy of ten ships heading for Japan. Late in the afternoon, an oil tanker off our starboard bow was struck by a torpedo. It was so close to us, the spray and debris was strewn on the decks of our ship. God it looked like the end was at long last in sight. We were so miserable, many of us welcomed the chance to end it all by going to the bottom with the ship, because we already knew it was impossible for us to get out of the hold of the ship if it was sunk.

We had been getting one canteen of water a day, but when the submarine attacks began, the water was shut off. We were smack dab in the middle of a large Japanese battle fleet, but they were no deterrent to the US submarines. The submarines had a job to do, and they did it. We were without water for about 40 hours, the bad part was, over half of the men had water before the attack, and the others had not. This created a horrible situation. People that had water were reluctant to share, because there was no reason to believe the rations would start again. Men started dieing from the lack of water, dehydration, dysentery, and other causes began to take its toll. We changed course and headed for Hong Kong as a haven of safety.

A friend, Zigman Budjac, even though he did not get his water ration either, shared a small amount that he had saved from the day before. He rationed it out, a teaspoon full at a time to both of us. Had it not been for Ziggy, I would not be here today writing this account of the most bazaar ocean voyage imaginable, that is a testimony of mans inhumanity to man. A typical reveille consisted of yelling, shake the man next to you and start sending up the dead bodies. In situations like these, it is imperative to have a friend you can trust your very life with. Before you can have a friend, you've got to be as absolute unselfish friend.

October 13, 1944: The ship anchored in Hong Kong harbor just in time for some US P-51 fighter/bombers to start their strafing and bombing runs over us. We would go back to sea only to run into the US submarine again. These seesaw tactics grew very frustrating. One night a large flight of US B-24 heavy bombers made runs over the Ship repair facilities as well as selected parts of the city. These air alerts continued as long as we were in the harbor.

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The large ocean liner previously mentioned with the 1856 Allied POW's onboard was sunk in that US submarine attack and I do not know how many survivors there were, but we got four. Bender, Warrant Officer US Navy, Brodsky, Sargeant, Hughes, Private, _____, the last three were US Army personnel. There was a great many Japanese Nationals as well as a large contingent of Japanese Military personnel onboard.

November 5, 1944: We sailed for Toroku, Formosa (Taiwan) and arrived three days later. The ship was ordered out to sea because November 8, 1944 was election day in the States.

This twelve day voyage grew to thirty nine days and we had already buried at sea the same amount of our ship mates.

November 9, 1944: We sailed back into port and disembarked, marching to a small compound. During our three months stay here, we worked in a sugar mill and on the vegetable farm.

Our stay here will give us our first glimpse of the US B-29, Super Fortress bombers. God!! were they big.

We remained here working in the sugar mill and on the vegetable farm until January 24, 1945. We boarded a train and traveled from Toroku to Shirakawa on the northern end of the Island. We were put in groups of one hundreds, and as luck would have it, one of the POW's died. He was Private Hughes, one of the survivors of the large ship that was sunk by torpedos. We had to have him in ranks every time we were counted (Bango). The bango appears to be the national pass time of the Japanese Army. If they don't know what to do, have a bango. We carried him on the train until arriving at Shirakawa where he was cremated. Whooee!! what a stinker he had become.

January 25, 1945: We boarded a Japanese transport and the next day we were given a physical examination. Over 700 of the POW's had sleeping sickness. They left ship for a destination unknown. While we were along side the dock, a US P-51 fighter/bomber made a bombing run over us and dropped four of the largest bombs I had ever seen. A Chaplain onboard gave us all the Last Rights of the Sacrament as the bombs were falling. The bombs landed on the ship next to us, ripping it in half. Later our ship was hit with one bomb, causing the survivors to be moved to another transport. We moved to the outer harbor and anchored, and waited about four days for a convoy to make up so we could sail for Japan.

February 14, 1945: We arrived at Moji, Japan. We almost froze to death. Finally, a Japanese Officer issued us overcoats and told us we were going to Tokyo. These coats came in real handy as the only clothes we had were the very light things we wore in the Philippines.

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February 15, 1945, Late Evening: We boarded a train bound for Tokyo. This was a long ride.

February 17, 1945: Arrived in Kawasaki, which is across the river from Tokyo and we were assigned to the Tokyo War Prisoners Camp number 23D. It sure was cold, snow was on the ground and Ice Cycles were hanging from the eaves of the barracks roof. We took off all our clothes and all of our belongings were boiled to kill the lice and in general, just sterilize everything.

February 19, 1945: Admiral Halsey's Carrier planes strafed and bombed everything in our area causing considerable damage. Kawasaki was a heavy manufacturing complex, steel mills, ship building, aircraft manufacturing, and chemical plants. Just the right ingredients to cause heavy bombing raids quite often. The US Marines were landing on Iwo Jima. Little did we know the havoc they would rain down on us in just a few short weeks.

March 8 - 9, 1945, 2300 - 0130 Hours: USAAF General LeMay's B-29 incendiary bombing of Tokyo and Kawasaki consisted of three hundred and thirty four of these large Super Forts. We were right in the middle of all this planned arson. Eighty three thousand people were killed and over forty thousand injured, plus total destruction of a large part of the cities. A gale-type wind was also blowing fanning the fires as they burned. It is utterly unbelievable the amount of destruction and loss of life a fire storm of this magnitude can cause. The plant where I worked, Kagaku (formerly Suzuki) was totally destroyed. It appeared these planes came so close to the ground, we could talk to the air crewmen. The more we yelled, the more they bombed us. Boy, did they have fun. You could say there was a hot time in the old town that night. It was this area, not Hiroshima or Nagasaki, where the most loss of life and destruction took place. While I'm not downgrading the destructive power of the Atomic bomb, there are other means to cause greater damage in a war.

April 1, 1945, Noon: The small fighter/bombers started operating from the newly acquired landing strips on Iwo Jima, hitting us before the air raid alarms could be sounded. Now this was a new type warfare we had to contend with, hit and run at will with little or no opposition. This was the first time we saw the planes firing rockets. This became unbearable as they strafed and bombed us. After all, we were the enemy, and they didn't practice discrimination. Weren't we working in the Japanese defense plants, and investing in Japanese War saving bonds?

This area was finally designated as having no further strategic value, so the bombings became sporadic in the next few months.

June 1, 1945, 0800 Hours: You guessed it, another march. This would be our last move. We were transferred to the Tokyo War Prisoners Camp number 1. We continued working at Kagaku, doing salvage and clean up work on the premise.

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August 15, 1945, 1200 Hours: Over 1700 carrier-borne planes plus a whole sky full of B-29 super forts blacked out the sky. We were told to sit down, the Emperor of Japan had a message for the Nation. When he started speaking, we understood what he was saying. He told us we had lost the war and were to resist no longer. We marched back to camp, and strangely enough, the next morning the Japanese guards were no longer in our camp.

August 16, 1945, 0800 Hours: Civilian overseers came into the camp along with a Swedish representative to inspect the camp and to tend to the sick and wounded. We were instructed to remilitarize ourselves, whatever that meant. We had a USN Captain and a few Chief Petty Officers to help organize the foreign Nationals, as well as our own people in groups so that we would be ready to be liberated when the cease fire was at last finalized.

Colonel Sakabaru, Imperial Japanese Army, Commanant of all POW's in this area stated he would place the Japanese soldiers on duty outside the camp confines to protect us from any possible civilian uprising. We did not know if some hot head existed that would create a disturbance. Anywhere in the sky I looked, I could see our planes and I felt safe enough. There were no incidents.

Our senior Officer, USN Captain Davidson and myself along with some other Chief Petty Officers went on inspection tours of the other POW facilities in our sector. All was quiet and no one was in danger of life and limb. The B-29's started dropping food, medical supplies, and clothing. The Japanese civilians helped us to round up these things and bring them into the camps. We all got sick from eating all that rich food and had to stop eating it for awhile. They dropped every thing but ice cream.

August 17, 1945, 0800 Hours: The new civilian overseers cashed in our War savings bonds and gave us a regulation Japanese Army hair cut. This consists of clipping off all the hair on the head. Boy, with all that money in my pockets (a little over Y30) and a hair cut, I felt like a new man. For the next two weeks we just lazed around the camp, reminiscing, just waiting for the day of Jubilee.

September 2, 1945, 0800 Hours: Word came down to proceed to the docks and await landing crafts to take us out to the USS Benevolence, a hospital ship. In the late afternoon, a landing party, headed by USN Commander Stassen, arrived and carried us out to the USS Lansdown DD-856 for supper. Weiners and sauerkraut, boiled potatoes, and ice cream. After supper we were taken to the USS Benevolence.

Now talk about the uninvited guests, we were treated with disdain and scorned. God damn!* we could walk. The bunks were forbidden to us on those grounds. It gets cold in Tokyo Bay in September at night, and boy, this was night time. We finally got some blankets and a few cots, but we still had to sleep out on the deck. The next morning

*See note at end of Diary

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we were herded back to the fan tail of the ship where the sterilizer was located. All belongings were placed inside and the steam turned on. It was still damp and chilly, now this is no place to be walking around with no clothes on. Someone started calling off the Foreign National's names and had them fall in to be sent to their own jurisdiction on other ships in the bay. After all foreigners had been culled out, and this took several hours, we were told to go below and get some clothes issued to us. Later in the day we were sent to an LSV, the USS Hovey, for transportation to the States. I ran into a friend of my earlier submarine days named John Perks, a USN Chief Warrant Officer. He gave me one of his old uniforms to wear on my way home. I was very grateful for this act of kindness as all I had on was a pair of dungarees. The next day he told me Admiral Halsey had ordered three planes to fly a small token number of us home. Onboard was a Submarine Commander that had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Admiral wanted him sent to Washington, DC so that President Truman could make the presentation to him. Commander O'Kane was the Commanding Officer of the USS Tang SS-306, this submarine was a one ship task force and caused tremendous damage to a convoy single handed. The last torpedo fired made a circular run, sinking the USS Tang. His submarine had sunk 13 ships in this very large convoy.

Commander O'Kane was having some kind of medical problem and the ships doctor would not certify him for air travel. Hicks told me he would be the Officer of the Deck when the 96 names were to be called off to go to the Haneda Air Port. He said if the Doctor did not allow the Commander to leave the ship he would call my name and for me to jump in the landing craft as if everything was alright. The USS Peavy did not arrive in San Francisco until October.

As I was browsing through a copy of News Week magazine, I learned the fate of the 150 friends we had left behind in Palawan. The Japanese spotted a large invasion fleet they thought was to invade them, they sounded the air alarm and put all POW's in the air raid shelter. They then tossed gasoline and a torch inside the shelter and when the POW's come out, they were shot and bayoneted. Only eleven survived and escaped to our own forces that had infiltrated the area. The others are buried in a common grave in the State of Missouri.

September 4, 1945 Late afternoon: We took off from the Haneda Air Port and the pilot said he would make a wide circle over the area so we could see all of the devastation and realize how lucky we were to still be alive. For many miles in each direction, all that was still standing were some metal or concrete smoke stacks that had not been blown down by the bombs. It was unbelievable how much damage had been reeked on Tokyo, Kawasaki, and Yokahama. If the rest of Japan looked like this area, with winter coming on, I think I know how Napoleon's troops felt in Moscow. This area had been reduced from a primary strategic bombing target to one of little or no value as a target of any kind.

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We arrived early the next morning in Guam, immediately upon landing, this is what we heard. Fall in, git a move on, we got to interrogate all of you. You gotta make out depositions. We didn't hear anyone say would you like a coke or a beer, or maybe send a message home to let the folks know we had made it to safety. Now I know they were all busy, but wasn't the fighting done and wasn't it time to relax and think of someone else. We were then sent to the field hospital for a bath and physical, and clearance for the next leg of our flight to the States.

September 6, 1945: Next morning we took off for Palmyra, Kwajalein, and Johnson Island enroute to Pearl Harbor.

September 7, 1945: The next morning we arrived at Pearl Harbor and stayed in the hospital for the next two nights. During our stay here all submarine POW's were taken to the Submarine base and awarded Purple Heart Medals for wounds received in the fighting on Bataan and Corregidor, Philippine Island in the early part of the war. Oh yes, I also received three months pay, a whopping \$434.00.

September 8, 1945, 1800 Hours: We boarded a PBY (USN pontoon type plane) and headed for the Naval Air Station at Alameda, California.

September 9, 1945, Late Evening: We were sent to the US Naval Hospital Oak Knoll, at Oakland, California. We stayed here for the next eight days. We were taken to a clothing store and bought new uniforms and other items of wearing apparel and in general, just did a lot of goin' ashore and doin' what sailors do.

September 17, 1945, 0800 Hours: Boarded a plane for Olathe, Kansas to stay for the night.

September 18, 1945, 0800 Hours: Flew to Norman, Oklahoma to the US Naval Hospital.

September 19, 1945, 0800 Hours: In compliance with a Navy Department Directive, I was advanced to Chief Machinists Mate, Permanent Appointment. Now this was a joke, the effective date was March 1, 1943, but for all purposes except pay. In those days, all CPO's were required to serve one year, on a sea going vessel or foreign station, as Acting Appoint before being advanced to Permanent Appoint. The Commanding Officer's recommendation was also required. Japanese CO's did not apply in this situation.

September 20, 1945, 0800 Hours: Departed on 90 days rehabilitation leave with orders to report to the Commandant of the Eighth Naval District in New Orleans, Louisiana and upon completion of the leave, for further assignment to a permanent duty station.

While on leave, another article caught my eye, of the 235,473 United States and the United Kingdom prisoners reported captured by Germany

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and Italy together, only 4 percent (9,348) died in the hands of their captors, whereas 27 percent of Japan's Anglo-American POWs (35,756 of 132,134) did not survive. It did not take much imagination on my part to realize that my chances of survival from December 8, 1941 to September 2, 1945, had as much chance as a snowball in hell. I know, I've been in hell.

*This expletive was intentionally left in Hank's diary. It is my hope that those who may be offended by this word are perceptive and sensitive enough to be offended ten-fold by the inhumanity of those on the USS Benevolence who subjected Hank and the other liberated POWs to the excruciating pain of rejection and the cold weather!

Bill E. Graham
3-18-91

BIOGRAPHY OF
ILA RUTH MITCHELL CONNER

My father was Martin Luther Mitchell, born November 7, 1878 near Killeen, Texas. He was the son of David Mitchell and Lydia Blackwell. His Father, David Mitchell, was born in 1834, Mt. Eden Spencer County, Kentucky. His Mother was Lydia Blackwell born August 3, 1861 at the old Blackwell place near Killeen, Texas. Lydia's father was Joel Blackwell and her mother was Sarah Emmeline Graham.

My mother was Nancy Elizabeth (Lizzie) Yancy. Her father was James Richard (J.H.) Yancy born October 31, 1859 at Taylors Valley near Belton, Texas. J. R., Nancy's father, was John Yancy born 1815 in Raleigh, North Carolina. He fought in the battle of San Jacinto. He is buried in the Belton Cemetery, Belton, Texas.

J. R. Yancy's mother was Elizabeth McAnulty, born at Meridan, Mississippi, 1820. She died in 1899 and is buried at Killeen, Texas.

Lizzie Yancy's mother was Mattie (Caddell) Yancy, born 1855 and died 1929. Mattie's parents were William J. Caddell, 1823-1895 and Nancy Amanda Bright was born in 1833 and died in 1865. Mattie (Caddell) Yancy's grandfather was Andrew Caddell who fought in the battle of San Jacinto and served as a Captain in the Battle of San Jacinto and served as a Captain in the Army of the Republic.

J. R. Yancy and Mattie (Caddell) Yancy were married in 1880. They had 10 children. They lived in the Clear Creek Community, Killeen, Texas.

My parents, Luther Mitchell and Lizzie Yancy moved to Runnels County in 1904. They had three children.

- | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Zora May Mitchell | 2. Ila Ruth Mitchell | 3. Audra L. Mitchell |
| Born 1905 (Dec.21) | Born May 14, 1909 | Born February 6, 1917 |

Ila Ruth Mitchell was born May 14, 1909 in Pumphrey Community, near Winters, Texas. She attended school at Pumphrey, Winters, Simmons Academy, completing High School work in 1925. She entered Simmons University receiving a B.A. degree in 1929 with a double major in Home Economics and Education.

Taught school at Pumphrey and Drasco. Belonged to the Drasco Baptist Church. In 1934, Ila Mitchell, Nettie Landrum, and Fay Mitchell made a trip with Omnibus College, Wichita, Kansas, touring 28 states and three Canadian Provinces.

My hobbies have been traveling and collecting genealogy. In 1959, I wrote a book on the Family History of Thomas and David Mitchell families. Also a book on the Yancy-Caddell and allied families in 1959. Then I wrote a book about my Mother and Father entitled "Luther and Lizzie" giving their life story.

BIOGRAPHY OF:
ILA RUTH MITCHELL CONNER

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After teaching several years, I married Robert T. Conner on February 23, 1946. He was a farmer. He served 3½ years in World War II in Hawaii and Guam.

We had one son, Randall Conner born August 16, 1949. He married Susan Conner from Farwell, Texas. We now have three grandsons, Kevin 13 years old; Dennis 11 years old; and Craig Conner 8 years old.

Robert passed away in 1986. I still live on the farm by myself.

Randall and family live in Winters where Randall operates "Farmers Seed and Supply Store". Susan is a piano teacher in Winters having her own Studio. Randall and Susan are in the process of helping me write another book on the "Mitchell Family and Yancy family", bringing up to date our younger generations with their accomplishments.

In the last five years, I have read the Bible through each year, using different versions. Also, the last three years, I have read over three hundred books a year. Reading is my most cherished hobby now. I will be 82 in May 1991.

Ila Conner
Route 1, Box 82
Winters, Texas

CHILD NUMBER TWO

ISAAC JACKSON GRAHAM

BIOGRAPHY OF

SARAH JANE GRAHAM DAVIS
(Sept. 5, 1858 - April 28, 1934)

Sarah Jane Graham was born in the Sugar Loaf community in Coryell County, Texas on September 5, 1858. She was the first born child of Issac Jackson Graham and Sarah Ann Kinsey. Sarah Jane grew up in Coryell County. Her parents built their log house near the Cowhouse Creek and when the creek flooded because of rains they would have to leave the house because the water flooded their home. One such night, Sarah Jane's daddy (Isaac J.) led his family up a hill and spread cowhides on the ground for them to sit on and over some bushes to keep the rain off them.

Sarah Jane attended school and she and her sister, Martha, were taught at home by their father at first and later attended a school a good distance from their house and had to walk to school. They would join others along the way and walk along together. Sarah Jane met and married Washington L. Davis July 26, 1877. They were parents of nine children as follows:

Sarah Francis Davis	- 1878 - died young
Anderson Jack Davis	- 1880 - died young (Brights Disease)
William A. Davis	- Aug. 1882 (murdered in Orange, Texas)
Washington Lee Davis	- Dec. 1884 - Died in California in the 1960's
Jessie Carolyn Davis	- July, 1887 - about 1908
Alvin Eugene Davis	- Oct. 1889 - Died in Washington State between 1964 - 1965
Thomas Walter Davis	- Jan. 1892 - 1955 California
Edna Mattie Davis	- July 1894 - 9 November, 1975
Ruby Diar Davis	- Dec. 12, 1896 - July 26, 1964

After the death of Washington L. Sarah Jane worked along side her boys and raised her children in Coryell County on a farm. Sarah Jane was known for being a kind and compassionate lady. She survived several crises in her life. The loss of her husband and four of her children. Sarah Jane made her home with her youngest daughter the last fifteen years of her life. She died April 28, 1934 at McGregor, Texas, and is buried in the King Cemetery, Coryell County, Texas. Isaac Jackson Graham, Sarah Ann Kinsey Graham, Martha Lucinda, Nancy Rosetta, Felix G., and Alvin G. Graham are buried in the King Cemetery. Samuel Wesley, Martin Luther, and Aaron Graham are buried in the Pearl Cemetery, Pearl, Texas.

After Sarah Jane died, two of her sons, Washington Lee and Thomas Walter moved to California. Her son, Alvin Eugene, moved to Seattle, Washington. Her daughter, Edna Mattie, lived in Coryell County and later in Odessa and Kingsland, Texas. Edna is buried in the Pearl Cemetery.

BIOGRAPHY OF

RUBY DIAR DAVIS WALKER
(Dec. 12, 1896-July 26, 1964)

Ruby Diar Davis Walker was born to Washington Lafayette Davis and Sarah Jane Graham on the 12th of December 1896 in Coryell County, Texas. She was the youngest of nine children. She married George Bridges Walker. George Bridges Walker was born December 27, 1877 and died May 1, 1946. They had eight children listed as follows:

Elmo Eugene Walker	- Sept. 12, 1915 - Jan. 2, 1968
Cecil Olan Walker	- Feb. 10, 1917 - May 16, 1986
Eunice Valadee	- Nov. 1920 - April 15, 1922
Ruby Nadean Walker	- May 14, 1923 - June 8, 1955
Lloyd Coneal Walker	- Feb. 9, 1926 - April, 1929
G. B. Walker	- May 2, 1930 - Jan. 7, 1985
Sarah Junell Walker	- March 25, 1933 -
Tex Roger Walker	- Jan. 3, 1939 - Jan. 4, 1939

Ruby's father died when she was only four months old. Her Mother, Sarah Jane, kept the farm, and with the help of Ruby's older brothers and sisters, supported her family on the farm until they were old enough to take care of themselves. Ruby was dropped by one of her brothers when she was an infant and this caused her to have one leg shorter than the other leg. Ruby never let this be a handicap. She would find a way to do a job and did everything from working in the fields picking cotton to helping cut cord wood. She kept a spotless house and always had flowers in the yard. She was an excellent seamstress and made suits for her sons and dresses for her girls. She did embroidery, crochet, and made quilts for covers. She could cut hair like a barber. She never sit idle, and taught us to stay busy. She would say "Idle hands do the work of the Devil!" She would not let us say we could not do a task without first trying. She would say "Can't cannot do anything"!

Ruby was preceded in death by four of her children; Eunice Valadee, Lloyd Coneal, Tex Roger, and Ruby Nadean. George died in 1946. I was 13 when Daddy died. Mama (Ruby) died in Texas City, Texas, July 26 1964. My brothers Elmo in 1968; G. B. 1985; and Cecil 1986. I am the only remaining child. Mama was a special lady and had a love for her family that will always be remembered.

Submitted by:

Sarah J. Walker Mullinnix
(Her Daughter)

BIOGRAPHY OF
SARAH JUNELL WALKER MULLINNIX

I was born on March 25, 1933, McGregor, Texas, McLennan County. I am the seventh child of Ruby Diar Davis Walker and George Bridges Walker. I grew up and around McGregor. We lived in the country and mama and daddy farmed until World War II; at that time the government took the best farm land in our area to build a Defense Plant (Blue Bonnet Ordnance Plant). We moved into town and my sister, Ruby Nadean (Jackie), and daddy went to work at the Ordnance (Bomb) plant. My brother, G.B., and I attended school, and mama took care of the house and all of us. She was always home when we arrived home from school. My sister married a soldier during the war, and after the war was over they moved to his home state of New York. My brother, G.B., enlisted in the Air Force on the morning of May 1, 1946. He was on his way home from the Recruiting Office when we received the news from the hospital that daddy was dead. After daddy's funeral G. B. left for the service. Mama and I moved into an apartment in McGregor. In 1947 I met my future husband (I didn't know it at that time), Eldred Mullinnix. Eldred (Blackie), had just been discharged from serving in the U. S. Navy. We were married at 6:00 p.m. December 4, 1948, in the parsonage of the College Avenue Baptist Church, by Rev. I. J. Lloyd. Blackie and I lived with mama until my brother, G. B., was discharged. Mama was in poor health and didn't need to be alone. In April, 1949, we moved to Clovis, New Mexico and lived there until August, 1950. We moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico and while living in Albuquerque our first son was born. On September 27, 1951, Eldred Eugene made his grand entry into this world and our hearts.

In October, 1951, we decided to move back to Texas and near our families. We arrived in Galveston, Texas October 31st. Blackie found work the next day with Butterowe Sheet Metal Works and remained with that Company until May, 1975 when we moved to our farm in Caldwell County. We lived in Galveston when our second son, Paul Weston was born. On July 26, 1953, Paul made his grand entry and stole our hearts. In 1954 we bought our first home in LaMarque. Our boys grew up in LaMarque and went through their first twelve years of school. Eugene graduated from Texas A&M, and Paul from College of the Mainland.

We were active in the First Methodist Church, the P.T.A., and other school activities. We were both active in the Boy Scouts, Blackie as Scout Master and I was a Den mother. Both of our sons are Eagle Scouts. After we moved to our farm, Blackie went to work for the Lockhart Independent School District. He is still teaching. I stay busy with my craft work (quilting, sewing, painting, and doll making). I also do genealogy research, and we are both a member of the Caldwell County Genealogical and History Society, and The Caldwell County Historical Commission. I am secretary of The Delhi Community Association, and president of the Delhi Ladies Club. I started a Quilting Group and taught them how to quilt (in 1977). The group is still

BIOGRAPHY OF:
SARAH JUNELL WALKER MULLINNIX

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meeting on each Wednesday of the month, except the second Wednesday when our Ladies club meet. I am the Historian for the Caldwell County Genealogy Society, and Leader of the Volunteer workers at the Genealogical Library in Luling. I am a member of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas (on my Kinsey line), and a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (on my Isaac Jackson line). These activities keep me busy.

We also have five grandchildren and another due in April. Our son, Eugene, has Jennifer Dawn and Ethan Eldred and another baby due in April. Our son, Paul, has Thomas Eldred, Melissa Ann, and Katherine Elizabeth. Eugene's children, Jennifer, and Ethan are by his first wife Barbara S. Renfro. The baby due in April is by his present wife, Kelle S. Eeds. Paul married Deborah D. Mallette and Debbie is the mother of Thomas, Melissa, and Katherine. Needless to say, we think all of our grandchildren are the greatest gift we ever received after the gift of our sons. We feel we have been truly blessed and look forward to seeing our grandchildren grow up and give us great-grandchildren. I think that is something to look forward to, and would be the greatest gift we could receive.

Sarah J. Mullinnix

BIOGRAPHY OF
ISAAC JACKSON GRAHAM

Isaac Jackson Graham was born July 31, 1829 in Jackson County, Alabama to Jesse and Martha Jane (Fannin) Graham. He was the first-born son of Jesse and Martha. He grew up on his father's farm on the Paint Rock River in northern Alabama. Jackson, as he was called, joined his father, several relative, and friends in a wagon train to Texas. They arrived in Rusk County and settled there for about five years. In 1855 Jackson, with his parents and other relatives moved to Coryell County. It wasn't long before Jackson met the girl of his dreams. She was Sarah Ann Kinsey, daughter of William and Nancy Ann (Tolbert) Kinsey. They were united in marriage by Rev. Jesse Graham, father of Isaac Jackson Graham, January 15, 1857.

On June 10, 1858 Jackson bought 160 acres on the north side of Cowhouse Creek in Coryell County. Later on September 8, 1860, Jackson was given a grant of 160 acres of land. Jackson is listed on two Muster Rolls for serving with the Mounted Rangers in Coryell County. He served in September, 1861 and also in January, 1864. He provided his own horse and gun. Jackson was a farmer and teacher. He and Sarah were parents of ten children. Their children were:

- Sarah Jane - married Washington L. Davis
- Martha Lucinda - married (1) A. G. Hanes; (2) Nathaniel Robertson
- Nancy Rosette - married (1) David Havin; (2) J. T. Webb
- Emily Francis - married William T. Blackstock
- Thomas Franklin - married Julia Spinx
- Alvin C. - married Emma Harris
- Felix G. - married Julia A. McClesky
- Samuel Wesley - married Sallie M. Harris
- Martin Luther - never married
- Aaron - married Louisa McClesky

Isaac Jackson Graham died September 12, 1888. Sarah Ann lived another twenty years. She died July 12, 1908. They are buried in the King Cemetery, Coryell County.

Isaac Jackson Graham shown as a "Justice of the Peace" in Coryell County, 1861.

Submitted by
Sarah Junell Mullinnix
(Great Grand daughter)

BIOGRAPHY OF

AARON GRAHAM

Aaron Graham was born April 8, 1879 in Coryell County, Texas. He is the youngest son of Isaac Jackson Graham and Sarah Ann Kinsey.

Aaron married Martha Louise ("Lou" or "Jinks") McCleskey on January, 1900. Martha Louise was born January 1, 1884 and her father was Lafayette McCleskey and her Mother's name was Callie. They were parents of five children as follows:

1. Ora - born Nov. 19, 1901 at Pearl, Died May 9, 1971
 married (1) O. C. "Sam" Fairbion, (2) Ben Putman
2. Jewel - born Feb. 22, 1905 at Pearl, Died October, 1972
 married Ernest F. Taylor
3. Eunice Louise- born April 8, 1910 at Pearl
 married Richard W. ("Suid") Oney, Jr. Eunice
 lives in Chesterfield, Mo. Eunice has one son,
 Bythel E., who also lives in Chesterfield, Mo.
4. Aaron, Jr. - born Dec. 24, 1919 at Pearl, Died December 15, 1973
 married (1) Juanita Fettner, (2) Nina Sheek
5. Dorothy - born Aug. 30, 1922 at Pearl
 married Carlton Melvin ("Cautch") Smith.
 Dorothy and Carlton live in Golden, Texas

Aaron had two farms; one near Beehouse, Texas and the other a few miles from Pearl, Texas. Aaron and Jinks attended the First Baptist Church in Pearl, Texas. Aaron was a strong and hard-working man who was very kind and always helping with the chores around the house. He spoke to Jinks in a gentle way. Aaron and Jinks would be in church and Aaron and a small group of men would go to the front of the church and sing religious songs to the congregation. Jinks was a person that always had time to give to others, and never said anything bad about anyone. Aaron and Jinks are remembered by their grandson, Bythel E. Oney, as a very happy couple who loved the Lord, loved each other, and loved their family.

Aaron died December 17, 1945 at the age of 66, and Martha Louise died June, 1970 at the age of 86. They are buried in the Pearl Cemetery.

BIOGRAPHY OF
ORA GRAHAM (FAUBION) PUTMAN



(Sam and Ora Faubion)

ORA (GRAHAM) (FAUBION) PUTMAN - Ora was born on November 19, 1901 at Coryell County, Pearl, Texas. She was the first child of Aaron and Martha Louise Graham. Ora married O. C. ("Sam") Faubion on November 9, 1921 and they lived near Evant, Texas. Sam was born October 3, 1900 in Lampassas Co. near Adamsville, Texas. Sam's father was John Faubion and his mother's name was Ella Louise. Sam and Ora farmed and ranched in an area between Evant and Adamsville. Sam was a happy person and very industrious. He was always interested in trading cattle and trucking them to various auctions in West Texas and Fort Worth. Ora and Sam's daughter's name was Jerry Lou. Jerry Lou was born on March 25, 1941. Sam died January 31, 1949. He is buried in the Hillsdale cemetery near Adamsville, Texas. In later years Ora married Ben Putman. Both had lost their original spouses by death. They lived in Evant, Texas. Ben was a very kind person that was accepted and loved by all the family. Ora died on May 9, 1971 and is buried in the Hillsdale cemetery near Adamsville, Texas. All people that knew Ora will say she was a very giving person. It was always difficult to leave her home without her putting something in your hand. She always had a gift for everyone. Details on her family are as follows:

JERRY LOU ("SUNNY") FAUBION - Jerry Lou was born March 25, 1941 at Brownwood, Texas. She graduated from High School in Evant, Texas. Jerry married Bert Andrews. They had one daughter named Dawn Renee. Dawn was born December 14, 1959 at Temple, Texas. Dawn married Nathanel Hinton Snell and they lived in Austin, Texas. Jerry Lou lives in Houston, Texas. Jerry died May 20, 1989. Dawn and Nathanel have one daughter.

BIOGRAPHY OF
JEWEL GRAHAM TAYLOR



(Jewel and Ernest Taylor)

JEWEL (GRAHAM) TAYLOR - Jewel was born February 22, 1905 at Coryell County, Pearl, Texas. She was the second child of Aaron and Martha Louise Graham. On December 26, 1923 Jewel married **Ernest F. Taylor**. Ernest was born July 4, 1903 in or around the Lampassas area. Ernest's father was William Taylor and Ernest's mother's maiden name was Maud Owen. Ernest worked for the Santa Fe Railroad Company in Temple, Texas the majority of his life. He retired from the railroad in about 1965, but he continued working as an owner and manager of a retail discount store. They had one son named **Lois Clifton Taylor**. Ernest and Jewel had homes in Temple for a number of years, but they moved to Belton, Texas later. Jewel died in October 1972. Ernest died in April 1973. They are buried in the Pilgrims Rest cemetery near Evant, Texas. Ernest was always ready to help anyone in need. Jewel was a very caring and gentle person and her cooking was delicious. Details on their family are as follows:

LOIS CLIFTON TAYLOR - Lois Clifton was born August 15, 1934 at Pearl, Texas. He graduated from Temple High School, attended Temple Junior College and in 1958 he received an accounting degree from Baylor University. Clifton married **Lou Naylor** of Temple. Clifton and Lou's home is in Belton, Texas and they have three children named Pam, Debbie, and John. Details on their children are as follows:

Pam was born February 3, 1955 at Temple, Texas. Her husband's name is Jack E. Tulloch and their children are Tiffany (born August 1975), Michael, and George. Pam and Jack live in Houston, Texas.

Debbie was born December 6, 1960 at Temple, Texas. Her husband's name is Monty Wilson and their children are Michael, Brandis Michelle, and George. Debbie and Monty live in Houston, Texas.

John was born November 22, 1965 at Temple, Texas. John presently lives in Belton, Texas.

BIOGRAPHY OF
EUNICE LOUISE GRAHAM ONEY

EUNICE ("ENNIE") LOUISE (GRAHAM) ONEY -
Eunice Louise was born April 8, 1910 at Pearl, Texas. She was the third child of Aaron and Martha Louise Graham. Eunice married Richard W. ("Suid") Oney Jr. on November 18, 1929.

Suid was born June 30, 1911. Suid's father was Richard W. Oney and his mother's maiden name was Rebecca Jane Patrick. During the early part of Suid and Eunice's marriage they farmed and ranched near Pearl, Texas. They had one son Bythel E. Oney. During World War II they lived on Fort Hood (part of the time near Gatesville and the other near Killeen), where Suid had a civilian job. After World War II they moved to Temple, Tx. Suid retired from work at the Ralph Wilson Plastic Co. in Temple in 1973. He was disabled at that time, due to cancer. Suid died Oct. 26, 1975 and is buried in the Pearl community cemetery. Suid was a person that greeted everyone he met with a smile and he always spoke in a pleasant and warmhearted manner. One of Ennie's greatest pleasures is to have a guest (especially if they are relatives) in her home and she prepare a meal for them. She always remembers what the guest likes best and she makes sure she has it cooked. Details of Eunice and Suid's family are as follows:



BYTHEL EUGENE ONEY - Biography on the following page.

Elizabeth Gail was born February 22, 1958 at Bryan, Texas. She married **Thomas Randolph Trude** on August 28, 1982 and their home is in San Antonio, Texas. Gail and Randy have one son **Thomas Ryan Trude** (born Feb. 22, 1985 in San Antonio).

Richard Martin Oney was born December 11, 1964 at Dallas, Texas. He presently works for Citicorp and also attends Maryville College in St. Louis, Missouri.

On May 15, 1982 Bythel E. married Lynda G. (Kerns) Coleman of Oklahoma City, Okla. Their home is in Chesterfield, Missouri.

BIOGRAPHY OF

MARTHA LUCINDA GRAHAM

Martha Lucinda Graham was born August 15, 1860 to Isaac Jackson Graham and Sarah A. Kinsey Graham. Martha married (1) A. G. Hanes, and (2) Nathaniel Thomas Robertson, a widower who had two small daughters. Martha had one child, (a son), by her first husband. Martha and "Natt" were parents of seven children. This gave Martha and Natt 10 children in all. In 1917 when their daughter Katie Armentia died leaving four children (one an infant only three weeks old), Martha and Natt took these four grandchildren to raise

The following is a list of the children of Martha's and both husbands, plus the two step-daughters and the four grandchildren Martha raised:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1. Albert E. Hanes | - Born October 1, 1882 |
| 2. Lewis "Bob" M. Robertson | - Born Dec. 6, 1886, Died Dec. 16, 1954 |
| 3. Katie Armenta Robertson | - Born Mar. 6, 1889, Died Dec. 2, 1917 |
| 4. Alice Arado Robertson | - Born July 17, 1891, Died Oct. 12, 1899 |
| 5. Bula May Robertson | - Born Dec. 21, 1893, Died 1970's |
| 6. Lena May Robertson) | - Born Jan. 10, 1900, Died Aug. 12, 1900 |
| 7. Lee Roy Robertson) Wins | - Born Jan. 10, 1900, Died Feb. 1900 (less than 1 month) |
| 8. Opal Ona Robertson | - Born Apr. 2, 1901, Died? |

Stepdaughters

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Birdie (Kate) Robertson | - Born March, 1877 |
| 2. Minnie (Mineola) Robertson | - Born February, 1880 |

Grandchildren - Martha raised

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 1. Ernest A. Collins | - Born Aug. 13, 1906 - living in East Texas |
| 2. Lois Lester Collins | - Born June 5, 1908, Died March 20, 1949 |
| 3. Wilbur Lawrence Collins | - Born Dec. 23, 1915, Died Nov. 22, 1985 |
| 4. Virgie Collins | - Born Nov. 6, 1917 - living in East Texas |

(There was one more child in this family, Lorene Collins, who died when a little over 1 year old. Lorene died August 13, 1915, and is buried in the King Cemetery.)

Martha and Natt were farmers and lived near King, Texas, in Coryell County. Natt died in April, 1926, and Martha died August 1, 1936. Martha and her sister, Sarah J. "Janie", were close and were both left widows and Janie would visit Martha and stay several days. A granddaughter of Martha's remembers those visits and hearing Martha and Janie talk about things that happened when they were girls. Martha and Nathaniel are buried in the King Cemetery. Martha is buried next to her father (she and her husband have a grave marker).

This information on Martha L. Graham Hanes Robertson was given to me by Martha's granddaughter, Virgie Frazier

Sarah J. Mullinnix

CHILD NUMBER THREE

CURTIS BEASON GRAHAM THE FIRST

BIOGRAPHY OF
CURTIS BEASON GRAHAM I

Curtis Beason Graham I was a son of Elder Jesse Graham and Martha Fanning Graham. He was born December 8, 1831, in Jackson County, Alabama. He, in company of his parents, moved to Rusk County, Texas in 1849. He lived there six years. During this time he teamed between Henderson, Texas and Shreveport, Louisiana. In 1855 he met and married Elizabeth Thornton, daughter of Harrison Thornton of Alabama. He moved to Coryell County, Texas, in 1855. He pre-empted a claim on Brown's Creek and lived there six years. He then moved to Stringtown, Texas. He built a log cabin by the creek; the creek got on a big rise, so Curtis Beason put the flour, meal, and bedding up on the ceiling joist. The water was still there two days later so one of his neighbors rowed in a boat and took Curtis Beason and supplies to dry land. Curtis Beason remarked that "If the Good Lord would forgive him and he could get out, he would not make that mistake again". The water finally went down and he moved to the foothills of Harmony mountains and homesteaded a home. There was 180 acres in this track. Years later there was 80 acres under plow.

There was no barbed wire at this time, only open range. The people learned to build fences of rails and rocks, but this was a time consuming job. There was a very fine spring on this plot of land. There was no digging a well except with a pick and shovel. There was plenty of game on the open range.

Curtis Beason I was a great horse lover and kept some very good breeding stock. In the early years he had a fine black stallion which was said to be a very fast runner. The Indians had been pushed west, but occasionally they would slip back and raid in the full moon times. Curtis Beason was up by Pidcoke, Texas on the black stallion and the Indians came down the mountain side in great numbers and he saw them coming; he put the spurs to the black stallion and out ran the Indians. Curtis Beason always treasured this horse as he said the horse saved his life.

All the farming that was done was a little wheat and corn for flour and meal. The soil was fertile; you could burn the vegetation off the small spots and grow the best of gardens. The weeds would not grow again that year after being burned.

Later, as more settlers moved in, there was no lumber to build so Curtis Beason started freighting. He hauled lumber to build houses and other supplies from Calvert and Bryan, Texas to Gatesville, Texas and some on to Brownwood, Texas. He first used oxen, but they were too slow so he broke some horses and became a great horse lover.

Between the years 1865 and 1875, Curtis Beason was greatly troubled by the Indians, as were his neighbors. During the second year of the war, he enlisted in Colonel Speight's Regiment of Texas Troops and went to Galveston. However, he soon became ill and was released from further duty.

BIOGRAPHY OF

Curtis BEason Graham I

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In 1874 his wife, Elizabeth Thornton Graham died. He then married his second wife, Melissa Swanner, daughter of Emory Swanner of Alabama. Curtis Beason became a Minister of the Primitive Baptist faith. His Uncle gave land for a church house, graveyard, and school house. The graveyard was too hard to dig so he gave still another plot. They were known as the Graham Cemeteries. When Fort Hood came in, the graves where moved to Gatesville, Texas.

Curtis Beason Graham states that the early years of his life were the best time of his life. All the farming that was done was just a little wheat and corn for flour and meal. The soil was very fertile enabling them to grow very good crops and gardens.

Later years after more wheat and corn was planted the settlers would form wagon caravans and go to the water mills now operating on the Leon and Lampasas Rivers and the Salado Creek. The children on these caravans would ride part time and run and play part time. They would sit by the camp fires at night or play games. This time of year was sure looked forward to by the children. It would take from one to two weeks to make these trips, owing to the size of the caravans.

The mills on the Leon and Lampasas Rivers were not as trusted as the Salado Mills. The Leon and Lampasas Rivers would dry too low of water in summer time. The Salado Creek was fed by natural springs and would run the year around. The earlier mills were stone mills to grind the grain. If these stones were sharp and the mills run twenty-four hours a day, the average expected was about eight bushels a day. In later years there were some steel mills brought in from the northern States, but the stone mills would do a better job. The only way to sharpen the stone mills was by hand, a chisel and hammer which consumed a lot of time. In the early years, there was no concrete in this area, so there was a cedar-wood dam built on the Salado Creek at Sulphor Springs, Texas. Cedar posts were put in the ground across the creek and then cedar logs were lain on their side in front of the post. Mud was placed in front of the wood, making it almost water tight. This dam has partly washed down, but the base still stands after more than 100 years.

BIOGRAPHY OF
HANK AND DEAN BORG

I was born near the banks of the Cowhouse Creek in Coryell County, Texas. My Father was Jeff Barnes and my Mother was Naomi Graham Barnes.

My husband, Hank, was born in Detroit, Michigan. His parents were originally from the Island of Malta. Hank lived on Malta for a short while when he was a young boy.

I met Hank in Killeen, Texas, when he was in the Army. He was stationed at Fort Hood, Texas. At that time I was working in one of the home-town drug stores. The year was 1949. We were married January 29, 1950. Shortly afterwards we went to Michigan to live. We stayed there until 1952 then we came back to Killeen. We sold our 1950 Mercury automobile to make a down payment on a house. It was located in one of the first subdivisions in Killeen. On January 1, 1953, our son, Hank, Jr., was born. At the age of seven he began playing baseball on one of the midget teams. He loved the game and was a very good pitcher. He excelled in that position all the way through high school.

In 1966 we purchased some property near the New Stillhouse lake that was being built in Bell County. We had plans to build a nice rock house there in the near future.

We began gathering rocks in 1967 from the old rock fences in the area where the lake would be built. These were regular field stone. We made some trips to San Saba, Texas, for some of the red sandstone.

In 1969 a friend of ours who was alone with three children died. We adopted the two oldest boys. A friend took the youngest one. Bill was fourteen and Bobby was seven at the time. We built a den and bedroom on the back of the house to make room for the extra sons we suddenly had.

On May 8, 1977, the first wall went up on our house near the lake. On May 8, 1979, we sold the house in Killeen that we had occupied for twenty-seven years.

A neighbor helped Hank build our house at the lake. All the rock work was done by my husband. When the house was completed, we put up a huge retainer wall all around the front and on two sides. All in all it took us twelve years to get all the rock work completed. I was the helper during the entire project. We decided to give our New Home a name - "Malta". This name seemed to be very appropriate since Hank Borg built the house and his family came from Malta.

A picture of our house is shown on the next page.

BIOGRAPHY OF
HANK AND DEAN BORG

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THE BORG'S STILLHOUSE LAKE HOME

Our children are all married. We have three grandsons and one granddaughter. Hopefully, our home will always stay in the Borg name. Long live Malta, our home.

Regretfully, Hank passed away the last part of 1990 and the Graham Clan will miss him very much. He was certainly a tribute to this Clan.

BIOGRAPHY OF CURTIS BEASON GRAHAM II

Curtis Beason Graham II was the tenth child of Curtis Beason Graham I and the fourth child born to Curtis and his second wife, Malissa Swanner. Called Beason to distinguish him from his father, Curtis, he was born and reared in the Browns Creek Community on the Cowhouse River in Coryell County, Texas.

Beason's father, Curtis, moved from Rush County to Coryell County in 1855. He and his father, Jesse Graham I, were among the first settlers to move into Coryell County. It was a natural wilderness and was still inhabited by Comanche Indians. But they, other members of Clan Graham, and other settlers who had moved into the area with the Grahams busied themselves with establishing homesteads and grubbing out farms on which to live. Finally, the Indians were pushed westwardly, and the settlers had established substantial homes in which to live. In addition, schools, churches, and other social institutions had been built to provide for the physical and spiritual needs of the community. Beason arrived into such a world.

In 1882 when Beason was born, social and economic conditions were severely depressed. Once proud and noble Scotchmen, Grahams had come to the frontiers and survived.

In addition to the local hardships that faced Curtis and other settlers of Coryell County, there was a national economic depression following the Civil War. Homesteads in Coryell County were too small to become major cattle ranches; farming was more fitted to the small ranches of the area. When Beason was born, Curtis' homestead was a subsistence farm, with a modest herd of cattle. Beason's young life was spent in that environment.

One of Beason's earliest memories was working on his father's farm. He plowed corn with a yoke of oxen. Another memory of his childhood was the periodic visits of his great grandmother, Granny Delpha Fannie and Martha Jane Graham. She thought ever so often one's body should be "cleansed out" with her folk-remedy of "Sheep-pill Tea" which she made. Beason hid in the woods to avoid that.

Love of adventure was never more predominant than it had been in the history of the Grahams. Beason was no exception. At one time, when young, he hired on the crew for a Trail-drive. After two days, he returned to Coryell County, and never again was tempted by a Trail-drive.

Education was a part of Beason's young life. His grandfather, Jessie Graham I, gave the land to build the Harmony School. Beason did not finish school at Harmony because of an incident that happened at School. To protect his honor, he fought with a classmate. The teacher, Sylvester Graham, (a relative) decided to give both of them a "whipping". Beason didn't think he deserved the whipping and told the teacher so. He did not have any respect for the teacher. So he quit school.

BIOGRAPHY OF
CURTIS BEASON GRAHAM II

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In 1905 Beason enlisted for three years in the U.S. Army and was sent to Fort Bliss near El Paso for basic training. He later was assigned to a Calvary unit because of his ability to handle a rope. Later he was transferred to Fort Logan, Colorado, then Fort Douglas, Utah. He was assigned to a survey detachment to drive the wagon and attend the mules because of his superior teamster ability. Soon after returning to post, he learned his father, Curtis, was seriously ill and went home to Coryell County and so after his father's death he was discharged to civilian life.

Leaving Coryell County, Beason took his personal belongings and went to west Texas to work. He worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad in building a line from Snyder to Lubbock, Texas. He helped build bridges. In 1950's Beason showed his daughter, Hazel, the railroad bridges he helped to build.

Beason returned to Coryell County and bought a wagon and team of mules. He and his cousin, Charley Hill, decided to take the wagon and mules and go to Decatur and work on the Waggoner Ranch. On the way back to Coryell County as they were passing through Alvarado, Texas, they approached a blind crossing of railroad tracks, hearing no train whistle, they proceeded to cross. But as the mules started to cross a train came from behind a blind curve and hit the mules broadside. The mules were killed instantly and threw Beason over the engine and cut his scalp badly. They were treated by a doctor and nursed back to health by the Alvarado townspeople.

Later Beason attended Draughon's Business College and became an accountant. After working at that job, he enrolled at Mohler Barber College and became a barber. He longed for the outdoors and bought another wagon and team of mules and traveled to the black lands of Milam County Texas and picked cotton. Then he met and married Madie Johnson in 1912. A daughter, Lois was born in 1913 and then the family moved by covered wagon to Coryell County and settled on the Cowhouse River near where the Clan Graham had settled. It was in this area that the other six children were born, Curtis, Hazel, Emogene, Mary Beth, Bill, and Bob. Beason and Madie struggled for economic survival, but became stalwarts.

They supported school and other social functions and were mainstays in the Church of Christ. Beason teamed up with his nephew, Milton Graham and Milton's two sons, Ira and J. C. Graham to form the "Graham Gospel quartet".

By 1956 all of their children had grown up and left home. So after 43 years of marriage and making their living in Agriculture, Beason and Madie sold out and retired in Alvarado, Texas. They both enjoyed living there and participated in town events and attended the Church of Christ. Their retirement years were filled with travel and adventure. They

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CURTIS BEASON GRAHAM II

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celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1962. They were successful, law-abiding citizens with strong moral and spiritual values. Ambition, the will to accomplish, and a strong family loyalty were legacies they left their children.

By: Bill E. Graham

BIOGRAPHY OF
MADIE EVA JOHNSON GRAHAM

Madie Eva Johnson Graham, wife of Curtis Beason Graham II, was born April 25th, 1893, at Rogers, Texas to M. C. (Mac) Johnson and Clarinda Caroline (Hurt) Johnson. She was the 7th child of a family of 12 children.

Curtis Beason met Madie when he hired out to pick cotton for Madie's mother, Mittie (Clarinda) Johnson. That is the nick name she was known by.

When Beason asked my grandmother if he could marry my mother, she was at the cow pen milking her cows. No doubt my daddy waited until he got her away from all the other family members to ask for Mother's hand, knowing what he was up against. I am told that Grandmother got up from milking that cow and read my dad the Riot Act if he didn't take care of her and treat her right. It was also understood that he was to obey the gospel and be baptized if he was to marry Madie--which he did. Furthermore, he was always a devout and ardent church goer the rest of his life.

Madie was always a kind, gentle, loving person who loved everyone and was loved by everyone. She spent her life serving her family and God and taking care of them, regardless of circumstances, whether winter, summer, sleet or snow.

Madie was my Mother. I was her first born, and I feel I have the right to brag on her and how she loved all her children. In those days, there wasn't all the conveniences of electricity, running water, washing machines, etc.

The best food we ever had was cooked on a wood-burning stove. Mother would ease out of bed and go to the cow lot and milk several cows. In the meantime she had put a skillet of steak on the wood stove to smother, which would be so tender. She would make a huge pan of biscuits and then wake everyone up, including Dad.

One time my Mother couldn't imagine why her hens weren't laying any more eggs. Curtis, my oldest brother, and I didn't dare to tell her that we were slipping out a syrup bucket of eggs to buy candy, and Curtis had started smoking by then. I can still see the cedar tree he was hiding his tobacco in on our way home from school. I often wonder how big that tree might be by now. But Mother finally caught on about the eggs, so that took care of the egg bit. That started another project, which didn't last too long either. We had a cousin running the "Country Store" near school, so we opened us a charge account. That lasted awhile, but finally our cousin needed money and she got in touch with Dad. That took care of that also.

My mother would wade rivers' to go help neighbors in need. She was loved by all.

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MADIE EVA JOHNSON GRAHAM

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Mother and Dad finally had to retire from country living. It got to be too much for them at their ages, so we children helped them move from country life to city life. That took some doing to dispose of all the farming accessories to city living. They got real comfortable with town conveniences. Dad got so he didn't want to go to anyone's house if they didn't have an "Indoor Toilet".

Dad had been used to harnessing mules and waiting for day break so he could see to plow. As little kids we would have to get up and wash our faces in cold water and all have breakfast together, but Dad got used to "sleeping in" real quick.

Our family get-togethers were the highlights of Mother's and Dad's life, always, and we never failed to get together often. They kept us a close, loving family that has always been and still is the greatest joy we all know, from children to grandchildren to great grandchildren.

I know my Mother is an angel watching over us and waiting for us to join her. With God's help, I look forward to meeting our Mother, Madie Johnson Graham, whom we all love so dearly. I ask the Lord to show me the way and help me to be such a Christian and up standing person as my Mother was.

Mother and Dad lived to celebrate their Golden Wedding day, which was at my sister, Hazel's. What a wonderful celebration. People came from near and far to all our delight, and especially Mother and Dad.

They looked so pretty all dressed in beautiful clothes. Mother said, "I do look pretty, don't I?" Dad was the perfect behaved gentleman all day. When people left, he asked, "Is it alright if I pull my tie off now?" We all had a big laugh over that.

Thank God for parents like Mother and Dad - "Madie and Beason Graham".

By: Lois Eva Graham Harbur

BIOGRAPHY OF
LOIS GRAHAM HARBUR

I, Lois Graham Harbur, oldest child and daughter of Curtis Beason II and Madie Eva Johnson Graham, was born at Rogers, Texas, 1913, on the farm of my loving grandmother. I was told by many, that I was one of her favorites, which she had many.

I was born in a very small house called the "Little Blue House" or the "Weaning House of Grandmothers". As her children married, they would at that time move into the "little Blue House". I loved my grandmother better than the whole wide world. She was loved by all, and so was my dear mother.

This may seem far fetched to readers, but it is the truth. I can remember when I was 1½ years of age, my grandmother started me off with a little peanut butter bucket of sugar down the road to meet my mother who was waiting at the other end. I remember stopping at a culvert about half way and eating some of the sugar. I can hear my mother calling, even today, "Come on Lois".

When I was 3 years of age, we moved in a covered wagon from Rogers, Texas to Killeen, Texas, out in the country in a large house that had been a mission house at one time. It had 3 fire places, an upstairs and downstairs.

I'll never forget the night my baby sister, Hazel was born. I heard her crying and thought it was a wasp on the window. Grandmother came to bed and told me I had a baby sister. All was well for I got to sleep on my grandmother's arm.

The first year I went to school, I had to stay with Aunt Lizzie (Dad's sister) and Uncle George Wright because we lived across the river, and when it got up I couldn't get to school. Anyway, the school was a one-teacher school. The teacher rode horseback several miles to school. Some of the larger boys would put cobs in the horse's shoe, so the horse couldn't go, and they would put dead mice on us girls. I thought they were the worst boys and I cried for my mother.

When I was 8 years old my daddy bought me an Indian pony from my grandmother. We put the top down to the Model-T Ford, and Dad drove the car and Mother led Old Ribbon, my pony, 50 miles behind the car to our home. Mother was so afraid Old Ribbon would be foundered from the long trip, but the next morning she was fine.

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LOIS GRAHAM HARBUR

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Old Ribbon was our source of school transportation until I got old enough to drive a Model-T car. The other 6 children younger than me all loved Old Ribbon also.

My father was always a farmer and a good one. He taught us to work and expected us children to do as much when he was gone to the gin as when he was there. I was the oldest and had to shoulder the responsibility of getting the work done. My brother, Curtis, and sister, Hazel, sure did like to play and did more playing than work when Dad was gone, so I would work harder and divide my cotton with them so they wouldn't get a spanking. I fussed and ranted and raved to no avail. One day I looked back and Hazel and Curtis had sacked up the dog. The sack was really going up and down. Today that is still a laughing matter to us, about them sacking up the dog.

When I was 9 years old, my daddy bought me a piano from a salesman from Austin, Texas. I took piano lessons a few years.

We had a Graham Quartet and went to many country singing conventions far and wide. Music was always a great part of our lives.

I graduated from Antelope High School, a new consolidated school. I have fondest memories of my school mates.

I married Rush Anderson and moved to Dallas, Texas. We had 3 wonderful girls, Anna Bess, Johnnie Sue, and Eva Jane. Those girls are so dear to me even as I write. We continued to live in Dallas after my father, Curtis Beason Graham II, and my mother, Madie Graham, died. Rush died at the young age of 38.

I married Guy Harbur in 1948. My husband and I bought property in a private club near Cartwright, Oklahoma in 1972. We moved to the Colbert Boat Club full time in 1979 and enjoyed the wonderful life we had there until my husband died in February, 1990.

All these years my brothers and sisters always remained very close. We continued to be in close touch with each other and enjoy being together to the fullest. We visited each other often with family reunions and always telephone calls. I thank God for the wonderful family life we share.

BIOGRAPHY OF
LOIS GRAHAM HARBUR

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THINGS I REMEMBER:

1. My Dad telling me each morning when I left for school riding my horse, "Old Ribbon", "Now sister (he called me sister sometimes) don't run that horse". He later found out that I did and "Old Ribbon" could outrun every horse in the country."
2. I would pump water at school and studied by coal-oil lamps. That was the only source of lighting we had at that time.
3. The farms where I grew up having lots of trees and vines. Also the beautiful flowers that grew wild. There were lots of Dew-berries and tree plums, round and sour, and they would make good pies and jellies.
4. There were a lot of sturdy vines that hung from branches forming nature's swings for little folks. Our backyards, or near our backyards, there were lots of cedar trees, slippery elms, and gnarled oaks. And, of course, growing up on some rivers, we called our "private rivers", we had pebbled-bottomed clean clear water and Mother would sometimes do the washing on warm days of the year. I often went swimming in these rivers as well as waded in the water and skipped flat rocks and watched insects skim the water, hearing frogs trill their notes, and wondering how many years it took to form rivers of their size.

I can also remember seeing fireflies flashing on and off at will in the evenings.

5. My mother always liking for her girls to be "pretty and white-skinned" so she always insisted we wear our hats or bonnets, shoes, and gloves.
6. Being on the basketball team at Antelope and playing as a "guard" on the team. Also having prominent roles in school plays and dressing up in those fancy costumes and sometimes playing a role that enabled me to "black my face".

I thank God for the wonderful full life of being the oldest child born to Curtis Beason II and Madie Graham.

I can hear my dear old mother calling the cows in the late afternoons to come in to be milked. That clear, beautiful, voice stands out in my memory. She always did things "If it was the Lord's Will". I thank God for a Christian father and mother.

BIOGRAPHY OF
CURTIS JOHNSON GRAHAM

Curtis Johnson Graham was born on the 23rd of March, 1916 in the Eliga community of Coryell County, Texas to Curtis Beason Graham II and Madie Eva Johnson Graham. He was named "Curtis" after his father, and "Johnson" after his mother's family name. His parents selected his name to carry on the heritage of both families.

At the time of Curtis' birth, Beason and Madie were tenant farmers near Eliga. Curtis Beason Grhham II (father) and Curtis Beason Graham I (grandfather) had come to that Central area in 1855, and many of their relatives lived in near-by communities. Curtis was an energetic and capable helper and a joy for his Dad to have around.

Curtis started to school at age 6 at Antelope public school. His father had to pay tuition for Curtis to attend. It was six and a quarter miles to school, so Curtis and his older sister, Lois, rode double on the family horse, "Ribbon", to and from school.

When Curtis' younger sister, Hazel, started to school, his father provided Curtis with another horse. A new era dawned when they got older and his father let them take his Model-T Ford car to school with Lois and Curtis taking turns driving.

Curtis was good in school and made excellent grades in his school subjects. He was especially good in mathematics and agriculture. Once he gained a reputation as a mathematical genius for being able to solve a geometry problem that his teacher could not solve.

Curtis remembers, as all children who attended Antelope School remembers, the end-of-school year picnic and the drama or "play" that was performed on the school stage that evening.

After graduating from Antelope School, Curtis attended high school in Gatesville and Killeen. He did well in both schools.

When Curtis was about 17, one of his cousins, Alvin "Hoot" Norman (son of his father's sister, Julia) returned from Fallbrook, California, where he had been staying with his older brother, Hassell Norman. Alvin told Curtis of the job opportunities in California and spoke of California as the land of milk and honey. Alvin was returning to California, by way of hitchhiking, and asked Curtis to go along. He did, and got a stark introduction to the world outside of Coryell County. After finally arriving in California and Curtis saved enough money for the return trip, he returned home to Coryell County.

Curtis was always a creative person, particularly he liked to work with things mechanical.

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CURTIS JOHNSON GRAHAM

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After the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor in 1941, Curtis attended an aircraft school in Dallas to train him for work in aircraft construction. After graduating, he and a cousin, George Wilson, went to Los Angeles, California and began work for North American Aircraft Company. A few months later, he married a girl who he had dated in Texas before moving to California. Her name was Pauline Maxwell and was a teacher in Idrema School, near Killeen, Texas.

The war in the Pacific was at a fever pitch when in 1945, Curtis joined the Navy. He served aboard the U.S.S. Hancock in the South Pacific and was discharged in 1946.

After being discharged from the Navy, Curtis and Pauline returned to work for North American. In 1946 they returned to Belton, Texas, where they bought a 320 acre farm and ranch. Curtis began working for a school furniture manufacturer in Belton. He was the foreman over the metals department for over 19 years. Later he worked for Bell Helicopter in Hurst, Texas. After three years Curtis accepted a job with the Belton School District and worked there until retirement in 1982.

In about 1981, Curtis published his papers on the "History of the Graham Family". The work represented many years of intensive research during which time he supported the entire cost of research. Thanks to him and his selfless dedication, the Graham Family--including this writer, has a much better knowledge of their ancestors and relatives. We are all indebted to Curtis.

April, 1991: Curtis has Parkinson's disease and is currently in a Nursing Home in Temple, Texas; however, during his life time, Curtis has made many friends because he has been a friend. His accomplishments have been noteworthy, and he will be remembered as a loving husband and father. His sisters and brothers accord him a deserved respect, as do his friends and neighbors.

Written by:
Bill E. Graham (Brother)

BIOGRAPHY OF
HAZEL GRAHAM WILKINSON

I was born in the old Kinsey House in the Tama Community, Coryell County, Texas on Christmas Day, December 25, 1917. My parents were Curtis Beason Graham II and Madie Johnson Graham who made their living from agriculture, farming, and raising cattle.

Some of our neighbors and friends were Grover and Jessie Fleming. Among the older Fleming children was Maurice, better known as Dick. He tells me how he used to hold me on his lap and thought I was "cute". I love to go back in my mind to those dear days of my childhood even though I think "don't let yesterday use up too much of today".

From the Kinsey House, we moved to the Bill Sykes Farm on the Cowhouse Creek. I remember very little about that home except it was a fairly comfortable home on the side of a hill covered with beautiful trees. I remember going to the turkey nests with my mother to get turkey eggs. Once while playing with my brother, Curtis, climbing on the lot fence, I fell and cut a big gash on my thigh. Dad borrowed a friend's horse and buggy and he and Mother took me to the doctor in Killeen. I remember one night, my Dad got home fairly late. He had gone to town and bought us a beautiful 4 burner kerosene cook stove! He also bought our first Model-T Ford car about that time.

I was around 4 years old when we moved to the Chalk Farm on the Cowhouse Creek and lived in the old Chalk House. Our water supply was a flowing artesian well. Our home was heated by a wood burning fireplace. We had a wagon and mules. My Dad chose a clear cold day for killing hogs and he obtained the help of neighbor men to help. Early they built a fire around the wash pot to have plenty hot water to scald the hogs. After the meat was cut up, Mama cleaned the casings to stuff the sausage. The fat meat was put in a clean wash pot and the grease was cooked out, which was called "lard" and used for cooking purposes. The hams and middlings were cured to be eaten later.

My brother, Curtis, and I used to play all over the hills in the woods and hunt bird nests. When I was 7½ years of age I started to school. We had a pony named "Old Ribbon" that I had to ride with my sister, Lois, to Antelope school, 6½ miles away. I didn't know how to ride at first and was afraid. I fell off the second day, but finally became a "Cowgirl".

When I was about 10 years of age we moved up on the public road to the big Chalk House and thought we had a mansion. Cars even came by sometimes and our mail was delivered in front of our house!

I began helping in the fields with the work at an early age. I wanted to pick cotton when I was about 6 years of age. Mama made me a little sack, and I did so well, Dad made me pick every day. In 1925, we didn't make a crop because of a drought. We went to San Angelo to pick cotton and I was expected to pick 100 pounds a day.

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HAZEL GRAHAM WILKINSON

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By this time I was old enough to help with the laundry. We got up early and built a fire around a clean wash pot filled with clean water usually drawn with a bucket out of an underground cistern. We put some warm water in clean tubs and using lye soap and a tub -- rubbed the clothes clean on a rub board, put them in the wash pot with lye soap and boiled them. Rinsed the clothes in 2 tubs of clean water, putting blueing in the last batch. Then hung the clothes on clothes lines to dry.

We went in the Model-T car, sometimes the wagon, to the Church of Christ further down the creek. The old camp meetings held under the big tent in the summer time were such fun. The ladies carried lunch to spread on the long tables built by the big pecan trees. We kids went swimming in the old baptizing hole every minute we could. We always hoped for something new to wear during the meeting. Sometimes it was made out of flour or feed sacks we saved. These sacks were usually a 100 pound sack which we laundered carefully to remove the lettering from them. We also went to a Baptist Church often on Sunday afternoon or evening where community singings were held. Sometimes we visited during their revival which was held in the summer under a brush arbor. One of our aunts, which was tall, slim, and had long arms would testify and her arms would nearly tear the cedar brush on top down. This amused the Graham kids.

The Graham kids had increased to 4 and Dad didn't have enough horses for us to ride by about 1928 so we went to school in our Model-T car, with Lois and Curtis taking turns driving. The Graham kids thought we were riding in style. We went to Antelope which was an original 3 room school house with 10 grades, later made into a 4 room school house. We had wooden desks with space to keep our books, an ink well in the corner, and a groove for our pencils and pen near the front. Each grade sat in a row, at the back on one side, was a pot-bellied stove in which coal was burned for fuel. The school board bought coal, but parents furnished kindling. Boys carried in coal at school. The girls took turns at sweeping the school room floors. In the high school room was a stage and 2 or 3 times a year, the school kids had programs and bigger kids put on a play. We had a piano which a boy would play when the teacher was gone home for lunch, and the bigger kids would dance on the stage. Since I couldn't dance, I would watch for the teacher and warn them. We carried our lunch to school, usually wrapped in a newspaper as we didn't always have paper sacks. We enjoyed recess and lunch so we could play games or practice ball. When we rode our horses to school, we had to leave the saddles on all day and tie the horse to a fence post.

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When I was in the seventh grade, Flentges Drug Store was giving a \$25.00 watch to the boy or girl in the county that made the highest grade all year. You also had to read 30 books and make a written report. A county wide graduation exercise was held in Gatesville at the end of school. My teacher, Mr. W.A. Freeman, thought I had a very good chance of winning. I was given a Valedictorian address to learn. I was overjoyed when he told me at the exercise "I had won and don't get nervous". I never had owned a watch before!

That same year we had a box supper. I guess it was for some school project. Each woman or girl that wanted to would decorate a pretty box with crepe paper and flowers and put a good lunch in it. No one was suppose to know whose box was being auctioned off, but some way special ones would find out and those boxes would bring more. I had a pretty box and Mama fixed me good food. A married man, Hurbert Schneider from Copperas Cove bought mine. I was scared to death to eat with him. We still laugh about this when I see him.

Lois, my oldest sister, had entered in Declamation that was held at the county meet in Gatesville each Spring. Dad let Curtis go with her in the Model-T Ford to Gatesville twice a week for a few lessons in public speaking. Sometimes I got to go too. Half way between Antelope and Gatesville was a high hill with a long winding road and Model-T cars would hardly make it up. Sometimes we would get out and using the tire pump we would pump air in the gas tank as one drove. A few times he would have to turn around and back up the last steep part.

Antelope had good basketball teams as a rule. I played on the team 2 or 3 years, and softball 2 years. I came out for track, but didn't win anything. I couldn't run very fast. I enjoyed school and my friends at school and church. I enjoyed homemaking and math most of all. My favorite teachers were Vera Carroll and W. A. Freeman. Favorite girl friends at school were Estelle Brookshire and Lucille Thompson. At church my favorite friend was Neva Hubbard and Mrs. Claude Thomas. Mrs. Thomas (Myrtle) was always good and kind to me.

At the end of school, May 17th, 1934, I married Thomas Garland (Duke) Wilkinson and that ended my school days.

We went to his home on Table Rock Creek near Pidco, to live with his family for about six months. I enjoyed going down to the creek and swimming and I enjoyed Duke's sister, Ruby Lee; I didn't really enjoy living there. We bought some canning jars and I canned some vegetables and fruit that was given to me. I enjoyed riding Duke's horse, Tony. He was a good saddle horse.

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HAZEL GRAHAM WILKINSON

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In November we moved to our farm below Eliga in Possum Hollow. We had a few chickens and cows. September 5th, 1935, David was born. Jack came along December 6, 1936, and Lewis Wayne January 22, 1939. That completed our family. We worked hard, but had time for visiting friends and some fun. We bought our first washing machine when Jack was two years old. David started to school at Clear Creek September 1941. In December the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and the United States government announced plans to build a military Reservation in our area to be named "Fort Hood" and 350 families of us would have to sell our land to the government and move some where.

We bought land near Alvarado, Texas in Johnson County and moved March 23, 1942. It was a new country to us and we had a different life. We all worked hard, played some. I worked in the fields helping to make a living.

THINGS I REMEMBER: Keeping the boys in school, making their shirts, going on vacation with Duke and the boys to California and Colorado in 1948, vacationing in South Texas in 1949, seeing all three boys graduate from Alvarado High School then from Texas A&M University; later seeing all three enter military service, David and Lewis Wayne in the Army and Jack in the Air Force then each getting a job and getting married--then as years went by, our five grandchildren, Paula, Todd, Julie, David Wayne, and Garland were born and I enjoyed being a grandmother.

All this time, Duke and I were still trying to make a living farming. I worked part time as a secretary for Farm Bureau. A few months at General Dynamics; few months at the Alvarado Clinic and Hospital as a receptionist and insurance clerk; nine years as a Television Hostess for Wells National Service in St. Joseph and Methodist Hospitals.

After Duke and I retired, we found time to travel some, to New York, New Hampshire, and the Northeast several trips, and California. Had more time to enjoy our family; enjoyed seeing our grandchildren grow up; Summer of 1985 I went with Bill and Jeannie to England and Scotland to vacation and trace our Graham Roots.

My life has been enjoyable; I have worked hard, played when I could and the good Lord has blessed me far more than I deserve. I have a wonderful family, good health, a comfortable home and enough money to live comfortable.

I thank God for all my blessings and pray that God will grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change--Courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.

THINGS REMEMBERED BY
THOMAS GARLAND (DUKE) WILKINSON

I am Thomas Garland (Duke) Wilkinson and fifty-seven years ago, I married into the Curtis Graham II family. I married Hazel Graham, the third of seven children born to Curtis Beason and Madie Johnson Graham II. I was born at Bertrum, Burnet County, Texas, July 24, 1911

My father, George David Wilkinson, was born in Burnet County, Texas October 5, 1874. His father, Joseph W. Wilkinson, came to Texas from Illinois about 1852 and later was married to Julia Matsler, August 9, 1872 in San Saba County, Texas. My father was the second of fourteen children born to this union. George David married Mary Alice Cooper, April 14, 1902 in Burnet County, Texas.

Like the pilgrims to the New World, (Dee, as he was commonly known) moved his family to Coryell County in 1913 and bought a farm on Table Rock Creek, not far from Pidcoke community. The soil was fertile for farming and the creek furnished an abundant water supply for livestock, fishing, and swimming.

Harvest in those days was quite an event and a far cry from today's methods. There were no such thing as a gasoiline-powered engine and the machinery by today's standard was crude man power, while not always plentiful, was inexpensive and real horsepower was plentiful.

My first recollection of grain harvest was seeing horsedrawn reapers, or binders, as they were commonly called. Four or five animal teams were generally strung out, two or three at the wheel and two in the lead. One man would ride one of the rear animals and drive the lead team. One man rode the binder and it was his job to see that the machinery was properly operating to drop, or trip, the bundle carrier as near as possible to those dropped the previous round. This was for the convenience of the shockers, that put the sheaves in a shock, a dozen or more sheaves in a shock. It usually took two men to keep up with the binder and the shocks were stacked so that the grain part of the plants was on top, otherwise a wet spell would cause the grain to sprout and ruin. The grain was left in the shocks to dry for a week or so before threshing started.

Threshing was mostly a cooperative effort. A number of neighbors would form a threshing area, usually not more than five miles from the starting point. My most vivid memories are of my father purchasing a steam-powered engine and separator to thresh grain. These required an engineer with know-how to fire and operate the engine. The separator required a crew to see that the machinery was kept oiled and properly operating, two persons to feed the bundles or sheaves into the separator, and two men to catch, measure and sack the threshed grain. The engine was stationed some distance, not less than fifty feet usually, from the separator and a long belt brought the power from the engine to the separator. The engine was powered with steam, thus called

THINGS REMEMBERED
THOMAS GARLAND (DUKE) WILKINSON

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steam-engine. The engine had a fire box built on it to place wood to heat the water in a large tank for the steam. The tank would hold eight barrels of water. The fire was built each morning around 3:30 or 4:00 o'clock. A water wagon was used, equipped with a hand pump, to get water from the creek or branches. The engine had a steam whistle on it. The whistle would blow a long blast at noon or night, two short toots to start the machinery and three medium blasts when the water haulers were tardy in getting there with the water.

The separator was so called because it separated the grain from the straw, the grain was augmented to the side and bottom of the separator and straw came out the top rear of the same by a blower fan that blew it off several feet to a straw stack. The grain was brought from the fields on wagons with specially built frames. Each wagon had a pitcher, a man on the ground with a pitch fork. Each pitcher was assigned two wagons. One wagon would be loading while the other was unloading. Usually two wagons could unload at a time, one on either side of the separator. The feeder had large knives. They cut the binds and fed the grain into the separator being careful not to feed it too fast, thus causing the machinery to choke down and stop. At the end of the day, the crew would sometime work late in order to complete the job and move over night to another farm. Otherwise they would leave some wagons loaded over night to get an early start the next morning. In early days, the thresher crews were fed by the women-folk of the farmer whose grain was being threshed. On most occasions, the neighbor women would assist each other in preparing the food. When they stopped the operation at noon or night, they would either remove the belt or move the engine forward a few feet, so they could start the engine without a belt or a slack belt the next time. The prevailing wage at the time was never more than \$1.50 per day and they worked from dawn to dusk. There was no extra charge for the meals. If the farmer did not have enough granary space for all his grain, he might haul some to the nearest market while the threshing was in progress.

The writer of this article is not recording this history from hearsay. In my teenage years, I spent many long, hot, and dusty hours working as a hand at steam-powered threshing.

BIOGRAPHY OF
FRANCES EMOGENE GRAHAM PURL

Frances Emogene, better known as Jeannie, was the fifth child born to the family of Curtis Beason II and Madie Eva (Johnson) Graham. She was born April 5, 1924 near Killeen, Texas in the Eliga Community on the Cowhouse Creek in Coryell County. Her parents were tenant farmers living in the "Old House" on the farm known as the "Chalk Place".

In the senior years of Madie's life when she reflected on the youthful days of her children, she always commented on the beauty of Jeannie. "She had long golden blonde hair that hung in ringlets. It was such trouble to comb, but it was so pretty that for years I did not cut it."

Jeannie started to school at the age of five. She attended Antelope School which was a rural school about 6½ miles from her home. After about two days in school her mother asked her, "What did you learn today?" She said, "A few more of those kids names". After five or six days schooling her mother asked her, "What did you learn today?" Jeannie said, "I learned more than you'll ever know".

Jeannie rode in the Model-T Ford family car to school for a few years with her older sisters, Lois and Hazel and brother Curtis. Later she rode a horse to school with her sisters Hazel and her youngest sister, Mary, was in school by now.

At the first time of Jeannie's graduation from Antelope School, it had ten grades. Jeannie graduated with the highest scores in school. The tradition of high achievement by the Graham children was carried on by Jeannie. A school bus picked up the children and carried them about 35 miles into Gatesville to finish high school.

Her parents moved to a farm between Killeen and Florence in Bell County. At that point in life, Jeannie made a decision. With only a high school education her opportunities were limited. Her family took her to Dallas to enroll in Draughan's Business College. After graduation, she applied for a clerk-typist position and was accepted in Washington, D.C. at the pentagon. Later transferred to New York City. Her next opportunity came with a transfer to Los Angeles, California. Her job was still with the Civil Service. Troop trains passed her window often, which fanned the coals of her fantasy for adventure. In July of 1944, she succumbed to her wonderlust and enlisted in the Army Air Corps, which was a part of the U.S. Army at that time. For basic training, Jeannie was sent to Des Moines, Iowa. She learned to march with the best. She adapted well to military life with one not-worthy exception--getting up in the mornings. Her next assignment was Palm Springs Air Force Base, then Ladd Field near Fairbanks, Alaska. Their main mission was to keep the aircraft flying that were on the Lend-Lease Program to the Soviet Union. American pilots would fly the planes into Ladd Field, and Soviet Pilots would fly them on into the U.S.R.R. Although it was cold and inhabited by gigantic mosquitoes, Jeannie liked Alaska. She met many new friends, and like camping in the beautiful outdoors. After awhile she was again transferred to Fort Dix, New Jersey, that time to be discharged. Before long she was back at work in the Pentagon as a civilian.

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During her travels during the war, she had dated James Washington "(Dub)" Purl several times. He was in the Navy and his ship occasionally docked near Los Angeles where Jeannie was working. They became engaged and were married in December of 1946 in Temple, Texas.

Following their marriage, Dub and Jeannie moved to California. Their son, Jim Purl, was born there. They moved back to Texas in 1948. Dub began working in an aircraft plant (General Dynamics) near Fort Worth, and Jeannie enrolled on her G.I. Bill at Texas Christian University. Three years later, in 1953, she received her Bachelor of Education Degree from T.C.U. and began teaching for the Fort Worth Independent School District. She taught Fourth grade at the W. J. Turner School for more than 32 years, before retiring in 1985. Dub died of cancer in March, 1973 and is buried in Glenwood Cemetery at Alvarado, Texas.

Jeannie's son, Jim, married Karen Sue Padgett in August of 1972. They have two sons, James William, born in 1973 and Thomas Edward, born in 1976. Jeannie visits them often and never misses a chance to tell others about her grandsons.

Jeannie enjoyed traveling and enjoyed various vacations traveling with her relatives. Hazel and Duke Wilkinson and Mary and Rab Smith. In 1985, she and her brother Bill and sister Hazel flew to England and Scotland. Their mission there was to trace their Graham Roots.

The gusto with which Jeannie has lived her life has been a contagion for other people. Many have been inspired by her achievements to work for a better world. Any time Jeannie is seen where there are children, the children are seen grouped around her. With that ability, and her record of touching the lives of many hundreds of school children each of which will touch the lives of many others, Jeannie has made an indelible mark for herself in the world. Perhaps the best is yet to come as she explores new worlds every day.

By: Bill E. Graham

BIOGRAPHY OF
MARY BETH GRAHAM SMITH

I was the sixth child born to Curtis Beason II and Madie Johnson Graham. One brother, Curtis, and four sisters, Lois, Hazel, Pebble, and Emogene were born before me, but Pebble died in infancy from Diphtheria.

I was first named Mary Elizabeth, "Mary" chosen after the wife of a cousin, and "Elizabeth" was after Mother's oldest sister, Elizabeth (Johnson) Weathersbee. However, soon after my birth, a granddaughter was born to Elizabeth Weathersbee, who asked Mother to change my name from Elizabeth to Beth. Mother complied; however, she recorded my birth in the Family Bible as "Mary Elizabeth". There is no way to know, but perhaps Mother chose only to rescind the naming of me after her sister, but left my name, Elizabeth, stand in honor of another relative named Elizabeth. It was a revered name on both sides of the family, as well as the given name of several royally born ladies in Europe. In any case, I have been known at different periods in my life by Beth, Mary, Mary Beth and "Smitty".

At the time of my birth, Dad and Mother farmed the "Chalk Place", a farm located in the Eliga Community in Coryell County, Texas. It was bottom land on the Cow House River, and ordinarily produced good crops. However, a drought in 1925, the year prior to my birth, caused total crop failures in Coryell County. For money to survive until another harvest and with which to buy planting seed the following year, Mother and Dad had carried their family to pick cotton in San Angelo, Texas where the drought was not as severe. Such was the economic climate in Central Texas when I was born.

It was said that I was very special to Dad (as I am sure all of his children were). My hair soon turned dark, and he said I was distinctly Graham. Mother said that I was always full of energy, had smiles for everyone unless they teased me, and usually made friends easily.

I was competitive from an early age, a characteristic that served me well later in adulthood, but which caused me some agony in my youth. My opinion often differed with that of my older sisters concerning who was boss!

In 1933 I started to school at Antelope School, which was about 7 miles from home. To get there I shared two horses with Hazel & Jeannie. Obviously one horse had to be ridden double, but there was often a dispute about by whom it should be, as well as who should ride in front and guide the horse. In one dispute when Jeannie was in front and I was the unwilling second rider, Jeannie, who was two years older, pushed me off the horse. I fell under the horse, but was not hurt. We two sisters are both widowed, and until Jeannie was admitted to a Nursing Home in 1990 we were best friends and constant companions traveling together in the same car. But there was never a question as to who was going to be the driver -- depended on whose car we travelled in.

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Back to my school days: The transportation problem was solved after a couple of years by an arrangement whereby Jeannie and I walked three miles to a neighbor's house and rode to school with him in his car. And in 1937 the school bought a school bus in which to transport the students.

I enjoyed mathematics and athletics best and tried to be an asset to my ball teams at Antelope. I was in the middle of my 8th grade at Antelope when Mother and Dad moved to the Leedale Community in Milam County. I finished 8th grade in the Leedale School, and began my freshman year of High School in Rogers, Texas when Mother and Dad again moved. This move was to a farm on the Lampasas River, about one-half way between Killeen and Florence in Bell County. I continued high school in Killeen, but because of having to walk 4 miles to and from the bus line, and ride the bus another 15 miles to and from Killeen, I stayed with Hazel and Duke and attended high school in Alvarado, Texas in 1943.

World War II was in full swing at this time. The Army base, Camp Hood, had erased any civilian existence in about one-third of Coryell County since the Federal Government had taken over the land in early 1942, and supplanted the farms and ranches with hundreds of acres of army barracks, office buildings, and other army buildings. Tens of thousands of soldiers were being trained at Camp Hood to fight the war for the Allies. To support the army personnel, many civilians were hired to work on the base. I landed one of those jobs - I worked in the base laundry checking laundry in and out for the soldiers. It was not a status job, but the pay surpassed my every dream. I rented an apartment in Killeen. It was a typical apartment in Killeen at that time - thrown up to exploit the boom-town influx of people; tar-paper walls surrounded one small room that contained bed, card table on which to eat, hot plate on which to cook, nails in the walls on which to hang clothes, and a toilet and lavatory in one corner of the room. But the war was on, many items of necessity were rationed, and besides, nothing else was available! About a year later I took a job as a waitress in a cafe in Killeen. I heard a great deal of money could be made through tips.

Dad enjoyed telling a story about one incident that happened in the Cafe. One afternoon he and a brother-in-law of his, Tom Wilson, went into Killeen to buy a part for one of Dad's plows. They stopped in for a cup of coffee at the restaurant where I worked, and since they had been working in the fields, they were in work clothes and dusty. Not knowing who they were, one of the other waitresses remarked to me, "You can have those two old geezers". I responded by telling the other waitress that one of those "old geezers" was my father, and the other was my uncle, and if she did not apologize she would be sorry. The waitress learned, as other people have learned since the Battle of Falkirk in Scotland in 1297 A.D.: do not cross one Graham unless you want to

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fight the whole Clan! And in no Clan Graham member has family loyalty been more evident than in myself at that time.

In August, 1945, I married Lee McGriff. He was a baker in the U.S. Army, and stationed at Camp Hood. However, the war ended and he was discharged. With G.I. Bill assistance, he and I bought a bakery in Denver, Colorado, and moved there. There was one child born to that union, Mary Lee McGriff, who was born on July, 28, 1946. Lee enlisted in the regular army in 1948, and Mary and Mary Lee moved from Denver, Colorado to Decatur, Texas in January, 1951.

After settling in Decatur, Texas I went to work as a typist for General Dynamics/Fort Worth Division in Fort Worth, Texas in 1951. It was to begin a career from which I retired the last day of May, 1989. God truly blessed me by permitting me to advance in classification and salary as rapidly as I did. I retired as a secretary in the Engineering Department.

In November of 1954, I was married to William Edward "Rab" Smith of Decatur, Texas. He also worked at General Dynamics. We continued to live in Decatur for two years commuting 100 miles to and from work, and then moved to White Settlement, Texas, which is a suburb of Fort Worth, Texas, and bought a home.

I worked in General Dynamics' Engineering Department for 33 years. During that time I witnessed a lot of changes: Prop-driven engines have been replaced by jet engines that can travel faster than the speed of sound, and new radar and intelligence systems continued to supplant older systems. I have been a part of the office force for all phases of the B-36, B-58, F-111, and F-16 airplanes. Another interesting facet of my job was the use of the latest office machines and telephone systems. They gave me an outlet for my mechanical interest and ability that is innate in my personality. I was the first woman to attend and receive an Associate Degree in Refrigeration, Air Conditioning, and heating from Tarrant County Junior College.

I observed the advent of a labor union at General Dynamics, and was a member of it for over 20 years. I attribute many advancements for the workers to the labor union: shorter work weeks, higher salaries, more holidays, and better working conditions.

Rab died from a massive heart attack in October of 1980. He was a very sensitive person who loved his family, and who was loved by the Graham family. After Dad died and Mother was living alone, she would ask Rab to repair or construct things for her. He enjoyed doing it for her and if he ever refused her or thought an unkind thought, I didn't hear it. He truly loved the Graham family.

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I have been active in the Baptist Church for many years. I have taught Adult Sunday School classes, in addition to being mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, friend, and confidant to a daughter, three grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

One event in my life stands out in my memory. In August of 1967 Rab and I were vacationing in Northwest Wyoming when the Grand Tetons came into view on the horizon. As they got closer, both of us were overwhelmed. We reached a pullout and stopped to look. As I stood in awe looking, one word came to mind: "vast". So vast that words could not describe it. I compared the concept of the mountains' vastness with the vastness of love a family has for each other. The mountains seemed to be boundless; family members' love for one another should be boundless. I feel that love and caring in Beason and Madie Graham's family meet those requirements.

I pray, that in some small way, my devotion to others is inspirational and I have, and can continue, to bring vast honor to Clan Graham.

BIOGRAPHY OF

I am a granddaughter of Curtis Beason Graham II and Madie Eva Johnson Graham, and the only child born to Mary Beth Graham Smith and Lee Samuel McGriff. I was born on July 28, 1946 in Denver, Colorado. My father, Lee Samuel McGriff died April 11, 1991 in Napa, California. However he was buried at the United States Military Cemetery in San Francisco, California. My Mother later married William Edward Smith Jr. November 6, 1954. William Edward died October 31, 1980 and is buried at Fairview cemetery which is a country cemetery and located between Decatur and Rome, Texas.

I attended Grade School at Decatur, Texas and White Settlement, Texas located in west Fort Worth. I also attended Middle- and High-School at White Settlement.

I married my childhood sweetheart, Jerry John Rubenkoenig at age 16 on August 2, 1962, in a Garden Wedding setting in my parents backyard. We have three children, one son and two girls.

1. Tracy Keith Rubenkoenig born 2-11-65 Married Melanie
 Renee Smith, Nov. 1986
Two sons born to this union, Brandon Keith, born June 15, 1987
and Patrick Edward, born September 21, 1989.
2. Shellie Paige Vigil born 11-12-67 Married Kenneth Vigil
 February 18, 1989
3. Shannon Beth Rubenkoenig born 10-11-71

I have lived in Fort Worth, Texas since 1956, in which I have raised my three children. They graduated from the same schools as Jerry and I.

Our family has shared many wonderful holidays, camp-outs, and family get-togethers with our Graham relatives in which we shared many laughs and good times.

I have always been known as a "tom-boy", loving sports and beating up the boys when I was young. As I grew up, I discovered boys weren't so bad, although I always kept prepared.

I am presently employed with General Electric Credit Corporation, where my two daughters, Shellie and Shannon are also employed.

I can remember when I was 10 years old, and my cousin, Jim Purl, Age 8, were visiting with many other relative at my Aunt Hazel and Uncle Duke Wilkinson's house at Alvarado, when we decided we would do a good deed for our family members; we washed everyone's automobiles and filled each car full of gasoline out of our Aunt and Uncle's gasoline tank, not realizing it cost money. I guess we thought it was free!

I'm happy to be a member of Clan Graham!



BIOGRAPHY OF BILLE. GRAHAM

February 1991

The sixth of seven children of Curtis Beason Graham II and Madie Eva Graham, who lived most of their adult lives in Coryell and Bell Counties, in Central Texas, I was born in 1931 when they lived in Coryell County. Dad was a son of Curtis B. Graham I, who was born to Jesse A. Graham I and Martha Jane (Fannin) Graham in Alabama in 1831 and moved in 1849 with his parents to Rusk County, Texas. In 1855, Curtis (my grandfather) moved with Jesse (my g-grandfather) and several brothers and sisters to Coryell County where most of them lived out their adult lives. Nearly all of the Grahams in Coryell County descended from G-Grandfather Jesse or his youngest brother, Gideon Graham. Those Grahams lived grand and glorious lives in the developing frontier period of Texas when the area was yet inhabited by marauding Comanches and lawless white elements who had drifted to the frontiers of Texas. The impact made by the Grahams was best described by Gid Graham, a grandson of the elder Gideon and noted senator in Oklahoma, in his book, The Dawson-Graham and Allied Families, 1938:

"For almost 40 years they lived on their homestead in Coryell County and saw the country develop; depredation of the Comanches cease; and cities, churches and schools grow. They were splendid citizens; helped promote law and order and bequeathed to this Republic a family of 11 children from whose ranks came farmers, ranchers, tradesmen, soldiers, teachers, clergymen, scholars, physicians, jurists and legislators. The world has been made better for them having lived."

Biographies of those clansmen are being prepared for publication in another source.

I was born on a farm on Cowhouse Creek. It was the area in which the Grahams had settled in 1855, and we were related to most of the settlers, either by blood or through marriage. It was a close-knit community in which neighbors helped neighbors in time of need. The centers of the community were the schools, which were vigorously supported according to the Scottish tradition of the settlers, and the churches, which had sprung up at major crossroads and splintered off into separate congregations and/or denominations because of doctrinal differences.

Having four sisters and a brother older than I, the pathways of growing-childhood were well established by the time I arrived. Curtis was fifteen at my birth, and, so I am told, doted on me. He must have, for I adored him. But his fondness for having me with him was sometimes precarious, such as once when I was two he left me in the saddle while he got off the horse to open a gate. The horse spooked and ran away with me screaming in the saddle and Curtis racing after the horse on foot. By cutting across the pasture he caught the horse for my rescue, as he saved me from perils all of my young life. Curtis was my hero

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from whom no miracle was too great to expect. And he never let me down.

School for me began in a three-room country school called Antelope. It was several miles from our home on the Cowhouse, but whereas my older sisters and Curtis rode horses to and from school, schoolbus service was provided by the time I started school. My teacher's name was "Miss Joy", which was appropriate because I loved her and worked hard to please her. Because I learned so fast, I was promoted directly from the first to the third grade. However, my scholastic success was not reflected in my "Conduct". Because Mother dressed me for school each day in better clothes than other boys in school wore, they nicknamed me "Preacher". I detested that name, and fought almost every boy in school to stop the use of it.

My childhood on the Cowhouse was typical for a farmboy of that era. I have memories of working in the fields when only three or four - hoeing and helping harvest. And I remember the church services at Eliga Church of Christ, where we attended on Sundays. The preacher had a high, shrill and piercing voice, which together with his "bible-slapping" custom of emphasizing his points made me hate his sermons. Sometimes on hot Texas days God would mercifully let me doze off during his sermons, but Mother would pinch me on the leg to awaken me and whisper brusquely in my ear, "Wake up! And pay attention!" Woe was me. But I soon learned a trick to amuse myself and endure his sermons. Another boy told me to read the names of the songs in the hymnal to myself and add "....Under The Bed" after the titles. I tried it, and it worked miracles. I endured many sermons by adding ".... Under The Bed" to such song titles as "I Have Found A Friend". Mother observed me smiling to myself and thought I was enjoying the sermon! Thusly I learned early-on that joy is where you make it. But indeed we found real joy after the sermons at the potluck dinners the church-ladies served on the tables under the trees by the church. There were meats, vegetables, and desserts to defy the imagination. It was permissible to hold slices of pies in our hands to eat them - in those days the crusts were firm enough to support the fillings - and I can remember having a slice of chocolate pie in one hand and a slice of pecan pie in the other, taking first a bite of one and then a bite of the other. Heaven was not something for which I had to die to enter as I was already there!

My older sisters, Lois and Hazel, were married and had children near my age. I have such happy memories of my younger brother, Bob, and me playing with those nieces and nephews. Our relationships were more like brothers and sisters, and have remained into adulthood. We shared much of our youth playing tag, hide-and-go-seek, kick-the-can, and swimming in the creeks. And as we matured and attended rival colleges, we chided each other about our institutions. The banter continues to the present, especially as our children mature and attend rival universities. But the ridicule and laughter that we share at each other's expense is only jest, for we closely follow the careers and families of each other and boast to the world of each other's accomplishments.

One experience of my childhood gave me a life-long romance with the world of fantasy. Curtis carried me to a circus in Temple. As we entered the Big-Top, I met a world that stretched my imagination. Exotic animals that I thought existed only in storybooks were performing tricks and making loud noises. A man armed only with a chair and a whip entered a large cage filled with tigers and lions who were roaring loudly and striking at the man with their claws! People in tight clothes walked on tight ropes in top of the tents and swung from swing to swing far above the ground! A brass band played music I had never heard, and clowns with huge feet and silly costumes hit each other with brooms and made us laugh. It was wonderful! A man with a crate strapped around his neck

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carried small boxes of carmel corn and peanuts through the stands, and Curtis bought me my first box of Cracker Jacks. The taste was delicious, and it had a free toy in the box! I went home that evening on my brother's back knowing that I had entered another world. To this day, some 55 years later, I routinely buy cartons of Cracker Jacks for my son Jesse and my grandchildren when they visit. They know well my story about Curtis carrying me to the circus.

In 1939 my family moved to a farm near Rogers, Texas. I attended Leedale School, a country school for grades 1-8, where again I was promoted two grades in one year for good academic achievement. The farm was much more fertile than the Cowhouse Creek area, but there was no well on the the farm. For water, both for domestic use and for the farm animals, Dad and I hauled water in barrels in a wagon pulled by mules from cummunity wells about seven miles away. I remember the agony of drawing water from the wells with the well-bucket, filling the barrels, and covering the barrels with canvas to protect the water - only to lose much of the water from sloshing through the canvas before the wagon was fully turned around for the trip home. Dad's dislike for the job of hauling water was almost as intense as mine, so at the end of the year we moved to a farm and ranch on the Lampasas River about midway between Killeen and Florence. The river ran the length of our farm and provided water for the livestock, and there was a deep well with a handpump on it for domestic use. Dad and I were delighted with the end of hauling water, and we were all happy to have the river in which to swim and fish. In addition, the farmland was fertile, the pasture provided grass for the cows, there were two barns in which to store feed and shelter the animals, and the house was one of the better ones in the community. My sister just older than I, Mary, attended high school in Killeen by walking about three miles to the schoolbus line and riding it another twelve into town, and I walked about four miles through a pasture to attend a one-teacher school called Iduma, where Grades 1-8 were taught. Bob was too young to attend until the following year.

I soon liked attending school at Iduma. The community was thickly settled before families began leaving for urban areas, so there were several boys my age in the community. We frequently took turns sleeping over at our friends' homes, which I enjoyed because it opened doors to new social customs. Another factor was that because of skipping over some grades in school, my classmates were older than I and I received special attention from their parents. However, the driving reason for my doing well in school was not a flattered ego; I had another pervasive motivation. Dad made it clear that as long as I wanted to attend school and performed well, he would support me. But if I did poorly and showed no interest, he needed my help on the farm and would therefore pull me out of school to help. Anyone who has picked cotton in Texas with a typical temperature of about 110° knows the ease with which the decision to do well in school can be made! But credit should also be given to two outstanding teachers I had at Iduma. Pauline Maxwell, later to become my sister-in-law because Curtis also loved her, and Mildred Gower were those two teachers. Both were, and are, exceptional ladies who had first the God-given talent to teach, but also had the interest in their students to inspire and instruct. I have certificates from the county superintendent of schools for winning first place in scholastic events at County Meets to which Pauline and Mildred would take me. They have a large responsibility for whatever achievement I have made in life. Words cannot express my gratitude.

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A big event occurred soon after we moved to the Lampasas River area. One day our closest neighbors, Mr. & Mrs. Joe Gower, walked across the pasture to our house with the news that the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor and Congress was voting to declare war on Japan. I did not know who the "Japs" were, or where "Pearl Harbor" was, but I could tell from the seriousness of the conversation that something dreadful was happening. Indeed, it was. The young people of the community, including Curtis and my sister Jeannie, began to leave for military service, and the newspaper was filled each day with news of the death and destruction of the war. Large portions of both Coryell and Bell Counties were preempted by the government on which to build Camp Hood, and large numbers of soldiers and civilians began arriving at Camp Hood and Killeen. The area would never be the same again.

Because of skipping another grade at Iduma, I began attending high school at Killeen at age eleven. For convenience to the schoolbus service, I lived with the family of Aunt Ella Wilson, a sister to Dad. During that period I developed a relationship with the Wilson family that I have always cherished. I also joined the Boy Scouts and became very active in our troop. The following Summer I went with selected Scouts from Texas on a two-week camping trip to Big Bend National Park, the only unexplored area of the United States at the time. We camped in individual tents in rugged terrain among many species of wildlife, and experienced the great outdoors as few people have in recent generations.

In 1946 I was fifteen, and felt the call of greater adventure. Remaining at home meant committing my life to farming, which in my mind was a fearful fate at best, so I left home without notice to seek my fortune in the outside world. That search eventually led me to a sales crew who traveled nation-wide selling magazine subscriptions door-to-door. Within two years I had made more money, posing as an adult, than I had dreamed of, I had traveled over 44 states, and had acquired a sophistication uncommon to teenagers. But my heart yearned for home, so I returned for a prodigal son's welcome. The next year was spent helping Dad on the farm, and the following year was spent working for a furniture manufacturer in Belton.

Again seized by the lust for adventure, two buddies and I joined the U. S. Navy. After boot camp in San Diego and attending Hospital Corps School, I was stationed at Naval Air Stations in Memphis, Corpus Christi, and Kingsville before being transferred overseas to the South Pacific. War had erupted in Korea, and as the Navy supplied the corpsmen to the Marines, I became a Corpsman with a Marine infantry company. No war is good, and none can be fought without terrible carnage, and such was the case in Korea. Large numbers of our ranks fell, many of whom were my friends. So traumatic was the experience that I vowed to work for peace the rest of my life. Upon cessation of hostilities and being discharged, I enrolled at the University of Texas in Austin, Texas.

Although I attended college under the GI Bill, I was still supporting my parents who were struggling with a long drought in Central Texas. Therefore I worked nights as a Psychiatric Attendent at the Austin State Hospital and attended the University in the days. My grades reflected the overload, but because of being able to study while on duty at the State Hospital, I was able to sustain my credits. It was not an easy task, however, for I also married Marie Kelling, a registered nurse, during that period, and a year later the first of our three sons was born two months prematurely. After a long but successful life-saving effort for Marie and our baby, medical bills of staggering proportions had to

be paid. That was accomplished by my working the first shift as a Surgical Technician in Surgery at Seton Hospital, attending UT from 2-10 PM, and working third shift at the Austin State Hospital. Sleep during the week came only on my two nights off from the State Hospital and on the weekends I slept days while off from the State Hospital. It was a schedule that can be recommended to nobody, but during that time it was my pleasure to meet and work with some world-reknowned physicians and other giants in the world of humanities.

In 1961 I accepted a job in the School District at Poteet, Texas, as Football and Track Coach and Biology Teacher. Subsequently I was also assigned to teach Fourth Grade. Overjoyed at the opportunities to contribute to that community of 75% Mexican migrant workers, I literally rolled up my sleeves for the tasks, and the rewards were many - if not monetary. The football team had only one returning letterman, but with hard and inspired work, we were second in our district and lost to Kenedy, State Champions the previous year, by only one touchdown in our final game. There was no track for the track team, but there was a 40-acre undeveloped field owned by the school. With the help of my second son, Tony, who was four, I cut the tongue out of an abandoned mule-drawn dirt-mover so it could be towed with the school tractor and made a regulation track in the 40-acre field. To compact the dirt we made a tractor-mounted sprinkler out of barrels and pipes, and a tractor-towed roller out of barrels filled with water for weight. A Track Meet was hastily organized, and track teams from 23 school districts competed. Accompanied by Tony, I was given a Letter of Commendation by the School Board at their next meeting. Perhaps the best reward was getting three members of the Track Team into the State Finals in Austin. More remarkable, all three were sons of Mexican migrant workers whose daily meals were rarely better than beans and tortillas. Marie had worked with their parents to provide the boys fully nutritional meals, and the results were obvious.

After the end of the school-year, I returned to Graduate School at the University, and in the Fall of 1962 accepted a position with Aerojet General Corporation in Sacramento, California, as a Mechanical Engineer. Advanced to Manager of the Solid Propellant Testing Laboratories, I was responsible for the Research and Development Testing of fuels for such rockets as the Minuteman and Polaris. But the Defence Department severely curtailed rocket programs in the late 1960s, so in 1969 I organized my own company, B-G Engineering Corporation, the stock of which was publicly traded. We manufactured several products, such as a multi-station Blood Sediometer for performing automated blood-sedimentation rates, CCTV surveillance equipment for retail stores, diagnostic computer systems for physicians, and precision strain extensometers which were marketed internationally. We also developed a computer-controlled rapid-fire weapons system for the DOD that was later used in Viet Nam. The company did well until my marriage ended and the company's assets were disbursed in 1971.

Following a two-year hiatus from my profession, I accepted a position with a company in Santa Rosa making high-vacuum vessels. The following year I was married to Jean Barbar, and was transferred to Southern California to build a manufacturing facility. Rather than return to Santa Rosa after the project was completed, I accepted a job in Southern California since Jeanie and I had bought a home in Valinda and had a new son, Jesse (named after my great-grandfather). We remained in that area for fifteen years, during which time I was the Engineering Manager for a paper converter, Dennison National; Plant Engineer and later Plant Manager for Honeycomb Structural Products, who made structural honeycomb and core materials; Plant Engineer and later General Manager of Perky Pies Corporation, which made 80% of the pies manufactured in the nation; and

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Bill E. Graham

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from 1984 to 1989 I operated B-G Engineering Services performing engineering and management consulting. While it was a very successful business with an international clientele, I accepted a position as Plant Engineer at Carriage House Foods Incorporated, located in Northern California. I am a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineering, a Senior Member of the American Institute of Industrial Engineers, member of the Construction Specification Institute, the American Management Association, and International Food Manufacturers Association, Senior Member of the Society of Manufacturing Engineers, a member of the International Institute of Packaging Engineers, and a member of the International Committee of Building Officials. And I am included in the Marquette's Book of Who's Who in America and four other books of Who's Who. The list of folks to whom I am indebted for their inspiration and support in my professional career is far too long to list in this paper, but assuredly my gratitude is great.

In 1955, while browsing in the old-books section of the Library at the University of Texas, I found an item in an old book about the history of McLennan, Bell, & Coryell Counties that has broadly affected my life. The item concerned "Elder Jesse Graham", who was the first Primitive Baptist preacher into Coryell County after having moved from Alabama, and who was a son of John Graham from North Carolina, who came from the Grahams of Scotland. The key word was "Scotland", as I was always curious about the origin of my ancestors who had come to America as settlers. Curiosity became an obsession, and I have spent the following 36 years tracing the history of Clan Graham and organizing the descendents of John Graham into a family group for fellowship and the interchange of information. To understand the Clan Graham story, it is necessary to understand the socio-political-economic events of the period in which each biographee lived. Therefore, History of Clan Graham attempts to relate those forces. But due to the extent of Graham involvement in the world in which they lived, their story that began as "a book" is now into the third volume and will require a forth to complete the story. If all goes well, I hope to complete the works in 1992.

Perhaps the greatest joy of my adult life, excluding those joys from my own family, has been the organization of the descendents of William Graham, the Signer, into a formal branch of Clan Graham. Correspondence with many of those members, as an outgrowth of genealogical research, grew into the hundreds. That experience inspired a dream: a Reunion of Grahams at which we could meet, exchange information, and build relationships. So with the help of my sisters, Lois, Hazel, Jeannie, and Mary (in order of birth), and my brother, Bob, we rented the Old Settlers Reunion Pavillion in Alvarado, Texas, and on July 3rd, 1989, descendents of the Jesse and Martha Jane Graham family and several allied families met and celebrated the most enjoyable reunion of Grahams in history.

As relatives began arriving for the Reunion, it was obvious that they were a special class of people. I had corresponded with them all, and knew about their relatives, their families, their careers, and their characters. The elite, to be sure. As I stood on the stage to address them and looked out over the crowd, I was filled with pride to be related to such a group. In all the functions I had attended, never had I seen such a warm and loving crowd. It was cousins hugging cousins with tearful eyes and recounting how many years it had been since they last saw one another. It was cousins and uncles and nieces and brothers and sisters swapping yarns, "Do you remember?", and heartfelt laughter. It was relatives asking what happened that our families drifted so far apart that we lost track of one another. It was sheer ecstasy to be together again, for certain.

BIOGRAPHY OF:
Bill E. Graham

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Indeed, I have traced my lineage back 31 generations to Sir William de Graeme (early spelling of Graham), who was born about 1100 A.D. of Norman descent and who was granted title to the Lothian lands of Abercorn and Dalkeith by King David I. All Grahams descend from Sir William, who added to the Clan Graham estates and increased the Graham influence in the social and political affairs of Scotland. Clan Graham gave Scotland many of its bravest warriors and leaders. And because of its loyalty to the crown during periods of international conflict and inter-clan intrigues and rivalries, Clan Graham became and still is one of the most influential clans in Scotland.

Having amassed a library of information about the Grahams, I realized that of the many researchers who had gone before me, none had committed much information to print. So I began writing a book, History of Clan Graham, for the perpetual records of Clan Graham members. However, because of the involvement of the gallant Grahams in history, it is not enough to simply list the members of each generation and their vital statistics. Sir William de Graeme brought the Graham name to prominence in Scotland, and a descendent, William Graham (the Signer) was the first of our ancestors to carve the Graham name on American History. And their descendants have carried the Graham banner with no less honor into every field of human endeavor. Therefore, the story of all must be told. In 1938, Dr. Willis J. Bray, Professor of Science and the Head of the Division of Science at the State Teachers College in Missouri addressed a gathering of over 2,000 Grahams and made the following comments:

"Such is the noble lineage of the Graham Clan in America. Those who have come to these shores have not been false to their heritage of courage and loyal service. They've participated in every victory, whether peace or war, in the history of our country. They have contributed their best to the development of science, religion, agriculture, the arts, manufacture, business, and every other constructive activity of our social and commercial life. We find them in places of exalted honor and trust, and we find them equally zealous in those important common everyday duties that are never seen by the public eye."

The Reunion was such a success that we voted to make it an annual event, and elected officers to manage those Reunions. The one in 1990 was larger and even better, if that can be imagined. The momentum is great, the Board of Directors and their Committees are fired with enthusiasm, and no doubt the Reunion each year will surpass the ones before it. The love and respect that we have for one another draws us together, and the admiration that we share for our ancestors makes us want to learn more about them. Jesse and Martha Jane, as well as their cousins in the Gideon Graham and Lamb families, have carried forward the laurels of their ancestors, and the descendants of those worthy American ancestors have advanced those glories into every frontier of life and posted new claims. It has been a special honor for me to know and relate with those relatives.

While this condensed autobiography was not intended to relate the story of my entire life, since presumably a lengthy portion of it remains, it nonetheless begs the prospects for the remainder. I cannot predict any future accomplishments, however, I have several objectives in addition to finishing out my professional career. The first is the completion of History of Clan Graham, and the second is the establishment of a Graham Library and Museum, probably in Central Texas, for the preservation of Graham history and artifacts. While in Scotland with Hazel and Jeanie to trace Graham roots, we saw many Graham artifacts that dated back almost 1,000 years. The value of those articles in Scotland to Graham history must be matched by preserving items of value to Graham history in America.

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Several other Grahams have pledged their help in the latter objective. And thirdly, but simultaneously, I want to spend as much time as possible traveling and exchanging visits with all of my relatives. There is so much growth and joy from those visits that one life is not enough. Jack Benny, in one of his comedy routines, responded to a chide that he could not take his money with him, "If I can't take it, then I'm not going!" Unlike Jack, I will not mind "going" - because the other Grahams and all our friends will also be there. But wait! Clan Campbell will also be there! Perhaps while there is still time we Grahams should petition St. Peter to instruct Argyle and his clan to be on good behavior when Clan Graham arrives.

This was to be an abbreviated autobiography relating only the highlights of my life. However, it is difficult to condense a lifetime that has been this full of adventure and joy. So if an apology is needed for the length of my story, I cannot say it better than Pascal, who said: "I am sorry for the length of this letter, but I did not have time to make it short."

BIOGRAPHY OF
JEAN ANNE (BARBAR) GRAHAM

(Wife of Bill E. Graham)
5 March 1991

I was born on an Air Force base, March Field, in the base hospital on 2 February, 1948. March Field was located in Riverside, California. My father was Gerald Raymond Barbar, and his occupation was listed on my birth certificate as "soldier". My mother was Gladys (Townsend) Barbar, and her occupation was listed as a "Homemaker". I was the second of five children, and the first daughter.

Ours was a Catholic family whose roots went deep into American history. Not only were my ancestors descendants of early Scottish and German families, one line of our family traces back to the Spanish conquest of Mexico. With my husband Bill's help, we have traced the Spanish lineage on my father's side to the 1730s, which makes me an eighth-generation Californian. Those ancestors came to San Gabriel, California from Sonora, Mexico, in 1781 with the "1781 Rivera y Moncada Expedition". Of course at that time California was still a part of Spain. Later, the Mexicans overthrew their Spanish occupational forces and established the independent territory of Mexico, and my ancestors participated in that revolution. My Great-great-great-grandfather, Don Juan Sanchez, was given a large Mexican landgrant, which at one time covered much of Santa Barbara County. The original ranch, the Rancho Santa Clara Del Norte, is no longer in the family, but the ranchhouse still stands. However, additional rooms have been added around it, and another story has been added above it, so the original structure cannot be viewed from the exterior.

My parents met while Dad was attending Cornell University in New York. They were married a short time later. Dad's objective was a military career; specifically he wanted to be a pilot. In consequence he received his commission and earned his wings.

Life in the military meant moving, so our family moved a lot. Most of my memories of my youth are filled with the sights and sounds of Air Force bases. Those moves were not easy for me because I was slow to make new friends and so disliked leaving my old ones. But Ray, my older brother, made those moves easier for me because he made friends rapidly and would come running home to tell me he had met a new friend and that the new friend had a sister.

Our family grew as David, a younger brother, was born in 1952 while we were stationed at an air base in Arizona, and three years later my sister, Mary, was born while we were stationed in Portland, Oregon. Two months later we embarked upon the most exciting adventure of my youth, a transfer to Alaska.

Dad and Mother loaded our small Nash station wagon with suitcases and us four kids and headed down the Al-Can Highway to Alaska, where we would live at Ladd Air Force Base for the next three years. I have many good memories of Alaska. At that time, Alaska was still a territory and largely unsettled - if explored at all.

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JEAN ANNE (BARBAR) GRAHAM

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For our first Christmas there, Dad bought ice-skates for Ray and me, and we quickly learned how to skate on the frozen pond near our house. Many winter nights I watched the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, dance in the winter sky. It was hynotic. The Spring thaw usually began in May, and with it came the midnight sun. It was difficult for me to believe it was bedtime when the sun was still up. We took several trips through Alaska. Once we drove to a glacier and actually stood on it while Dad took our photograph. Wildlife was everywhere. We saw moose, caribou, fox, and eagles on almost every outing. Another time we went panning for gold, and also went wild berry picking to make pies. I ate my first rabbit, caribou, and bear meat while there, and because of the high mineral content of the drinking water, it was very foul-tasting. We had to plan in advance for our outings because mosquitoes were so plentiful and big that insect repellent was required all Summer. While we brought back many happy memories from Alaska, we were happy to leave that very rugged and inhospitable land in 1957 and return to the States.

Upon returning from Alaska, Dad was stationed near Oxnard, California, which was also the home of my grandparents. We enjoyed being near my grandparents, so when Dad was transferred to McClellan Field near Sacramento, California, not only did we move to Sacramento, my grandparents also moved to Sacramento and bought a house. I was ten years old when we moved there, and it was during the subsequent formative years of my life that I was able to identify with my environment and from lasting friendships.

In the ensuing seven years, many events occurred that impressed my life. In 1961, my youngest brother, Peter, was born. In 1963 Dad was transferred on a temporary duty assignment to Greenland for a year. Since he could not take us with him, it was the first period during my adolescent and teenage life that I was without his stabilizing influence. It was during that year that Kennedy was assassinated and my brother Ray joined the Marines and was sent to a place called Viet Nam where America was at war. I continued to attend high school and grow into a young woman. In 1966 I met a young Air Force Airman, Alfred Kistenmacher, to whom I was soon married, but after a short period of unsuccessful marriage in Seattle, I returned to Sacramento to try to put some order into my life.

After a period of reflection and study, I decided to attend school to become a Dental Assistant. Following graduation, I obtained a job with a local dentist, and enrolled in American River College to obtain further education. But after my second year at ARC, I met a man through mutual friends who was to be my future husband, Bill E. Graham.

Bill and I married in 1974 and made our home in St. Helena, California. It was in the Wine Country, and our home was on the top of a mountain overlooking the Napa Valley. My new life was sweet, and we enjoyed our life together as we grew together. As Bill worked several miles away in

BIOGRAPHY OF:
JEAN ANNE (BARBAR) GRAHAM

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Santa Rosa, we soon moved to a duplex in Santa Rosa where we made several new friends and broadened our lifestyle.

The company for which Bill worked transferred him to Southern California on a special assignment in January of 1975, so we moved there. We lived first in Valinda for two years, and then in Chino for 12 more. During those years Bill pursued his engineering career, and I returned to the dental profession.

My son, Jesse Gerald Graham, was born in April of 1975 while we were living in Valinda. Shortly thereafter, California passed a law requiring dental assistants to be licensed, so I returned to the classroom to study for my State Board examination. I passed easily, and since that time have worked for several dentists in general and orthodontic dentistry. And in addition to being commended by orthodontists for my special expertise in orthodontics, I also worked in a dental laboratory and learned to make crowns and bridges. As I have good manual dexterity, I easily perform tasks that require those skills.

Working, motherhood and marriage has not always been easy for me. To be sure, social pressures of the world in which I live had on occasion almost been my undoing. But I find strength from the lives of prominent people of the world who I admire, from my ancestors whose lives involved hardships beyond my imagination, from my faith in God who promised us help, and from my husband whose love and support can be depended upon. With that strength I confront the challenges in my life and seek to better myself. Hopefully those experiences have made me a more rounded person. I have been fortunate to live the enchanted life that I have, and blessed to have the rewards that I have.

I look forward with excitement to living. Bill and Jesse and I have traveled to the most beautiful parts of America, and basked in the beauty of our nation. We have relatives and friends who we treasure more than gold. We value our relationship with nature, for few people appreciate God's handiwork as much as we. We are concerned about our environment, and try to do our parts to preserve it. We value peace, and work to achieve it. While we do not expect to achieve a perfect world without occasional failures, it gives us hope and courage that we do achieve occasional success. For my life, my family, my world, and my opportunity, I am thankful to God.

Jean Anne (Barbar) Graham

BIOGRAPHY OF
HUBERT ALLEN WILSON
(January, 1991)

I am a descendant of Curtis Beason Graham I and Melissa Graham of Coryell County, Texas. My mother, Nancy, their youngest daughter, married Will Edgar Wilson in 1905.

I was born March 13, 1913 in Dallas, Texas. I was the third child in a family of four. I had an older brother, Drennan, who was born in 1907. He died at age five of Tyhoid Fever. My sister, Velma Mae, was born on August 25, 1909. She died on September 3, 1970 and is buried at Hale Center, Texas. My younger brother, Silas Andrew, was born on February 10, 1916. He lives at Big Spring, Texas.

We lived in Dallas for a few years, then moved to Ranger. While in Ranger, my parents were divorced when I was still quite young.

My dad moved back to Dallas while Mother stayed on in Ranger, where she worked as a cook on several oil leases. I spent time with both of them, staying a few weeks with one, and then the other.

When I was seven or eight, I sold newspapers on the streets of Dallas while living with my dad. I sold the Times Herald and the Dallas Dispatch. My career was short-lived though. One day, a bully (who was much older than I) came and took all my money away from me. I cried, of course, and someone told my dad I was too young to be selling papers.

I used to play along Woodchuck Hollow when there weren't many houses. Now, they say, there are many fine homes in that area.

When I was eleven, my mother married J. B. Scarborough. We lived at Gorman at this time. My stepdad soon got a job at Putnam and Carbon, where U.S. Highway 80 was being built. I helped him on the job. I drove a team of horses working a fresno, digging out places where culverts would later be installed.

From Putnam, we moved to Justiceburg, a town between Snyder and Post, Texas. He got a job there hauling sand from the river bottom and loading it on flatbed rail cars to be shipped to construction sites, and perhaps to make concrete for Highway 80. I helped with this job also.

From there we moved to the South Plains, west of O'Donnell, Texas, where my parents rented a farm. We kids were quite excited and happy to be living on a farm, since we never had before. Now we could ride horses, go rabbit hunting and roam freely about. We started going to a rural school called Pride.

Life was hard at first, enduring the awful sandstorms in summer and the severe cold in winter. But we survived and soon grew used to it and enjoyed life.

BIOGRAPHY OF:
HUBERT ALLEN WILSON

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We lived there until I was almost grown. I started farming for myself as soon as I got old enough.

I met and fell in love with Lucille Elizabeth Miller, who was also from the Pride community. She was born May 25, 1915. We were married on December 24, 1934. Our son, Bobby Edwil, was born October 7, 1935. We had a daughter, Nanola Jean, who was born July 31, 1937. She had health problems at birth and only lived a few hours.

We farmed until 1939, then moved with our young son to Rochester, Texas, where I worked as a mechanic for several years with my brother-in-law, Martin Teague. Our daughter, Marilyn Yvonne, was born at Rochester on November 13, 1939.

After doing a hitch in the Navy in 1944, I went into business for myself doing custom harvest work. Over the course of years, I bought several combines and trucks. We would follow the harvest from Rochester to the North Plains of Texas, then on to Kansas, Colorado, and Nebraska. This was to be my line of work for more than forty years until I retired in 1985. My family and I really enjoyed this type of work, because of the travel and being able to see new and exciting places, in addition to going back and working for friends we had made in previous years.

Bob married Patricia Walker from Big Spring, where they are still making their home. They have two sons, David and Jim, and one daughter, Michele.

Marilyn married Paul Shipman from Knox City, Texas. They have resided at Booker in the Texas Panhandle for quite some time. They have two daughters, Vonda and Lori, and one son, Paul II.

At the time of this writing, we have seven great-grandchildren.

My dad passed away September 3, 1965 and is buried at Chowchilla, California, where he had lived for many years.

My mother was 93 when she passed away on February 14, 1980. She was laid to rest beside her sister, Julia, at the Willow Cemetery at Haskell, Texas. She had lived at Haskell for a great number of years.

BIOGRAPHY OF
BOBBY EDWIL WILSON

Bobby was born October 7, 1935 on a farm near Brownfield, Texas to Hubert and Lucille Wilson; Grandson of Nancy Graham, and great-grandson of Curtis Beason Graham I and Melessia Swanner Graham. They moved to Rochester, Texas when Bob was a child of four. He grew up and attended schools in Rochester. As a young man he helped his Dad run Wilson and Son Garage in Rochester. Later they got into the custom harvesting business and ran combines and grain trucks. Bob did this until he left home.

In the spring of 1955, Bob and his family were visiting his Aunt and Uncle, Silas and Vina Lee Wilson of Big Spring. Bob was dating a girl in Big Spring who had a friend over that afternoon. Bob and the "friend" liked each other at once, so he started driving to Big Spring almost every weekend (140 miles) to see her.

Bob moved to Big Spring (age 20) Thanksgiving Day 1955. He continued dating his new friend, and the following February, 1956, he and Patricia Walker were married in the home of Bob's Aunt Vina Lee and Uncle Silas Wilson.

The insurance industry was Bob's chosen field. He began March 31st. 1958 and has been in it now for 33 years.

Pat has been involved in P.T.A.'s, Cub Scouts, Girl Scouts, selling real estate and insurance, and going to college as well as substitute teaching.

Bob and Pat moved to the Silver Heels addition 2 miles south of Big Spring October 3, 1969 and continue to make their home there.

Children born to Bob and Pat include:

David Lynn Wilson - born in Knox City, Texas November 29, 1957. David married Susan Plowman of Big Spring March 1, 1980. They have three sons: Dustin, age 10, Dereck, age 7, and Seth, age 2. They currently live in Big Lake, Texas where David is employed as a salesman for Champion Technologies, Inc.

Susan runs a child care business. Their address is 607 Mississippi, Big Lake, Texas 76932.

Jimmy Don Wilson - born in Big Spring, Texas July 27, 1961. He married Joyce Paul, April 18, 1981. They currently have one son, Justin Paul, age 3. Jim is employed as a Machinist Foreman at the Big Spring Federal Prison. Joyce works in the Child Care department at First Baptist Church. Their home address is H.C. 76 Box 28-A, Big Spring, Texas 79720.

BIOGRAPHY OF
BOBBY EDWIL WILSON

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Melissa Michele Parker - born in Big Spring, Texas January 5, 1968. She married Richard Thomas Parker of Stanton, Texas December 22, 1985. They lived in Big Spring for 3 years where Michele worked for Cain electric and Richard was a college student. They have no children. They currently reside in Reno, Nevada.

Pat and Bob Wilson
H.C. 76 Box 3
Big Spring, Texas 79720
915-263-3025

ONE WELL-DRESSED ADMINISTRATOR

BATESVILLE, ARKANSAS - "A kilt is a statement", Dr. Ralph Graham says. "When I have it on, no one has to ask where I'm from."

When Graham, the vice president for development at Arkansas College at Batesville, talks about where he is from, he

is talking not about his home or even about his birthplace. but about his roots -- his grandparents emigrated to Pittsburgh in the 1920s.



Graham and kilt.

"In my grandparents' house, there was a picture of the King, and then of the Queen", Graham said.

Neither my grandparents nor my mother became American citizens until I was 14 years old.

Graham didn't set eyes on his ancestral homeland until, at 25, he moved to Glasgow to begin work on his doctorate in Scottish history. Graham and his wife, Jeannie, crossed the Atlantic with their belongings packed in the same steamer trunk that Graham's grandparents brought from Scotland.

Scotland was home for the next three years. During that time, he never wore a kilt.

"In my grandparents' house I recall Scottish food, Scottish music, but no kilts. Most Scots never own a kilt. In Scotland it's considered ceremonial.

After returning to America, a church where he had served as minister gave him a parting gift of \$500 to purchase a kilt and accompanying outfit.

"When I accepted the job at Arkansas College, I knew that the men's athletic teams were the Scots and the women's teams were the Pipers, but that was the only Scottish connection I knew of", he said.

Graham, at the time the only man on campus with a kilt, was a natural to direct the newborn Scottish Heritage Program. Seven years later, the program offers more than \$15,000 in Scottish arts scholarships and the college has an annual Scottish Festival.

ONE WELL DRESSED ADMINISTRATOR

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For his own part, Graham believes he has found the ideal outlet for his Scottish interests. "My daughter once tole me, 'You know, Dad, you've found the perfect place for you. Where else could you have your own pipe band?'"

-MARK WOOD

Submitted by
Bill E. Graham

CHILD NUMBER SIX

MARTHA JANE GRAHAM MANNING

BIOGRAPHY OF
JAMES DUNCAN MANNING (HERITAGE)

Just 14 months before the Civil War was to be, George Duncan Manning was born. Just 15 months after the Civil War was on this nation, Elizabeth Davis was born.

The two of them grew up in the Cow House Valley at Eliga, Texas, Coryell County. They were married by George Manning's grandfather, Elder Jesse Graham.

After some years and some children in the Cow House Valley, and some more Indians had left the area, they bought this place - at that time 128 acres in 1892.

Cotton and kids were the main crops. Eleven children were raised here; two died as infants, and Lottie at age 2, 9 months.

George Manning pioneered the sheep business, producing registered breeding stock that stocked a good part of this area into a heavy, heavy sheep population.

After raising and marrying off eleven children here, you can understand why there are still many interesting stories ringing in the air on this homeplace; stories of good times and bad times, stories of joy and sorrow.

Grandma was an above average household carpenter. She had a special touch for caring for the sick, not necessarily limited to her own family. She served as a midwife more than once. Broken bones were set and splinted, and crutches were made at home. They didn't know what aspirin or penicillin were. Some of the children were born with no doctor to be had. They made a lot of their own medicine.

Their strong faith and their dedication to God, their never-ending desire to serve contributed to the organization and building of the Bethlehem Primitive Baptist Church congregation at Peabody, Texas. Beyond a doubt, they must have had something to do with its success and longevity.

WHEN THEY MOVED HERE 98 YEARS AGO:

They didn't know there would ever be a time one could get up on a cold morning and the house would be warm, and the water hot without ever building a fire

They didn't know there would ever be a time when one man could dig a hundred postholes or plow the entire place in less than a day, or cut a load of firewood without having an axe.

They survived the extreme dry years and the extreme wet years, with poor crops or maybe no crops at all, and then there were consecutive years of the same. We know their spirits would have had to be dampened, but there is positive evidence they never weakened. They continued to lean forward

BIOGRAPHY OF
JAMES DUNCAN MANNING (HERITAGE)

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never to turn back or give up. Their push and drive is no doubt the reason we have the opportunity to be here on this hill today.

Have no tears! They had and enjoyed their hey-day; he had his Dodge, she had her Model-T. She didn't ride with him, and he dern sure didn't ride with her. She could loosen or grip those purse strings as quickly or quicker than he could.

When the estate was settled in 1934, each of the eleven children was left with enough acres and livestock for a comfortable living.

What Would They Think? What would they think of microwaves, television, deep freezers, transportation, communications, or the man and machine on the moon?

What Would They Think? What would they think of us? We have no chickens, no fattening hogs, no milk cows. We have no garden, no windmill, and we even talk working 7 or 8 hours a day. And we don't even have an outhouse.

Let Us Wonder Today! Let us wonder how many bales of cotton those kids picked, or maybe how many hoes and cotton sacks they wore out. They had a two-holer with a trail, cold water and wash pan. Let us wonder what it was like on a school morning that was cold and misty.

But You Don't Have To Wonder Today: Why I am pleased to have all of you here for this occasion; to share our joy, to share our thoughts and remembrances of the years gone by.

Thank you and I hope you enjoy yourselves.

Speech delivered by:

R. C. (Bobby) Manning
Great-grandson of
James Duncan Manning
October 5-6, 1990

MANNING MOUNTAIN

Fort Hood is the free world's largest concentration of combat power, but in order for the government to build Fort Hood, folks in Coryell County had to go through a very traumatic experience in 1942.

The world was at war and the U.S. Army needed a tank training center. The end result locally was the loss of 53 rural communities, schools, churches and cemeteries including such places as Ewing, Hubbard, Egypt Hollow, Tama, Eliga, and Ruth.

That was almost 50 years ago. Today a number of descendants of displaced landowners are still working cattle on Fort Hood acreage. In fact, about 3,500 cattle roam and graze amidst training battle tanks, fighting vehicles and heavy artillery.

An association, the Central Texas Cattlemen's Association, serves as the mediator between the livestock owners and Fort Hood officials. The association maintains 200 miles of five-strand barbed wire fence on the reservation, mows and has helped with cedar eradication on the post's open range.

For this, "we have the right to graze 3,500 animals," said Steve Manning, an association representative and a great-great-grandson of the man who homesteaded on top of Manning Mountain fighting Indians for the right.



HOOD CATTLE - Steve Manning, a representative of the Central Texas Cattlemen's Association, inspects part of 200 miles of barbed-wire fence maintained by the association in return for grazing rights for 3,500 head of cattle. The association also mows and has assisted in the eradication of cedar on the post.
(Family photo)

MANNING MOUNTAIN

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Steve's great-grandfather, William F. Manning, was born on the mountain in 1866.

The land is gone, but the cattle remain. The cattle are run on the open range and the bulls are left with the cows. Most of the cattle are mixed breed for hardiness.

"These are not pampered, feed-lot cattle", Manning said. In the cattle operation, owners ear-mark and brand their calves and pick them up from the range at market time, he said.

With the open range at Fort Hood, herds of 50 cattle may have 20 different brands. The success of the project has been due to the cooperation among the cattlemen.

Cooperation also exists between Fort Hood and the cattlemen, particularly at range control. One might think with the amount of live ammunition used on the ranges, there would be a large number of cattle shot. However, this is not the case. Actually, Manning says most of the cattlemen's losses are from cattle being hit on the highways, not from being shot.

At Fort Hood the tradition of Manning Mountain continues and today's descendants can be found rounding up steers and mending fence, but rather than keeping a wary eye out for the Comanche, today's cowboy simply waves at the squads of Apaches (assault helicopters) as they roar overhead at treetop level lining up for the firing range.



WATCHING HERD - An early cowboy in the Fort Hood area was William F. Manning, who was born in 1866 on his father's homestead on top of Manning Mountain, now located on the military reservation. Manning's great-grandson, Steve Manning, along with the grandchildren of a number of original settlers, still run cattle on the land previously settled and owned by their ancestors. (Family photo)

CHILD NUMBER SEVEN

DR WILLIAM SMITH GRAHAM

BIOGRAPHY OF
KATIE RUTH GRAHAM MADDUX

On October 9, 1915, I was born in Mills County, Texas about 10 miles west of Goldthwaite, Texas. I was the first born of three children of Ben Leslie Graham, Sr., and Eddie April Pass Graham. My brother is Ben Leslie Graham, Jr. and my sister is Thelma Lavene Graham Moxley.

After graduating from High School in Clyde, Texas, I attended Howard Payne University for two years and then studied in the School of Nursing for awhile at Hendricks Memorial Hospital in Abilene, Texas.

On June 25, 1937, I married Grover C. Maddux of Detroit, Michigan. After thirteen years living in Michigan we moved to Dallas, Texas. We have lived in Texas ever since. Two children have blessed our home; namely, Sharon Linda Maddux Cuff and Lewis Allen Maddux. They each have a son and a daughter and are now living in the Dallas area. My dear husband, Grover, died October 14, 1984.

Some of my most memorable times growing up were visiting in the homes of my grandparents, Jehu and Becky Graham and my Mother's parents, E. L. and Dovie Alice Pass. Some of my Dad's sisters are not much older than I am so it was lots of fun at Grandpa and Grandmother Graham's house. As a small child some of my happiest memories were the picnics Mother and Dad would plan. Usually, they amounted to nature walks learning about species and names of flowers, wild berries, wild shrubs, and trees. On our walks in the pasture or woods we always chose a big tree where we wanted to spread our lunch. Mother and baby sister, Thelma, would stop for a rest. Then sometimes Dad would take me and my brother, Ben Leslie, a little farther; maybe to a pond or creek. Daddy would explain about the little creatures we would find such as craw-dads, frogs, turtles, minnows, snails, etc. He even tried to teach us how to make flat rocks skim across water. That was an art I could never master. When we would return to our picnic tree Mother would have the lunch all spread and ready to eat. I do not recall what we had to eat, but nothing ever tasted so good as Mother's picnic lunches. After lunch we would lay on a quilt and watch the clouds or birds in the tree. On other occasions at night we would look at the stars and daddy would tell us about them. In my world my Mother was the BEST Mother in the world and my Daddy was the BEST and smartest one in the world. Perhaps I still feel the same way about them. I love and appreciate them for the Christian principles they taught us and lived before us and their wise guidance they gave us.

My husband, Grover, was an ordained deacon in the Baptist Church and both of us have always been active members of the Baptist Church.

It is a joy to be with the Aunts, Cousins, and all relatives attending the Graham Clan Reunion. All of us have a great heritage.

BIOGRAPHY OF
BEN LESLIE GRAHAM, SR.

Ben Leslie Graham, Sr. was born in Sweetwater, Texas August 8, 1891. He died on April 20th, 1981. His parents were Rebecca and Jehu Graham. Leslie was the eldest of fourteen children; ten girls and four boys. Two boys died in infancy still leaving a large family for Jehu to provide for.

Leslie served thirty years in the field of Education. He was a Magna Cum Laude graduate of Hardin Simmons University. He worked diligently to improve the quality of the schools and all phases of public education faithfully serving the community. Students were a high priority with him.

December 27th, 1914, Leslie married his sweetheart, Eddie April Pass, the daughter of E. L. and Dovie Pass. Eddie was born in Coryell County near the Cowhouse Creek. Both Eddie and Leslie were members of the Baptist Church. Leslie was an ordained deacon. They served in many leadership capacities in the church and communities where they lived.

Leslie had a great sense of humor. He was a very tall man about 6 feet 5-1/2 inches while Eddie was a short small lady. Sometimes people would call them "Mutt and Jeff" after the funny paper characters that were tall and short. People often would ask Leslie how tall he was and sometimes he would tell the following story:

"One day he was walking somewhere and he decided to take a short cut through some pastures. AS he walked along he happened to spy a bull in the pasture. He thought he had better hurry and cross over a barbed wire fence before the bull came near him. Much to his dismay, the faster he ran the faster the bull came toward him. The bull gained on him until he was right behind him and there was no way Leslie could get over the barbed wire fence. In utter desperation Leslie raised one of his long legs straight up in the air and the bull thought he had run up a tree."

Three children were born to Leslie and Eddie, namely Katie Ruth Graham Maddux, Ben Leslie Graham, Jr., and Thelma Lavene Graham Moxley. To these children they gave much love and high values to live by. They were staunch, but gentle, in discipline and good examples of Christian living. Leslie and Eddie are missed by their many friends and loved ones. However, those of us who trust in Jesus Christ as our savior will one day see them again at the "Greatest Reunion" ever.

Submitted by:
Katie Ruth Graham Maddux

BIOGRAPHY OF
JEHU AND BECKY GRAHAM

There were fourteen children in the Jehu and Becky Graham family. Twelve of them reached adulthood, marrying and having families of their own --- contributing 36 grandchildren to the family. Don't ask me how many great-grandchildren and now into the third great-grandchildren! I've lost count! You can bet there was never a dull moment for Mama and Papa!

I don't know how they ever fed 14 mouths, but I never recall going hungry. Our meals mostly consisted of beans and cornbread --- gravy and potatoes! I thought we were having something different one day when Papa told me we were having "spuds". I could hardly wait until meal time! You can imagine my disappointment when I saw potatoes! Same old thing!

I never remember Mama having a cookbook. There was no art in fixing beans and potatoes --- just a pot of water and a skillet of grease was all it took! In baking cakes it was "a pinch of this and a dab of that". It always turned out perfectly --- never a crumb left. One of Mama's specialties was "Flap Jack Cake". Did you ever eat any of that? Mama would make a batter of her "pinches and dabs" and instead of making small flap jacks to serve with butter and syrup, she would make them plate size. She'd fry one to golden brown, put it on a plate, and spread with butter and a generous amount of sugar. A repeat of this until she had eight or ten on a plate. Often times that was our breakfast --- at other times it was dessert.

I'd hate to think I had to feed 14 people three times a day, year in and year out. Nowadays it would about take a millionaire to pay the bill. Papa was certainly never that. Ours was a meager, simple way of life. But I dare say there was never a happier family with better Christian parents than that of Jehu and Becky. I might add healthy to that, too. I had my first doctor's visit during the birth of my son at 26 years of age! I remember the night before Papa passed away, the doctor came all the way from Navasota to Bedias, Texas to give Papa a shot of some sort of medicine. Papa looked up at him and said, "Doc, that's the first hypo (Papa called it that) I ever had in my life". He was short of one month being 90 years old. He passed away the morning after that.

Submitted by Elsie Graham Crowson
Daughter of Jehu and Becky Graham
Jehu was the son of Wm. Smith Graham

BIOGRAPHY OF
BEN LESLIE GRAHAM, JR.
(In a Nut Shell)

My Great-Great Grandfather was Jesse I Graham. My Great-Great Grandmother was Martha Fannin Graham. They had twelve children. My Great Grandfather was William Smith Graham, and my Great Grandmother was Ann Eliza Alley Graham. They had twelve children. My Grandfather was Jehu Graham. My Grandmother was Rebecca Ann Crabtree Graham. They had fourteen children. My father was the second born of these fourteen. He was Ben Leslie Graham, Senior, born August 8, 1891 in Sweetwater, Texas. My Mother was Eddie April Pass Graham. She was born on the Cowhouse Creek in Coryell County, Texas April 6, 1895. Daddy passed away April 20, 1981. Mother passed away October 11, 1989.

I was born August 8, (my Dad's birthday) 1918, at the junction of the Pecan Bayou and Colorado River, west of Goldthwaite, Texas. My father was a school Teacher, Principal, and Superintendent in Texas for 38 years before he retired.

My earliest recollection of life was at Champion, Texas. We lived there a short time, also at a place called Moodyville. Life began to take more meaning when we moved to Lakeview area of San Angelo, Texas. Also at Twin Mountains or McGill west of San Angelo. In 1925, we moved to CAPS, west of Abilene, Texas, where I started going to school. In 1928 we moved to Clyde, 15 miles east of Abilene. There my two sisters and I finished Elementary and High School. I have many pleasant memories of Clyde. In 1936, I enrolled in Hardin-Simmons University. I worked for my tuition cleaning all the window screens on all the dormitories on campus. To this day, I detest window screens!!

In 1938, I vacationed to Utah. I met my true love there and went back and married her (Fern Hazel Hamblin Graham) on October 18, 1939. We lived in Clyde and I worked as a nurseryman in Abilene. Our first child, Ben Richard Graham, was born July 24, 1941. World War II came along and disrupted our lives, as it did millions of young men and young families.

I moved my young wife and son to Utah so she would be with her folks, in case I did not get to return from the war. In 1944 - April 9, 1944 our second son, James Leslie was born in Ogden, Utah. Shortly after I was inducted into the Army. I spent my entire Army career, other than a short basic training, in the Pacific Theater of Operations. Not too many months after I was inducted, the Nazi found it out and they surrendered! Then the Japanese somehow found out that I was going to be in the invasion force in November of 1945, so they surrendered in August, 1945, realizing, no doubt, that it would be a hopeless struggle for them!

BIOGRAPHY OF
BEN LESLIE GRAHAM, JR.

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After some occupational duty in Japan, I returned to my little family in Clearfield, Utah. On June 24, 1947, we had our third Boy - Sidney Lynn Graham. Since it seemed we were in a rut, as far as having boys we waited 5 years before our next child. It turned out to be Eddie Lee Graham - YES - our fourth boy - born July 27, 1952. Realizing he would more or less have to grow up without a brother to play with near his age, we decided to have another one right away. Took two years, but we finally got him a playmate, and she was born August 7, 1954! Rebecca Alice Graham.

I worked for Civil Service for about 36 years then retired in 1977. I also had my Nursery and Landscape and Power Equipment business, and have had it since 1947 and it is now the longest, continuously running Nursery in Utah. God has bountiously blessed me.

HIGHLIGHTS OF MY LIFE

1. At age 8, I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. I can think of nothing which will ever top that event!
2. Growing up in Texas, with Christian Grandparents and Parents has made a lasting impression on me. I praise God for this privilege. .
3. I sincerely believe that God led me to my precious wife, Fern Hazel Hamblin Graham, born December 31, 1921. She has been my only desire and my only sugarbabe. We were wed 50 years October 18, 1989, and every day with her is a pleasure and a completely new and satisfying experience. I love her so dearly. She is from two sturdy and hardy English families.
4. My 5 wonderful children are an inspiration to me. No man is more blessed than I. Beautiful Christian children 16 wonderful grandchildren, and one gorgeous and fantastically kind and understanding mate. Add Jesus to all that, and I am the richest man in the world.
5. Meeting with over 100 cousins in Alvarado, Texas at the first reunion of Jesse I Graham Clan was a wonderful experience, and I am so proud to be a member of this Clan. My desire is to know each of my cousins better as time goes on.

Ben L. Graham, Jr.

BIOGRAPHY OF
THELMA LAVENE GRAHAM MOXLEY

I was born to Ben Leslie Graham and Eddie April Pass Graham on September 9, 1920 in Champion (Nolan County) Texas - near Sweetwater, Texas. My Grandparents were Jehu and Rebecca Alice Graham (Clan of William Graham); and Ephriam and Dovie Alice (Turner) Pass.

I am a sister to Katie Ruth Graham Maddux (Goldthwaite, Texas, and Ben Leslie Graham, Jr. (Clearfield, Utah).

Education: Began school at Capps, Texas near Abilene, Texas, continued at Clyde, Texas, in third grade, and was graduated from Clyde High School in 1937.

Life Memories and Events: My father, Ben Leslie Graham, Sr., was a school teacher and school superintendent for 33 years. My first memory of a school was at a place called McGill. At age two or three years old, I remember my sister being in school and my brother climbing the tall flagpole. Sometimes I rode in the school bus since my dad must have been the driver. Later, we lived at Lakeview, Texas and then San Angelo, Texas not far from Grandpa and Grandma Jehu Graham. When I would run off to their house, I got a "willow-switching" on my legs for homegoing. Dad had ten sisters in all and one living brother, but Aunt Elsie and Aunt Grace were the ones I could remember and loved the most then. Where were the others? I don't know. From there we moved to Capps, near Abilene.

The Capps school was a huge two-story white building and our family occupied one of the large rooms on the second floor, while other teachers lived in another room. This was different from living at one end of the one-story McGill school. Our favorite play was to climb the straight ladder up to the pigeon loft at the Capps school and sometimes we would climb out the window there when we were sure our parents wouldn't know and inch our way to the top of the steep roof. (It's scary to think of it now!) One day in the pigeon loft, my sister, Katie, and I got provoked at our brother, Ben L., (I don't remember why) and we hit him. A match in his pocket struck his knife and he was on fire! We not only hit him more, but also spit on him to get the fire out! That episode was pretty much the end of our favorite play area. During the period at Capps, our great-grandmother, Mrs. William -Ann Eliza- Graham, in a wheelchair, came to live with us awhile. The only previous recollection of her was seeing her in a sod house, but I don't remember where that was. Life in a cellar??? I wondered.

After Capps, we put our roots down on a 10-acre sandy-soil fruit farm 1-1/2 miles east of Clyde, Texas, where Dad taught school five miles away at Midway school. Later, he commuted to Wylie School 9 miles from Abilene. In 1936 a house was purchased in Abilene and the farm sold later. About 1938 Dad accepted a school at Sundown, Texas, and later was at Whiteface, Texas, where he retired. After my graduation from H-SU, I worked with him in the school office at Sundown part time and also part time at the Water Works. In 1942, while World War II was on, I worked at Nash-Kelvinator in Detroit as secretary to a Staff

BIOGRAPHY OF
THELMA LAVENE GRAHAM MOXLEY

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Engineer, living with sister Katie and husband, Grover. In 1945, I returned to Abilene for three years before travelling a while with Mother and Dad, ending up in Portland, Oregon, where I stayed and worked at Western Baptist Theological Seminary as secretary until I married.

Marriage: I was married on October 17, 1952, to Loman E. Moxley, who was left with five sons when his wife died. We had one daughter, Karil Ann, November 2, 1958. We now have 24 grandchildren, three great-grandchildren, and one on the way. The Lord has truly blessed my life.

Address: P.O. Box 3026
Sunriver, OR 97707
(Lives on Grizzly #8)
Tel.: 503-593-1964

BIOGRAPHY OF
LOMAN EPHRIAM MOXLEY

I am the husband of Thelma Lavene Graham Moxley of the William Graham Clan. I was born May 19, 1908 to James Monroe and Allie Palmer Moxley in Carson, Iowa. My grandparents are Thomas Hunter and Rachel Moxley (Father's side); Ephriam and Eliza (Starts) Palmer (Mother's side).

I have one brother, Truman Moxley. A three-year old sister died at Carson when gangrene set in after she fell on a cut sunflower stalk which penetrated the throat.

Education: I did not finish High school because of having to work in the fields to sustain the family, but is self-educated.

Life Events: At age two, my father passed away with Bright's disease after the family had moved and built a Montgomery Ward house at Artesian, South Dakota. His Grandpa Palmer was a father figure for him in his growing up. The depression brought disaster to that area and they had to abandon the farm and house and moved to near Clarissa, Minn., where Loman helped out with a farm family until 1936 when he ventured west, ending up in Portland, Oregon, married in 1941, had five sons, but lost his wife with cancer in 1951. During the war, he worked building life boats, and later went into the building trade as a finished carpenter and formica man, and even later solely as a hardwood floor layer. His experience served well in doing all of the inside finish of our lovely home in the resort area of Sunriver, Oregon. Loman has been a wonderful father, and a faithful servant of the Lord as a Sunday School teacher and deacon for many years.

Thomas Hunter Moxley, his grandfather, lived in North Carolina during the Civil War and has written memoirs of his experiences during that time, which are very thrilling. Some of his kin had slaves, but he was anti-slavery. He was dubbed "Weasel Tom" because he was so elusive in transporting slaves and southern soldiers who joined the north through the dangerous Allegheny Mountains. Thomas died at age 93, still known as a sharp-shooter, having killed 85 squirrels in 85 shots at age 85. In 1757 four Moxley brothers came from England to South Carolina. These four and a son fought in the War of Independence. One brother married the daughter of a neighbor named Sperling, a Scotch-Irish by descent and noted among the settlers as a Miller and a Baptist preacher.

Some of the Palmers were from Wales and others from England.

Marriage: I was married October 17, 1952 to Thelma Lavene (Graham) in Portland, Oregon. To this union was born a daughter November 2, 1958 - Karil Ann (Moxley) Rasmussen in Portland, now living in Redmond, Oregon.

Retirement: May, 1973. Moved from Portland, Oregon, to Sunriver, Oregon, a resort area 15 miles south of Bend, Oregon, in Central Oregon, a high desert area, in December, 1973. Sunriver is 17 miles from the ski area of Mt. Bachelor in the Cascade Mountains.

First American

The Indian's culture, dress and lineage of feature inspire a series of picturesque camera studies shown in Sunday's Oregonian, the Northwest's Own Magazine.

The

Ore

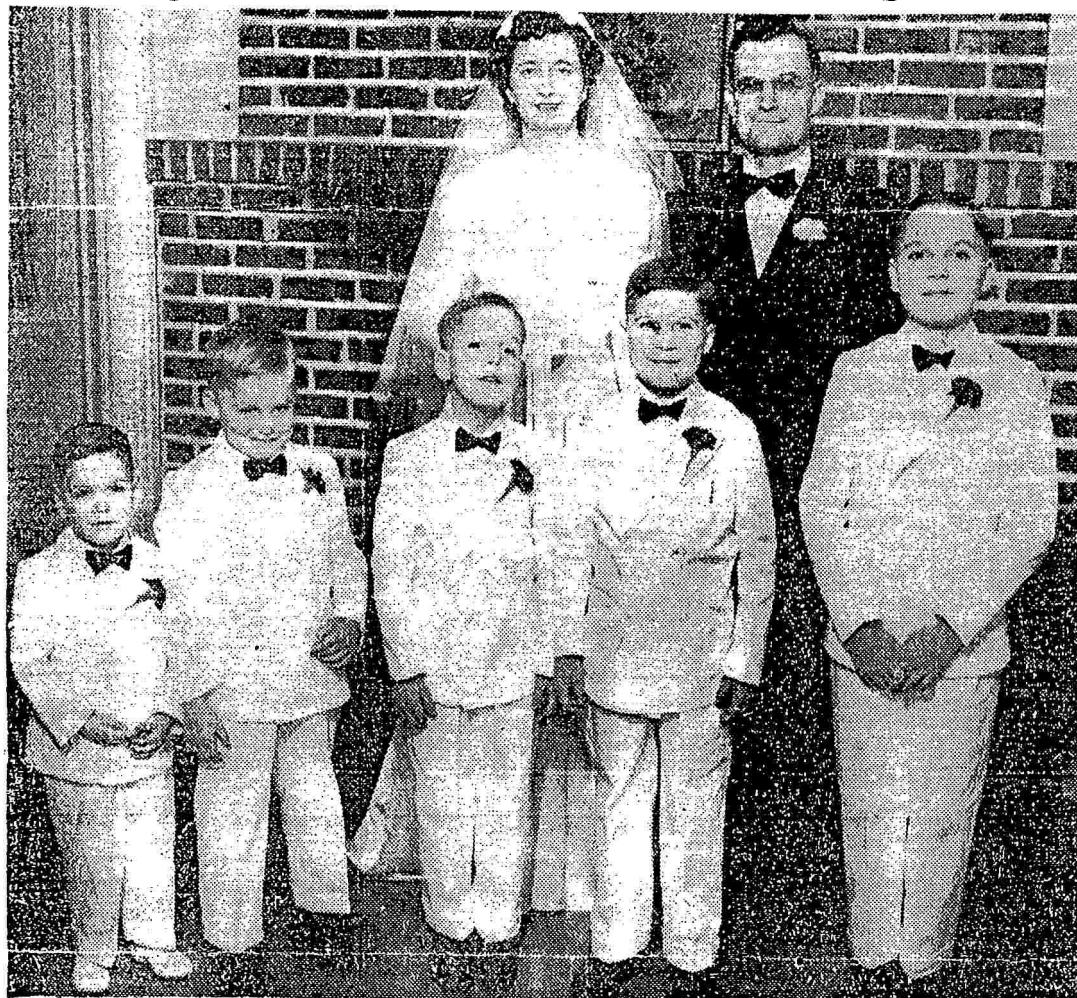
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PORTLAND, OREGON, SAT.

Bridegroom's Sons Get Wedding Roles



Posing for a little family scene before fireplace in First Southern Baptist church reception parlors are the bride, the bridegroom and his five sons, each of whom had part to play in wedding ceremony. From left, boys are David, 3; Dean, 5; Darrell, 6; Rodney, 8; and Rolland, 10, all sons of Loman E. Moxley, a widower. The bride was formerly Miss Thelma Graham.

Bride Draws Big Family

The five proud sons of the bridegroom took part in a wedding ceremony in Portland Friday night.

First Southern Baptist church was the scene of a ceremony uniting Miss Thelma Graham and Loman E. Moxley in marriage at 8:30 p. m. Friday. And all dressed up in spanking white suits to help in the service were five little boys, aged 3 to 10, sons of Moxley, a widower.

David, 3, was ringbearer; Dean, 5, and Darrell, 6, were pages; Rodney, 8, and Rolland, 10, lit the candles. Although solemn-faced with the seriousness of their duties, they were obviously pleased with their new mama.

Solo Number Sung

The bride, who was for 3½ years secretary at the Western Baptist Theological seminary, met Moxley at the church. His first wife had died a year and a half ago, a victim of cancer.

Rev. H. C. Price was the officiating clergyman, and attendants were Miss Frances Smith, maid of honor, and Miss Alga Motychak, bridesmaid. Carl Geist was best man. The bride wore a white satin dress with short train, and carried a white orchid on a white Bible. Her French veil fell from a white satin half-hat.

The bridegroom sang one of the solos, the traditional "Because," during the ceremony. Other soloists were Paul Finley and Mary Robertson, with Fred Schulz at the organ.

Here for the wedding and reception, which followed in the church basement, were the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben L. Graham of St. Joe, Ark. After a short wedding trip up the Columbia gorge, the newlyweds will be at home at the Moxley residence, 4018 S. E. 65th avenue.

Update: 1991

David - Electronics technician at General Dynamics, Los Angeles, CA
Dean - Operates his own hardwood flooring business, Portland, OR
Darrell - Works for Copy Machine Co., Portland, OR
Rodney - With Federal Gov. in U.S. Marine Fisheries, Astoria, OR
Rolland - Electronics Technician with Background Engineers, Inc., Los Angeles, CA

BIOGRAPHY OF
BEULAH BETTIE PROCTOR
(12 March 1904-20 January 1962)

The ninth of eleven children, Beulah was born on the 12th day of March in 1904 in Floyd County, Texas to Harry Edward "H. E." and Frances "Fannie" Isobel Manning Proctor. Beulah's brothers and sisters include Ida Irene, 01 November 1884 to 26 April 1964; Eddie Elbert, 22 October 1885 to 10 September 1977; Lettie Lovey, 20 November 1888 to March 1974; Delphia Dean, 17 January 1891 to 28 April 1985; Forest Franklin, 28 May 1893 to 14 April 1959; Maude Myrtle, 15 September 1895 to 19 January 1990; Asa Averil, 15 February 1899 to October, 1948; Jasper Jesse James, 20 August 1901 to 24 January 1976; Cleo Clara, 08 January 1908; and Lemar Lumia "Pete", 06 March 1910. Beulah and Cleo enjoyed a very loving, caring relationship, always there to help if the other had a need.

The Proctor family moved to Yoakum County near Plains in 1906. Then in 1913 moved to New Mexico to the area which became Lea County in 1917. Of course, some members of the family had grown up, and did not make that move. Beulah went to school in small rural schools, having to walk or ride a donkey several miles. She lived with her sister and brother-in law, John and Myrtle Moore, and attended the Soldier Hill School for awhile, then to McDonald with her brother and sister-in-law, Forest and Rhoda Proctor for more schooling. It was while living at McDonald that she met John Garrett. She and John were married 06 January 1922 in Plains, Texas. They farmed near McDonald for a few years and had the additions of Annie Belle and J. E. to their family while there. Texas called about 1925 or 1926, seeing the little family pull up stakes and head for greener pastures. They saw both good and bad times there. John rented land to farm until 1938 when he and Beulah had an opportunity to buy their own land in Hockley County between Ropesville and Levelland, Texas. (I meant to say Cleo Ruth was born in 1927 in Lynn County, Texas.)

Annie Belle, J. E., and Cleo Ruth graduated from high school at Ropesville High School. Annie Belle married J. T. Tucker 06 December 1941. J. E. enlisted in the United States Naval Seabees in 1943, serving until in 1946 in the Pacific. Cleo Ruth married Howard L. Chadwick, a nephew of J. T.'s, 25 August 1946. J. T. was in the United States Army 1945-46, serving in the Philippine Islands. Howard served in the United States Navy in the Pacific.

J. T. and Annie Belle have 3 children: John David, 02 December 1942; Shirley Jean, 22 February 1947; Billy Ray, 22 March 1951. John David married Charo B. Cisneros while in the Peach Corps in Peru. John and Charo have 2 daughters, Michele and Karla. Shirley married (1) Charles Gillis in 1964, (2) Lee Jones in 1970. Shirley and Charles had Cherylin who died at age of 6 years. Shirley and Lee have Becky and Melissa. Becky married Eric Walters in 1989 and they have a son, Devon Lee who was born 03 September 1990. Billy married Joan Nicholson in 1971. They have Ian Christopher and Sarah Jennifer.

BIOGRAPHY OF
BEULAH BETTIE PROCTOR

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J. E. Garnett married (1) Dorothy Beshirs; (2) Gracie Story Adkins. Gracie brought 2 small sons into this new family. They are Carlos Earl Adkins and Robert Douglas Adkins. Edward Dwayne Garnett, 30 March 1966, completed J. E. and Gracie's family. In 1986 J. E. adopted Robert Douglas. Douglas married Jana Huffman in 1979, and to this family Caylon Dwayne Garnett was born 05 June 1987. Carlos married (1) Kathryn Dean Gibbs; (2) Edna. Carlos and Kathryn had a son, Robert Justin Adkins born in 1977.

Howard Lee and Cleo Ruth Garnett Chadwick had Betty Onice, 20 August 1948; Vickie Sue, 19 April 1951; and Ronald Gene, 14 May 1952. Grandchildren of Cleo Ruth and Howard are: Sharla Diane Henry, 23 January 1967; Thomas Edwin Henry II, 15 May 1968; Michelle Haney, 20 December 1975; Joy Annette Chadwick, 25 October 1978; Thomas Howard Haney, 21 August 1982; and Jackqun Ruth Chadwick, 10 May 1983. Great-grandchildren are John Thomas Henry, 10 June 1983 and Justin Dillard, 09 April 1990. Howard Lee Chadwick passed from this life 06 April 1990.

(John Grimes Garnett, b. 9-15-1898
d. 10-22-85)

By: Annie Belle Tucker
306 Belmont Circle
Denver City, TX 79323

ABNER JESSE GRAHAM I
MARTHA JANE "PATSY" FANNING

MARTHA JANE GRAHAM
JAMES DUNCAN MANNING

FRANCES "FANNIE" MANNING
HARRY EDWARD PROCTOR

BEULAH BETTIE PROCTOR
JOHN GRIMES GARNETT

ANNIE BELLE GARNETT
J. T. TUCKER

JOHN EDWARD "J. E." GARNETT
FAIRY GRACE STORY ADKINS GARNETT

CLEO RUTH GARNETT
HOWARD LEE "SHORTY" CHADWICK

BIOGRAPHY OF
ALABAMA "ALLIE" (GRAHAM) WALDRIP

Alabama "Allie" (Graham) Waldrip was born 1869 to Dr. William Smith Graham. She died in 1956.

My Mother, Alabama Graham Waldrip, was one of the dearest mothers anywhere. She loved all of us children with as much love as any good Mother could give. No day or night was too hot or cold for her to do for her children. She always had time to go visit sick neighbors and help them or help prepare the dead for burial. She was never idle, she pieced quilts at night after all us kids were tucked in bed. Her life was not an easy one as most of it was spent before modern conveniences were invented for women to use. She loved to read the Bible and taught that God answers prayers although we never had prayer in our home. She believed prayer was to be in silence.

She was a member of the "Old hard-shelled Baptist Church". Many of the teachings are like the LDS. teachings. She was a short chubby woman with dark brown hair and blue-grey eyes.

She outlived her husband by eleven years and visited each of her eight living children at intervals of two or three months at a time until her last two years which she spent with her oldest sister.

She was stern in her discipline, but always kind. She never allowed anyone to sit on her beds in the day time. So all us kids knew never to get on a bed unless we were sick.

She could take a fussy baby and quiet it immediately. She just knew how. She was a good cook making delicious light bread, cakes, and pies. She had patience in teaching us kids to cook, sew, or piece quilts.

We were fortunate to have such a wonderful saintly mother.

Written by her daughter
Lois Ella Waldrip Warren

BIOGRAPHY OF
JAMES TROUSDELL WALDRIP

James Trousdell Waldrip was the husband of Alabama "Allie" Graham Waldrip.

He was about six feet tall with beautiful blue eyes and sandy colored hair and fair complexion. He was a jolly natured person. He worked away from home most of his life, tending and overseeing big bunches of sheep for big stock owners. In the days he did this kind of work, there wasn't any fenced ranches; it was the herds and herders, to find proper grass range and water.

When father came home after several months, it was a happy reunion for all the family.

Written by his daughter
Lois Ella Waldrip Warren

BIOGRAPHY OF
LOIS ELLA (WALDRIP) WARREN (1898-1972)

In a little two room house part rock and part lumber, on Eight Mile Draw, eight miles west of Roswell, New Mexico, on the 5th of November 1898, a baby girl came to live with Alabama Graham Waldrip and James Waldrip. Doctors were scarce so George and Mollie Ratliff delivered this baby at 2:30 a.m. on a Saturday morning. They named her Lois Ella. She grew fast into a blue-eyed blonde curly haired girl.

James Waldrip and Alabama Graham Waldrip had nine children; William Newton, Bessie, Roma, Riley Syvester, Sidney Anderson, Lois Ella, George Hasket, Jeff Anderson, and James Trousdell. This family all grew to be adults. The boys worked while growing up with my father tending sheep as this was the work my father loved. He managed big ranches being shepherds for them. As the boys grew to men, they all branched off into different work.

They all married young and raised large families. We had the usual childhood diseases such as measles whooping cough, mumps, and smallpox. Some of the family was real sick from smallpox, but our dear Mother being so watchful over us, we all got well. My sister, Roma, died in 1911 leaving two children, which her mother-in-law took them. My brother, Sidney, died in 1955.

I started school at the age of seven years old which was customary to start school in those days. My first school was in Rosewell, New Mexico known as North Hill School. My first teacher was Mrs. White; she was a lovely teacher. I attended school in this school through the fourth grade. My dad moved a lot as I grew up. So I went to school in a lot of places; Mountain Park, New Mexico, Will's Canyon, New Mexico; this was a log cabin one-room school that sit on a mountain. Then back to Rosewell to North Hill for a short time then to Duncan, New Mexico; this was also a one-room schoolhouse, grades from one through 8th grades taught there. Then we moved to Felix, New Mexico, but didn't go to school there. Then we moved to Hope, New Mexico where I attended school in the 7th grade. I quit school as I thought I was to big for the other pupils in my class, though I realized later that I wasn't and it was a poor excuse and I know what I have missed by not going on to school.

The only religious training I received was from my mother. She taught us that prayers would be answered, but we never had prayer in our home, it was to be in silence. My younger brothers and I attended any church that was nearest - mostly Methodist and Baptist. My Mother and Father joined the Baptist church. They taught what would be, would be. I started washing dishes at the age of 6 years old. I had to stand on a box to reach the dish pan. As I grew older, I was to iron, piece quilts, and do other chores.

I was converted to the Latter-Day Saints Church in June, 1944. Frederick Arno Boehme was the missionary who came to my home to teach me the gospel.

BIOGRAPHY OF
LOIS ELLA (WALDRIP) WARREN

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I knew the gospel was true almost from the first visit. I was married by a justice-of-the-peace after a short courtship. I had always thought when I got married that I would raise a big family, have music and singing in my home with love and laughter from all members of the home. Some of these wishes were never accomplished. I raised eight children to be grown men and women, four boys and four girls. I think my most trying times were during the depression when work was hard to find. Food was scarce a few times and there was patches a plenty.

I have tried to teach my children the Gospel, the best I knew how. I taught them to pray to bless the food, to pay tithing out of what they earned, and to attend all their church meetings. I have moved many times in my married life, to numerous to count.

My most joyful years as a married woman was spent in Ray, Arizona. After I was converted to the true gospel, I and two of my children were baptized in the Meza Temple. That is my only experience of going to the Temple up to this point.

I have held several positions in church in the Primary, Relief Society, and Sunday School.

BIOGRAPHY OF
EDDIE APRIL PASS GRAHAM

(Transcribed from her written autobiography on 17 March 1986)
By Bill E. Graham

Do you know that my name (Pass) is on the Liberty Bell? And have you seen it? I had known about it for years, but when we walked up to that big bell and saw my name engraved on it, it brought an odd feeling to my heart, almost knowing it must have been of my ancestors! In later years I read that the Passes came from the Island of Madagascar, in the Mediterranean Sea. I often thought about trying to trace our family name back to the "Bell" name, but nobody else was interested, and no money to do anything with.

My great-grandfather Pass came from an Eastern state into Arkansas about the time of the civil war. His wife had died with "consumption" (they called it then), leaving three small children, Fina, Pricilla, and Elias Harrison, just a little boy. (In later years he - my grandfather - told us they almost starved to death during the war.) His father, Lafayette, let his wife's parents, named Yeager, raise his three children, and he went to El Paso, Texas and married a real Spanish woman. They had three children, but none of his other children ever saw them that I ever heard about though they may have.

A family named Wright lived in Texas. They moved to Arkansas when one of their girls, Salestcher Ann, was nine years old. When she became a young lady, she and Elias Harrison Pass married and moved to Texas (Bell County I think, then to Coryell County, in what was known as Lathan Prairie, 9 miles north of Coppers Cove.) They had four children, Fannie, Ada, Eaphran Lafayette, and Barbara. Another family, Sidney Evans and Sarah Elizabeth Turner, also lived in the community, and had nine children, 3 boys and 6 girls, the oldest named Dovie Alice. She and Eaphrian Lafayette Pass "fell in love". The Turners had decided to move to Lampassas County. (That was some distance in those days.) So, E. L. Pass decided he had better latch on to that sweet Dovie Alice before she got that far away! So, they married, March 14, 1894. He had just turned 17 on February 13th, and she was 16 in a month, April 5th. They knew people by the names of Jackson, Shouse, Rister, Jordon, Thompson, Blackwell, Graham, etc. Plina, daughter of Monroe Graham was a good friend of Dovie!

Now, I smiled when in your letter you wrote, "I was born on the Cowhouse River, and it came to my eyes. I can now verify that there were at least two babies born on the Cowhouse River, or Creek because that is where I too, was born, April 6, 1895, at Lathan Prairie Community!! Well, there's times in life when we feel this is a pretty small world after all, don't we? But on with the story.

Before 1900, the Jordons had moved to near the small place of Nolan, Nolan County, 20 miles south of Sweetwater, which is called the Divide. Real flat country, and good farming land, on top of the high ridge of hills, from south of Sweetwater to almost south of Abilene. I guess

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the Jordons wrote my father, E. L. Pass ("Eaphe". "Uncle Eaphe", "Mr. Pass", "Lafayette", or "Fayette", his mother called him) about the good land that was for sale near them. He had been renting a small farm right by the creek, but decided he wanted more land to work. So, (I think) about January of 1900, he and Dovie (Mama) and I, (Eddie April Pass) moved to Nolan with all that we had in a covered wagon, pulled by two nice bay horses, Dick and Charlie, and leading a small young pony, Snip, that was Mama's.

It took about a week to make the move, coming through Lampassas, Lometa, Goldthwaite, Brownwood, Winters of course. I was still four years old. I really enjoyed the exciting trip. I loved "camping out". They told me I would say, "Papa, there's a pretty place, let's 'count out'." Oh Boy! See how smart I was??? I'm sure it's because I was born on Cowhouse Creek - same as you, eh??

I can't remember, but I guess we camped or stayed some with the Jordans until Papa could finish the 3-room house he built on the 200 acres he bought adjoining the Jordan's land, built sheds, stock pens, chicken house a big yard, etc.

When I was 6 years old, "Aunt Jipsy" Jordan, 14 or 15 years old, stayed with us through the week, and drove the pony, Snip, hitched to the buggy, and took us both to the one-room school a mile away. On March 6, 1901, my sister, Lonie Leona, was born at home at Nolan. The dear "Grandma Jordan" (I called her) was the midwife.

After three years there, Papa decided to move to a better and handier, school (I think), so he sold out and bought some small acreage right at the south edge of Merkel. I was in the 2nd and 3rd grades there, and loved my teachers. While there, (2 years) my Grandpa Pass - Elias Harrison - sold their home at Lathan Prairie, Coryell County, and came to Merkel and stayed with us part time while he bought 200 acres 4 miles west of Trent, and built a 3-room (good sized) house - with stairway and small room overhead. Papa's baby sister was still at home and didn't marry until she was 30!

Well of course, with Grandpa Pass buying this place, with 200 acres adjoining it for sale, it was a temptation for Papa to be near his parent, also to own more land to work - that's all he knew: w-o-r-k! So, he bought the 200 acres, built a 4-room house (2 downstairs and two up-stairs) about 1/4 mile right east of Grandpa's. And a mile from another one-room school - like I first went to at Nolan. Just took me away from my good school at Merkel! Oh my! But you know, children don't object to moving too much, as different and new things are exciting to them!

I'm sorry, but I forgot to say that my little brother, Sidney Elias, was born after we moved to Merkel on November 17, 1904. So, the White Flat Community was where we 3 children practically grew up, though

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Sidney was about 10 years old when Papa sold his farm, or traded for, another, ten miles west of here, 200 acres on last edge of the Colorado River, Mills County, in January of 1914. Then in 1919, so my sister and brother could go to a good school, he bought this old, 4-1/2 acre place, 6 room house, 3 upstairs and 3 downstairs, 2 porches, a pump well, etc., in Goldthwaite, where I now live! Papa still worked his farm some for about two years, but finally sold it, on yearly payments, Mama worked at the Hotel in town some or whatever she found to do to make a little money to live on. Sidney and Lonie also worked at whatever they could find between school hours and both graduated here, then went to Denton College. Lonie taught school a few places around Goldthwaite, and near Abilene before she married Jack Beachem and went to California. Died at Modesto, March 17, 1984, and is buried here.

Sidney taught his first school at Trent about 1930, then was principal of elementary schools, and junior highs for 20 years in Abilene. The year he was at Trent he married Lois Jacobs, who died in 1984. He still lives in Abilene not far from his only child, Peggy Jo, and her 2 boy's families. So, he and I are the only ones left of this Pass family. There are probably some, and descendents, around in Bell and Coryell Counties, around Waco, Killeen, etc. One descendent, an elderly lady and daughter, live at Brenham. Sidney went to see them last summer and thought they were such nice ladies.

I was ten, or near eleven, when Papa almost had our house finished, and couldn't move from Merkel before time for school to start, so they let me stay with G-pa and G-ma, and Aunt Barbara, when school began, until they could get moved. If there were any church services, or literary societies on Friday nights meeting in the community, they would be at the school building (hightop wooden desks with hard slats, etc., all drank out of one dipper from a bucket of water drawn from the cistern!) So, on Sunday morning just before school was to begin on Monday, why of course we four went to church. Grandmother with her long ground-touching dress, a large nice handmade bonnet (I still have two of them, just alike!) knit gloves, etc. The room was pretty well filled when we went in, kindly late I guess, so we sat on the very last front seat. (Guess I had on a "facinator", but pulled it off - but Grandmother never pulled off her bonnets in church! A few years later, a young man told me that when we came in that morning he said to another kid, all in back of room (as they still sit!), "Wonder who that little blond kid is with Mr. and Mrs. Pass?" Well, I guess it didn't take him long to find out: the next morning when school started. He was four years older than I, stayed with the other grown boys all the time, so to me, they were all young men! Could you guess who that 14 year-old kid was? You say "Paul, John, Lee, Carl, etc.?" No, no. None of those. "Well, was it Frank? Tom? Edgar? Sam? Amos? Leslie?" Stop! There you are! Yes, it was a young boy named Ben Leslie Graham, I found out. "Graham, did you say?" Yes, Graham, and whom do you guess my teacher was? "I don't know." It was a Mr. Aaron Graham. Yes, one of Monroe Graham's fine boys, we learned, as we soon got acquainted with the good people in that community. Not only Mr. Aaron there, but also his twin brothers, Newton and Jasper, his youngest

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brother, Smith Graham, and also his youngest sister Bessie, were in school - all the children of Monroe and Elizabeth Graham.

Monroe's family lived about 1/2 mile west of the schoolhouse, on south side of the road, which in fairly recent years has been made into the main road from Abilene to Sweetwater, or I should say from Dallas to El Paso. It used to be right along the railroad which was the north border of Papa's place. Just west, near Monroe's home, was his son, Middleton's home. And about 1/2 mile of Monroe's son, Ben and wife's home, but only for a few years, I think. His other son, Marion and family, never lived there that I know of. Monroe's daughter, my mother's friend in Coryell County, Plina Trimble, and only child, Lois, lived in Monroe's home. So, you see, we had gotten back with some more friends Mama and Papa knew in Coryell County, which made us almost feel at home in our new place.

I tell you, Mr. Aaron was one of the best teachers I ever had, especially in Geography. He made us little rulers for our tablets, and long ones for blackboards, and we could draw maps, just about as perfect as what was in the books, and I've always liked Geography. No other teacher that I went to ever taught like he did. He taught there one year, married a Mary?, and lived different places, moved to Midlothian in the 1960s or 1970s and died there not long afterwards.

Newton married, but Jasper didn't. Smith married Cora Russell. I can't remember where they lived or when he died.

Before Papa left White Flat, 1914, Monroe, wife, and Jasper moved to Tulia where Jehu's family lived. The dear Jasper had some kind of ailment before they moved, and was in a wheelchair. But recovered somewhat at least. One day to my great surprise, I received a letter from him, asking if I would marry him. My! I hardly knew how to answer him - he was older than I; we'd never had a date, never saw him except at church, singings, etc., but I managed to try to say "No" in a way as to not hurt his feelings. He was just a fine young man, and friend to me, and besides, I was already engaged anyway! He got worse again, and died, in a year or two. Can you imagine how all of that made me feel?

The youngest of the family, Bessie, married Sid Payne, and they also moved to Tulia, where they both died.

I forgot to say that Middleton's wife's name was May. They had 3 girls and one boy - Ruby, Monroe, Eddie (named for me) ?, and ?. Sorry, but I can't think of their names.

Now, let's go from the Elm Creek School house west, just pass Monroe's house to a gate on the north side, go through the gate opening, and on north a mile and we will come to Jehu and Becky's home (also 8 or 9 children!), with 4 rooms downstairs and one big one upstairs where the

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2 boys slept (and left their clothes lying around all day I'm sure!). (Wonder why she says that, you think. Well, if you can't guess why, I'll tell you when you come this summer!)

Yes, there's the fine family of Mr. Jehu (most neighbors called him J. Graham.) They were a mile west of our and Grandpa's place. All families were always busy though, and never visited much - just saw them at church and at the revival meetings in summer under the brush arbors the men of the community built each summer. When there was church at the school building (about once a month most of the time) when our family of 5 would arrive the J. Graham's would often already be there. They came in a hack drawn by a team. The two boys, Silas and Leslie, often walked the mile to the school house. We 5 went in our buggy.

In later years, some of the older girls, Ruth, Nora, Nellie, and Fannie, told me that each of them had the responsibility of getting the younger ones dressed and ready for church, while Mama dressed the babies, I guess!

Brother J - we always called him - was one of the 3 trustees of the school until the fall of 1910. Leslie was elected as the school principal, so Brother J. had to resign, and my father was elected trustee, and remained until we moved. I think it was 1914.

I have already outlined about all I know of each of the family except Leslie. He finished the 8th grade there, then went the 4 miles to the Trent High School, on a bicycle part of the time (I don't know how long). Then in 1910 he made application for a second grade certificate, applied for the Elm Creek School, was elected, and taught there one year (\$60 a month). So, my sister, little brother, and I went to school to him.

Brother J wanted him to attend Hardin-Simmons College in Abilene, but he was very reluctant because he thought, "That is a preachers' college, and everyone will be too solemn all the time." (He wasn't a Christian at that time.) But, he finally made up his mind to give it a try, so in the fall of 1911 he entered HSC (now HSU). That Christmas when he came back to his home for the holidays, he asked me for a date, to walk to a party one night at our friend's home about a mile away. When college was out, 1912, he came back, getting all the jobs he could, chopping cotton, etc., and we had a few dates during that time. About that time Brother J moved the whole family to Abilene, and ran a grocery store, so of course Leslie could stay with the family instead of renting a little shack with another young man. He helped Dad in the store all he could, but money was scarce then, and hard to come by. So he decided he would try to get a school to teach again. So, in the fall of 1913, he was elected to teach the one-room school a few miles south of Matador in Motley County. He roomed and boarded with the Henry Fords, believe it or not, a nice middle aged couple.

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Now, let's back up a little, and I'll try to bring this to a close. At the end of 1911-1912, school at Elm Creek, I finished the 8th grade, also my father was too poor to send me to school, pay rent, etc., so I did not go to school the next year of 1912-1913. Papa's uncle, John Burton, and wife, in Knox County heard about it, and asked my parents to let me come stay with them and go to the good, big high school in the community east of Knox City where they lived, the Gillespie School. My parents consented, so I went and finished the 9th grade. When school was out, my sick aunt and husband who were still at White Flat wanted me to stay with them and care for their little eight month old baby boy. I stayed there for six weeks. So, it was in July before I got on down here, and nine miles west of town, to my parents new (old) house - 4 rooms! We made friends of course, but I was lonely, and heartsick leaving the friends I had grown up with at White Flat. Also, I was anxious to go back to the good school another year or two and graduate, but Mama would not hear to it. So, I came to Goldthwaite school, staying at, and helping the lady to help pay for my room and board. In a short time, I got sick. Papa took me home and I went no more. I felt terrible, guess I wrote my sweetheart how unhappy I was.

That Christmas my sister and I went to Ogles (do you know where that was?) to spend a few days with my two aunts and parents, Grandpa and Grandma Turner. Just before Christmas eve I had a phone call from Mama saying I had gotten a letter from Leslie marked "Important", so she opened it and read that he was coming for me and wanted to get married on Christmas Day!!! (Were you that brave, Bill, when you got ready to get married? Ha! Guess that's a Graham for you! Two of our cousins were to be with us Christmas eve night and Christmas Day, so I told Mama didn't see how we could come before Monday morning as we had to be at the "Flag-stop" train at 6 o'clock A.M., and could hardly be ready before then. Besides, I had no clothes fit to get married in and knew I'd have to get a little something at Goldthwaite Monday when we got back. So, that's what we did. Papa and Mama had been invited to eat Christmas dinner at a neighbor's home, so Leslie went with them. The next morning, he and Papa came to meet us, then we went to a store and bought a part wool suit - \$15 I think. I had no money, neither did Papa have enough to pay for it, so Leslie paid for it!! (He had to borrow \$100.00 from Jehu to even come for me!!) We went back out to the farm; had been snowing or raining for about two weeks, so roads were muddy. The next day, 27th, we (Leslie and I) got ready, and left the house about 11 o'clock, to come to Goldthwaite to get married. The couple that were invited to come with us couldn't make it, so, a visiting couple at the parsonage where we married stood up with us. The pastor of the First Baptist Church married us.

Now for two funny things that I've been teased about. When the pastor read the ceremony, I thought we were suppose to answer together, so I said "We do"! Then he continued the part for Leslie to answer, and I was embarrassed! It was almost sundown when we got back out to the farm.

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Just a short distance from the house, a neighbor man, walking, met us and I said, "Good Morning"! Well, how silly can you get, sitting in the buggy by one of the wonderful Graham Clan in such a surprise way!! (I had hoped I'd be a June bride.)

When we arrived at the house, my mother and sister had a lovely supper about ready for us, and had invited a few young people. Wonderful! Next day, Mother, sister, and I worked in a hurry to get all my few things together packed in my trunk and suitcase, and Papa took us to a hotel here, where we spent the night and took the early morning train to Sweetwater, then Tulia, visited with the Graham family a day or two, then on over to Matador to school again.

I taught his first 4 grades so he would have more time for the older 4 grades, until school was out. Then, back south again. Through the years, moving here and there, I did quite a bit of substitute teaching, took care of my precious husband, raised three fine children. Now, after 33 years of schooling, and 46 years of retirement and hard work, my Darling has already left me, and the way I feel a lot of the time, I could be on with him most any day or night. After nearly 67 years of married life I have no regrets, and how I wish it could be that way with each marriage. So many are wrecking their own lives by not being agreeable, not living as God tells us to live, etc.

I hope a bit of what I've written will be of some help to you. I'll write more later, if you need more information that I might could give.

I'm getting weaker all the time, can't see good, can't hear good, back bending worse all the time, hips out of place, legs don't want to walk, or hold me up very well. I weigh 70 pounds and if I live until April 6, I'll be 91 years young! I try to keep my house a little decent, take care of my little 52 year old Polly (parrot), make scrapbooks for children, make picture books, cook a little, eat all I can, go to church each Sunday service, go to the Retired Teachers meetings once a month, lie down to rest each day, go to sleep, and the day is about done! I've been in two car wrecks, had 2 bad falls, am getting pretty dizzy, so have to be careful to keep from falling. I have many friends (I hope) and so on. My daughter takes good care of me.

3-5-91 POSTSCRIPT:

On July 3, 1989, Eddie April (Pass) Graham attended the Clan Graham Reunion in Alvarado, Texas, where she was undoubtedly the "Queen of the Ball". What a pleasure it was to meet such a delightful lady. Members of the various Graham families were lined up for the pleasure of talking to this obviously cultured lady whose life was a pattern that girls of younger generations would do well to study. A special tribute to Eddie April was being planned for the Clan Graham Reunion in 1990, but to our sorrow we lost this grand member of our Clan before the Reunion. It was an honor to know and be related to her. Our world will miss her presence, but is a much better place for her having been here.

Bill E. Graham

CHILD NUMBER EIGHT

JESSE ABNER GRAHAM THE SECOND

BIOGRAPHY OF

DAISY FLEMING

(Taken from Letter from Daisy to Bill E. Graham)

I am Daisy Fleming, the wife of Bill Fleming whose Father was Grover Fleming and Mother was Jessie White Fleming.

"I will give you a short story of my life." I did not get a lot of education as I quit school to take care of my Mother who had cancer. My Father died in 1938, and my mother died in 1941. Approximately a month later, I went to Comstock, near Del Rio, Texas with Bill and Virginia Bunker from Salado, Texas. They went there to teach school, and I went with them as their housekeeper and to take care of their three-year old son, Danny, while they taught school. That job paid \$4.00 per week, and my room and board. When World War II started and they built Laughlin Field at Del Rio, Texas, to train B-26 pilots, I went to work at Laughlin Field where I had a fairly decent job during the war years. At the end of World War II, I came back to Temple, Texas. Of course, in the meantime the government had taken our land and homes and built Fort Hood, Texas. Our home was in the Clear Creek community, six miles northwest of Killeen. My brother, Claud, lived at Heidenheimer, Texas, so I came there as I was still single, and had no parents or home. I got a job clerking in Montgomery Wards in Temple, Texas. I worked at Montgomery Wards through Christmas then I went to work in Janeways Drug Store. It was there that I met my future husband, Billy Fleming. Bill wandered in one day, we started dating and were married a few months later. We had known each other all of our lives. Our Grandparents were old settlers living on adjoining places, and best of friends. Also, our Mothers went to school together and played together as children.

Bill and I have three children, one daughter and two sons. We also have seven wonderful grandchildren.

Bill died of a heart attack in 1980. We farmed much of our 34-1/2 years together. We moved to West Texas, near Dimmitt, when our oldest son was two years old. He had Bronical Asthma in Central Texas and we had to find a higher and drier climate for him. We farmed for several years around Dimmitt, Hereford, and Vega, Texas. Then Bill had a Welding Shop for a few years. Then he started driving a truck for Shupe Brothers out of Greeley, Colorado. We moved to Greeley, Colorado and lived there in 1962 and 1963. Then we moved back to Vega for a few years. Then he was sent here to Guymon as Terminal Manager in 1969. He and I worked together here at the terminal. I did the book and paper work and he, of course, was manager. We ran between 20 and 30 trucks on the road.

Bill and I had a very good life together. We went on many wonderful trips together, and with him I visited 34 of the states in the United States. Our last trip was in 1980 before he died that Fall in November, 1980. The trip was during the month of May and my daughter, Lena, and husband and children went with us. We went in their 24-foot Winebago Travel Trailer. We went back east to Washington, D.C.,

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DAISY FLEMING

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and Niagra Falls. We had a wonderful time. We planned to go to Florida and tour the southern states in 1981, but that was not to be.

He left me a small home here in Guymon, and a small nest-egg that I hope will take care of me for the rest of my days.

My daughter, Lena, lived with me until she graduated from College and got a job teaching school at Waxahachie, Texas. She and her husband moved there where she was teaching Science. She majored in Science in College. Her husband is also teaching at Mansfield about 20 miles from Waxahachie. He teaches Auto Mechanics.

My Sons: Grover lives about 10 miles north of Guymon. He works for Texas Oil Company, and his wife works for Mobil Oil Company. My son, Glenn, lives in Amarillo and works at the Childrens Hospital there.

Lena has three children; 2 sons and a daughter. The oldest grandson is a senior in High School this year. He will be 18 next month. Grover has a son sixteen, and a daughter fourteen, and Glenn has a son fourteen and a daughter ten. These are my treasures.

I have several hobbies that keep me busy. I have read hundreds of books and I am working on family albums for my three children. I started away back as far as I can find pictures of Great-Greats, etc. I also enjoy doing Family History. Someone found a book about "Thistle Hill" that was about my Grandmother Hills family - The Waggoners. W. T. Waggoner of Vernon, Texas, was Grandma Hills' nephew. Grandma's brother, Dan, was the founder of the Waggoner Ranch. I went to the Library and got a copy of the book "Thistle Hill". The Waggoner family was one of the richest families in Texas.

Wilma Colvin Edwards
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Biography of:

BARNEY McCLINTON COLVIN
(16 Oct. 1898 - 16 May 1973)

Wife:

LOLA NORINE BRASHEAR
(18 Sept. 1904 - 6 Jan. 1984)

Issue: Nella Mae, 8 Feb. 1920 - 22 Aug. 1972, m. 1. Dennis Jack Carroll
m. 2. Wm. Woodrow Wilson
Wilma Earl, 14 Jan. 1928, m. Stanley Thomas Edwards
Barney McClinton, Jr., m. 1. Joybelle Marie Perry
12 Sept. 1931-living m. 2. Sharon Chambers

Barney was the oldest of three sons of Fletcher and Rosa Graham Colvin who lived at Boaz, Coryell County, Texas. At an early age he became very close to his grandparents, Jesse and Cornelia Graham because it was his grandmother who took care of him most of the first year of his life. His mother was unable to and his father wouldn't. Until he was old enough to do real farm work he spent a lot of time with his grandparents and they had a great influence upon him. They were very good to him and he had respect for them.

He and his brothers, Gilbert and Earl played together and did all the things three boys can think of doing. Both their parents were gone a lot when the boys were quite young and it is amazing how they lived through the things they did to each other and the house. Fletcher always had cotton around the place and he had repeatedly warned them not to strike a match around cotton. That just naturally sparked curiosity in a young boy, so Barney put some cotton in a syrup can and dropped a match into it. It just ignited quickly, but then wouldn't burn completely. The next question was what to do with a can full of half burned cotton. He decided to put a lid on the can and crawled way back under the house and set it up on the sill of the house. He thought he had that little project taken care of, but one of his mother's hens knocked the can off and it rolled out into the yard right in the path of his dad. He had some explaining to do.

Many times Barney or Gilbert would do something, but wouldn't tell on each other, so their parents just decided to spank them all and would begin with Earl. Since he was the baby and usually innocent of the "crime" they couldn't take that and usually 'fessed up.

Barney could always smell an apple a mile away and Rosa always had apples and candy for their Christmas stockings. She hid the Christmas goodies and Santa's gifts in her washing machine that she kept in the smoke house. The smoke house was near the yard gate and every time he went through that gate he could smell those apples. He told the other boys about this and they soon sniffed out the source, but instead of the older boys looking under the lid of the washing machine they got Earl to do it. Of course that upset their mother, because she was very fond of Christmas and all the traditions so Barney was in trouble again.

When he was just about eight years old he was given a very dangerous job to do. He had to cross a pasture full of tree stumps on the way to school. His dad wanted those stumps out of that pasture so they could have a cornfield near the house. So each morning on the way to school, Barney was given several sticks of dynamite and as he went through the stumps he could blow up a few. Can you imagine what kids would do with dynamite on the way to school now?

Barney had many cousins who visited every summer with their grandparents, but one cousin, James Robinett, would come as soon as school was out every spring and stay until cotton was picked. He could pick more cotton than any of the cousins and was the envy of them all. They worked hard because there were land payments, stock to be taken care of, wood to chop and long, hot days in the fields. They kept things in perspective and worked, rested and went to school and to church. They enjoyed singing together, going swimming, visiting neighbors and going to the city (which meant Fort Worth because many of their relatives lived there). They read by lamp light, talked with each other and stayed informed with daily newspapers and magazines.

School was of utmost importance to Barney and he wanted to go to college, but his father wouldn't let him. It was in pursuit of knowledge that he was studying with a school teacher who was boarding with John and Carrie Brashear while he was working in Mr. Brashear's store at Tama. During that time he fell in love with their daughter, Lola, and even though she was very young Barney persuaded her mother to let them marry.

On 30 Sept. 1918 they were married and lived with his parents until their first child, Nella Mae, was born 8 Feb. 1920. It was during the flu epidemic and Lola and Barney had the flu and Nella Mae was several days old before Lola realized she had a little 4 lb. girl. Lola's parents had come to take care of them. Soon they moved into their own little house and Lola was glad to be away from the critical eye of her in-laws.

They farmed a few years before moving to Killeen in 1926 where they bought a grocery store. Nella Mae started to school in Killeen and Miss Molly Montgomery was her first grade teacher. Their second little girl was born 14 Jan 1928, but they couldn't agree on a name for her. Lola wanted to name her after her brother, but he died when the baby was one month old and she wouldn't then. When she was six weeks old Barney's brother, Earl, sent them a letter suggesting the name Wilma and they added his name to it and finally their second child was dignified with a name, Wilma Earl, and she couldn't have been more delighted, because Earl doted on her and she grew to adore him.

They sold the store in the spring of 1928 and were planning to move to Fort Worth when Wilma Earl took whooping cough when she was five months old. They decided to wait a while to move and were staying with Lola's parents while Barney built a neighbors house. On 29 July Lola's uncle called from Killeen telling them that their house was on fire. By the time they drove there it had burned to the ground. Because they were planning to move they had let their insurance lapse, so they had nothing. Family and friends gave them a collection of money and household items to start over and they decided to go on to Fort Worth to work. They had a very hard time recovering. There was an epidemic of polio in Fort Worth and they were afraid one of the girls would contract it, so after a few months they decided to go back to the farm. Lola later said when they came over the hill and looked down into Tama Valley it looked like heaven to her. They had not written to anyone about their decision to return and surprised Lola's parents at supper time. It was about two weeks before Christmas and they had killed a hog that day. They called Rosa and Fletcher to come over and they had a feast of fresh sausage and tenderloin and biscuits.

They moved into a rent house of his parents that was located between Hallie and Lum Hubbard's house and Brown's Creek and were glad they were back on the farm when the Great Depression started. They could survive on the land.

There were no conveniences in that little house, but Lola was industrious and made a bright and happy time for the family. The ground was rough with rocks and she raked rocks and cut brush for a play area for her kids. Rattlesnakes were bigger than they were and she kept a watchful eye for any signs of them. One day Wilma Earl was sitting on the back steps when a hen began a nervous clucking and Lola knew there was trouble. She grabbed Wilma Earl and saw a huge rattlesnake coiled under the steps. She couldn't lift the step and kill it before it could strike so she called to some

men who were working in a nearby field. They killed the snake and it had fourteen rattles and a button.

Lola's goal was to get the family off that creek before Nella Mae would begin high school in 1933. She canned 1000 cans and jars of food in the summers of 1931 and 1932 so they wouldn't have to buy much during the time they were moving and building a house. Their son, B.M., Jr., was born 12 Sept. 1931 and they moved to Gatesville in Oct. 1932. They rented a house and by Christmas Barney had a new house finished enough to move into. It was completed the next year in the worst of the depression and they had paid cash for it. He would not borrow money because there were so many foreclosures at that time. He kept farming for three years and began building houses and became a general building contractor. He was noted for the fine finish work on the houses he built.

In 1934 Lola's parents moved to Gatesville because her father was a crippled man and they needed to be near their daughter. The children had many happy days with their grandparents. Their Grandpa would tell them stories about his childhood and listen to their problems, and their Grandmother always had fried pies and they could drink coffee for breakfast when they spent the night with them.

Everyone worked, went to school and to church and the children graduated from GHS. Nella Mae graduated in 1937 and went to Brantley Draughan Business School in Fort Worth in 1938. Lola sewed for her family, Barney's mother and aunt and also for a niece and her children. She and the neighbor women had a quilting club that met once a week and they had good times as well as quilting beautiful quilts.

When WWII started there was the traumatic experience of moving Barney's parents from their home of forty-four years so the U.S. government could have the land for Camp Hood (it did not become Fort Hood until 1948). By early summer of 1942 Barney and Lola began renting rooms to soldiers and their wives. They kept in touch with many of them as long as they lived. Barney helped build the Bluebonnet Ordinance Plant (bomb building plant) in McGregor in 1943.

Lola's father died on 5 June 1944 and was buried on D-Day. Her mother died the following year on 13 Nov.

Nella Mae married Jack Carroll in 1942 and they divorced in 1945. Wilma Earl graduated from GHS in 1945 and worked at the National Bank of Gatesville. On Aug. 14 the war was over and on Sept. 2, 1945 the Allies and Japan signed the surrender agreement. President Truman proclaimed Sept. 2 as V-J Day.

After the busy years when there were so many people in their home it was nice to have a whole house to live in. Both their daughters married in 1947, the same year that Barney's parents celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Wilma Earl married Stanley Edwards 23 Jan. 1947 and Nella Mae married Woodrow Wilson 25 May 1947 and Rosa and Fletcher Colvin's fiftieth anniversary was 8 Jul. 1947. Their son graduated GHS in 1949 and went to John Tarleton one year and then to Bible Baptist Seminary in Fort Worth and became a minister. On 23 Dec. 1951 he married Joybelle Marie Perry and they had three children, Richard Lynn, Debra Colleen and Melinda Lee.

From 1948-1958 nine of their ten grandchildren were born and life was busy! Barney thought he couldn't miss a special occasion of any of them and they stayed busy going to Irving where B.M.'s family lived and to Centerville where Nella Mae's family lived. Fortunately Wilma Earl lived next door and they didn't have to travel far to keep up with her family. Their children had no living parents-in-law after the early sixties so all the homegoing was to Barney's and Lola's. Wilma Earl's house was the play pen for all those kids. They celebrated everything and Thanksgiving revolved yearly with the children's families. Then everyone was at Barney's and Lola's for Christmas. There was so much work with all this, but with four women cooking and washing dishes and minding kids it wasn't too much work for anyone. The men and boys ate, watched football on T.V. and ate some more and the women and girls had their own special "hen parties" at Wilma Earl's house.

They celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary at their home in Gatesville on 30 Sept. 1968 with all their children and grandchildren present. Many of their old

friends from their days in Tama Valley were there as were their extended family. Guests came from Minnesota, California and Florida, as well as Lubbock, Fort Worth, Irving, Llano, Waco, Temple, Belton, Killeen, Centerville, Arlington, Alvin, Freeport, Kerens, Vernon and Gatesville, Texas. Not many people are privileged to have the minister who married them come to their fiftieth anniversary, but Rev. John Diserens, 96, was there. In a private ceremony Barney and Lola renewed their vows and Rev. Diserens sang "The Touch of God's Hands". It was the best of times.

Their first grandchild had died, but Barney lived to see the next six of their grandchildren graduate from high school and go on to college. He had a heart attack on 26 June 1972 and was recovering when their daughter, Nella Mae, died of a heart attack on 22 Aug. It was such a shock to all the family and she had three sons, Kenneth Marlowe, Kevin Monroe, and Mark Edward just out of high school. On 16 May 1973 Wilma Earl found Barney dead from a heart attack at his home. His grandson, Paul Edwards, graduated from Baylor University in the morning before he was buried in the afternoon of 18 May. On 18 Jul. 1976 their son-in-law, Woodrow Wilson, died (heart attack) while on vacation. In March 1978 their oldest grandson, Kenneth Wilson, had heart surgery in Denver, CO and died one month later. He was nearly twenty-nine years old and left two little girls. Soon after that B.M. and his wife divorced after twenty-nine years of marriage. It was the worst of times.

Lola stayed strong during all this with the support of her family. She practiced her faith, loved her church and kept active. She enjoyed the Senior Center and was a RSVP volunteer for three years. In 1982 she wrote a two hundred page book of memoirs of her life which is a priceless legacy to her family. On 6 Jan. 1984 she died and it still seems impossible that such a vital person can be gone. She and Barney were cheerful and optimistic and had many friends. They helped many people who were less fortunate and they always had time for others.

Wilma Colvin Edwards
2214 Bridge Street
Gatesville, Texas 76528
(817) 865-7355

Biography of:

WILMA EARL COLVIN
(14 Jan. 1928 - living)

Husband:

STANLEY THOMAS EDWARDS
(11 Aug. 1925 - living)

Issue: Pamela, 11 Aug. 1948 - 11 Aug. 1948
Stanley Paul, 25 Aug. 1950, m. Sherry L. Lonnnette Graham
Christy Norine, 21 Nov. 1953, m. Robert Albert Garner
Sylvia Ann, 2 Mar. 1958, m. Mohammad Amjad Khan

Wilma Earl, the second child of Barney and Lola Brashear Colvin was born in Killeen, Bell Co., Texas. They really wanted a boy and didn't have a girl's name in mind and she was six weeks old before she was named. Because she was named after her Uncle Earl Colvin she always liked the full name, but as she got older many just called her Wilma. She was a pretty cute kid and was too friendly for her own good. She had the typical family temper and was the first in the family to buck the system and stand up to the unrealistic discipline imposed upon them by their daddy. She usually called him Barney and he secretly admired her independence. She was something of a free spirit like her Grannie Rosa Colvin and nobody got the best of her.

Her infancy was marred by her mother's grief over the loss of her only brother when Wilma was one month old and in a few months their house burned. Then the cold hard facts of the depression stripped them of everything except their dignity and determination to survive, but she had some good blood lines and always knew she was supposed to have been royalty.

She remembers well their life on Browns Creek even though she was too young to do any of the hard work. Like her daddy she investigated what her parents cautioned her against. Barney told her never to go around the hog pen unless someone was with her and she liked to watch those greedy little pigs. One day while he was gone she climbed onto the log fence around their pen and was engrossed in watching them when he drove up. She knew it would be too bad if she was caught and in her rush to get down she fell off the fence and hurt herself. She and her mother were able to conceal her wounds, but it didn't teach her the lesson well enough. A few years later she nearly broke her foot playing on a ladder, and then cut her leg badly climbing on a rock pile both of which her dad had told her not to do. She was beginning to learn, but she still loved to climb trees and felt free as the wind riding down College Hill on her bicycle without holding the handle bars. When she was eleven she broke her right elbow which resulted in a stiff arm and wrist and alas her wing was clipped, and it took a long time for her adventuresome spirit to return.

She would stand on the back steps and impatiently watch for her Uncle Earl when he was coming for a visit from Fort Worth. She would ride with him to the country to see her grandparents and all the family would gather for fried chicken, homemade ice cream and cake. The other cousins called Earl's wife Aunt Marie, but Barney's family used her nickname "Toots" and she was wonderful with children even if she didn't have any of her own. She kept them out of their grannie's way and would walk with them to Greenway's store and buy them candy. She was the first woman in the family to smoke and wear shorts. She was a thorn in Rosa's side, but the kids thought she was wonderful.

Wilma always spent a week each summer at her grandparent's house. There was

plenty of work to do because Rosa didn't like idleness in anyone else, but when she was taking her nap, Wilma loved to roam the pastures and swing on the grapevines. Sometimes she would go to see Robbie Lea Hubbard and they would ride her horse.

Christmas Eve was an enchanting time at Rosa's and Fletcher's because they had a two story house, and the grandchildren just knew they could hear Santa's sleigh on the roof and the next morning there would be telltale signs of soot from Santa coming down the chimney.

All that great fun came to an abrupt conclusion in 1941. Wilma's visit that summer was a bittersweet experience and in retrospect she knew it was because the exodus from that valley was coming upon them like the ominous clouds of a storm. Her lazy days of summer were over and she never again knew the sheer joy of running free over that place. The next forty-nine years were spent in listening to the guns of Fort Hood destroy every square inch of her grandparent's place. She went back twice to the homesite and the last time almost did not recognize the terrain.

Her grandparents moved to Gatesville in 1942 and the war years were a sobering time and everyone she knew was affected by it. During her junior and senior year in high school she worked every afternoon after school until 10:00 p.m. at North Camp Hood as a cashier at the 21st Street Cafeteria and saw the departure of more than 45,000 troops in the summer of 1944. She graduated from GHS in 1945 and started work at the National Bank. Things began to get back to normal after the war was over.

Wilma was not allowed to date during high school, but that didn't keep the boys from asking and each one thought he could persuade Barney, but he was formidable and discouraged them.

Stanley Edwards came home from the Navy in Jan. 1946 and enrolled in Texas A & M. One of their mutual friends arranged a date with Wilma for him. To everyone's surprise Barney liked him and they became friends.

On 23 Jan. 1947 Stanley and Wilma were married in the home of her parents. The next year they built their new house next door to her parents and were almost ready to move into it when their first child was born on 11 Aug. 1948, Stanley's twenty-third birthday. She was a beautiful little girl and they named her Pamela, but she lived only ten hours. Wilma didn't know if she could have any more children, but indeed she did. They had a son, Paul, and two daughters, Christy and Sylvia.

The bank made Wilma quit work before Pamela was born (how archaic), but she did temporary work for the Gatesville Chamber of Commerce, Coryell County ASCS, G.I. School and the National Bank.

Stanley was a printer and worked for the Gatesville Messenger, taught printing at Mountain View (State School for Boys) and worked for printing firms in Hamilton, Killeen and Waco. He was working for Henson Printing Co., 411 Franklin Ave., Waco when the tornado struck in 1953. His building was the only building in that block in which no one was killed. He was aboard the USS Nashville in Subic Bay, Philippine Islands on V-J Day and later that year was aboard ship in two typhoons and he said they were not as frightening as the tornado.

He was cub master for Cub Pack 71 from 1958-1961. Their children were active in scouts, band and many other school and church activities. They were members of First Baptist Church and Stanley was ordained deacon in Oct. 1981.

In 1969 he began working for Baylor University Press. At one time he had a print shop at their home. How many of you ever had a linotype and Kluge press in your garage?

All their children studied piano several years with Miss Orpa Mayo. Paul went to all-state choir in 1968; Christy, all-state piano in 1972 and Sylvia was Valedictorian of the class of 1976. All the children are graduates of Baylor University and two of their in-laws also have degrees from Baylor. Sylvia has a Master of Arts degree from Baylor as does Christy's husband.

Paul and Sherry married 6 Sept. 1969 after their freshman year in college, but got their degrees in 1973 and 1974. Sherry works in accounting at Hercules (Rocket

fuel plant) in McGregor and Paul is a salesman with E. R. Carpenter Co., Temple. He is also music director for Beverly Hills Baptist Church in Waco where they live.

Christy and Bob were married 15 Aug. 1975 and have three children, Christy Colleen, b. 29 May 1976, Anna Leigh, b. 30 Oct. 1979 and Thomas Christopher, b. 8 Nov. 1980. Christy teaches English at Ellison High School, Killeen and Bob is a teacher for Central Texas College, Copperas Cove.

Sylvia and Amjad married 15 Jul. 1989 and live in Austin. She is employed at U.T. and is currently working on a PhD in History. Amjad is from Pakistan and is studying for a MBA at St. Edwards University in Austin. He hopes to transfer to Baylor this fall.

Wilma has always been interested in genealogy and has done extensive research on all the family. She and Christy and Sylvia are members of Coryell County Chapter, NSDAR. She is currently Regent of that chapter. She would like to prove the Graham line to William the Signer to apply for a DAR supplement. She has applied for membership in United Daughters of the Confederacy (ancestor, Jesse Graham, II.)

Stanley and Paul are members of the Heart of Texas Chapter TXSSAR (Sons of the American Revolution). Stanley is also a member of the Descendents of the Mexican War Veterans and lifetime member of Jamestowne Society, San Antonio Company. Paul, Christy and Sylvia will become Jamestowne Society members this summer.

When Wilma thinks about her family, it always reminds her of what Garrison Keillor said when he was talking about the people of Lake Woe Begone:

"The women are all strong,
The men are all good looking,
And the children are above average".

FAMILY GROUP NO.

Husband's Full Name Jesse A. Graham, Jr.

This Information Obtained From:

	Husband's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Coryell Co. Marriage Book B., Pg. 89	Birth	24 Jun 1843		Jackson Co.	Alabama	
1850 Rusk Co. Census	Chr'd					
1860, 1870, 1880, 1900, 1910 Coryell Co. Census	Mar.	24 Aug 1865		Coryell Co.	Texas	
Rosa G. Colvin's journal entered 2 July 1907	Death	20 Jan 1920	Killeen	Bell Co.	Texas	
Tombstones-Restland Cem.	Burial	Graham Family Cemetery*		Coryell Co.	Texas	

Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.	Occupation	Farmer	Church Affiliation	Primitive Baptist	Military Rec.	Civil War
His Father	Jesse Graham	Mother's Maiden Name	Martha Jane Fleming			

Wife's Full Maiden Name Cornelia Griffin

	Wife's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Civil War records from Texas State Archives	Birth	24 Jun 1839		Monroe Co.	Alabama	
	Chr'd					
	Death	12 Jun 1917	Browns Creek, Coryell Co.	Texas		
	Burial	Graham Family Cemetery*		Coryell Co.	Texas	

Compiler Wilma C. Edwards	Places of Residence					
Address 2214 Bridge St.	Occupation if other than Housewife		Church Affiliation	Primitive Baptist		
City, State Gatesville, TX	Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.					
Date Sept. 1982 76528	Her Father	Richard E. Griffin	Mother's Maiden Name	Hannah Burch		

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
F	1 Martha Jane Graham Full Name of Spouse* Smith Fleming (1)	Birth	2 Feb 1867		Coryell Co.	Texas	(2) Abner
		Mar.			Coryell Co.	Texas	Graham
		Death	3 Oct 1901				(3) Sam
		Burial	Graham Family Cemetery*		Coryell Co.	Texas	Robinett
M	2 William Sylvester Full Name of Spouse* Ellie E. Vaughn	Birth	5 Mar 1869		Coryell Co.	Texas	
		Mar.	25 Apr 1889		Coryell Co.	Texas	
		Death	14 Oct 1936				
		Burial					
F	3 Rebecca Ann Graham Full Name of Spouse* J. Frank Robinett	Birth	16 May 1870		Coryell Co.	Texas	Sam and
		Mar.	1 Sep 1887		Coryell Co.	Texas	Frank were
		Death	21 Dec 1935	Ft. Worth	Tarrant Co.	Texas	brothers
		Burial		Ft. Worth	Tarrant Co.	Texas	
F	4 Texana Elizabeth Graham Full Name of Spouse* Burt Louer (1)	Birth	30 Jan 1872		Coryell Co.	Texas	(2) Will
		Mar.					Langston
		Death	19 Jun 1945	Ft. Worth	Tarrant Co.	Texas	
		Burial		Ft. Worth	Tarrant Co.	Texas	
F	5 Rosa Ellen Graham Full Name of Spouse* John Fletcher Colvin	Birth	15 Oct 1879	Browns Creek, Coryell Co.	Texas		
		Mar.	8 Jul 1897	Browns Creek, Coryell Co.	Texas		
		Death	11 Mar 1958	Gatesville	Coryell Co.	Texas	died at home
		Burial	12 Mar 1858	Restland Cemetery, Gatesville, Coryell Co., TX			
	6	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
	7	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
	8	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
	9	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
	10	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					

*If married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

Wilma Colvin Edwards
2214 Bridge Street
Gatesville, Texas 76528
(817)865-7355

Biography Of: JESSE ABNER GRAHAM II
(24 June 1843-20 January 1920)

Wife: CORNELIA GRIFFIN
(24 June 1839-12 June 1917)

Issue: Martha Jane, 1867-1901, m. 1. Smith Fleming
m. 2. Abner Graham
m. 3. Sam Robinett
William Sylvester, 1869-1936, m. Ellie Eolin Vaughn
Rebecca Ann, 1870-1935, m. J. Frank Robinett
Texana Elizabeth, 1872-1945, m. 1. Burt Louer
m. 2. William G. Langston
Rosa Ellen, 1879-1958, m. John Fletcher Colvin

Jesse Abner Graham II was born 24 June 1843 near Princeton in Jackson County, Alabama, the eighth child of Jesse Abner Graham I and Martha Jane "Patsy" (Fannin) Graham. In later years as an adult he used only his first name in all business transactions and legal documents; however, on his marriage license his name was recorded as "Jesse Abner Graham, Jr."¹

Young Jesse's parents did not remain long in Alabama after his birth for the Republic of Texas had in 1845 been admitted as a state in the United States, land was available for homesteading, and many families were migrating there to take advantage of free land. The elder Jesse and many of his relatives and neighbors joined that migration in 1849 when the elder Jesse organized a caravan of wagons and led it over the Natchez Trace to Shreveport, Louisiana, and then Rusk County, Texas.

Since Jesse was only six years old when his family began to trek westward to Texas, it was probably more of an adventure than hardship as older members experienced. They worked long and hard to get their wagons and animals over the primitive and tortuous trails. Even small children, and Jesse's parents had four under 10 as well as a new infant, had responsibilities. Jesse no doubt helped his mother with keeping the fire going to cook family meals and helped look after little sister, Hulda Ann, while his mother cared for her infant son, Frank. It must have been a lesson that he learned early and well for in later years he reared four of his grandchildren as well as his five children.

Jesse's parents lived in Rusk County for six years, during which time he attended school where his oldest brother, Isaac Jackson Graham, was teaching. Several of his older brothers and sister, Martha Jane, also attended the same school. Later in their Rusk County residency, some of his brothers began marrying and leaving home, so Jesse became more prominent in the Graham family each year, especially since his father who was a circuit-riding Primitive Baptist preacher was away from home more and more ministering to his church members.

Coryell County was created by an act of the Texas Legisla-

ture passed by the Texas Senate 15 March 1854. Jesse was twelve years old when his family left Rusk County in 1855 for new land in Coryell County in central Texas. It was a shorter distance than the move from Alabama to Texas, but the journey was nevertheless difficult. Typical of the problems was the crossing of the Neches, Trinity and Brazos Rivers with their ox-drawn wagons. Without highways and bridges it was a formidable task, but the countryside was beautiful. In Jesse's later years, in 1914 when he was 71, he wrote an article for The Gatesville Messenger about his memories of early Texas. It is quoted below:

"I was born in Jackson County, Alabama in 1843. I moved with my father's family to Texas in 1849. We stopped in Rusk County, seven miles west of Henderson. Stayed there six years, moved to Coryell County in 1855. This was a wild country then, but pretty. There were wild animals of nearly every description, and wild Indians for many years. I knew lots of people they killed and scalped. I helped bury three of my neighbors at Sugarloaf in one day, Mr. and Mrs. Riggs (we buried them in the same grave) and Young Pierce. They killed Sam Graham, one of my cousins, and many more people I knew, but haven't space to write down half I knew about.

My father's name was Jesse Graham. If he had been living the ninth of March he would have been 110 years old. He lived to be 84. He and Mother kept house sixty-five years. She lived to be 84. Her maiden name was Martha Fannin. We saw Dallas when it could almost have been hauled in a two-horse wagon. Best wishes to The News and its many readers."

Jesse Graham

Tama, Coryell County, Texas

The Grahams were stock farmers, and by the time they settled on Cowhouse Creek they had accumulated a herd of good-blooded horses and cattle. Those early days were free-range and the stock was allowed to range freely until the advent of barbed wire in the 1880s. Wilma Edwards has in her possession a piece of the original wire used by the elder Jesse Graham. It was flat wire with long twisted barbs, and was hated by many of the early stockmen because of the severe cuts it inflicted on their stock that ran into it. Before the barbed wire the settlers constructed fences with flat rocks and wooden rails to keep stock from fields and other areas needing protection. Jesse helped build the dry rock fences which kept the horses from the garden and door yards of his father's place.

By 1860 the theft of stock and goods by the Comanche Indians had become such a menace to the settlers that a military unit was organized among them for protection. A "Company of Mounted Rangers, Texians", under Captain William Clements, was organized on 27 September 1861. Several members of the Graham clan joined it. Among them were Jesse, his brothers Isaac Jackson, John Curtis and William Smith Graham, as well as a brother-in-law, James D. Manning. Additional to the Indian threat was the menace of a white criminal element that had sprung up. The Ranger com-

pany was also responsible for eliminating that lawlessness. Although only 18 years of age, Jesse was on the original Muster Roll of Captain Clements' company.²

Jesse then enlisted in Captain H. M. Smith's Co. of W. J. Speight's Regiment of Infantry, Confederate Army. Six months later he was transferred to Co. A., Cook's Regiment, 1st Texas Heavy Artillery, N. J. King, Capt. where he remained until the end of the War. He served in the Battle of Galveston.³

After the War was over, Jesse married Cornelia Griffin on 24 August 1865.⁴ She was the oldest child of another pioneer Coryell County family, Richard and Hannah Burch Griffin, who came from Monroe County, Indiana and settled northeast of Gatesville on Coryell Creek in the 1850s. Cornelia, or "Nealy" as she was known, was four years older than Jesse. Indeed, their birthdays were on the same day. Their first home was a small farm next to his parents' farm. Cornelia once rode a horse fifty miles round trip to be with her family at Christmas time. Her family was close-knit, fun-loving and enjoyed being together. They loved to play pranks on one another, for which they sometimes suffered. While home for the Christmas season, Cornelia and her brother Sped, engaged in an eggnog drinking contest. Apparently it had been laced with spirits as she became quite tipsy. This was recorded in her daughter Rosa's book of memories and she said "Poor old dear" at the end of the story.

Jesse and Cornelia worked hard, acquired more land and started their family. They named their first child Martha Jane for Jesse's mother. She had a troubled young adult life and after three marriages she died at the age of 34 leaving four children for Jesse and Cornelia to care for. Their daughter, Texana, lived with them ~~xxx~~ for a short time with her three little daughters before her second marriage to Will Langston. Their youngest daughter, Rosa Ellen, was ill for a year after her first son, Barney Colvin, was born and her parents took care of her and her baby until she was well. Barney later stayed about five years with his grandparents.

Jesse's son, Sylvester, taught school at least fifteen years in Coryell County before moving to Ballinger in Runnels County with his family of four sons and a daughter. Another daughter, Rebecca Ann Robinett had a son, James, who would come from Oklahoma each summer to make money for college by farm labor while living with his grandparents. So there were many grandchildren in the Graham household during the summers. They helped with the work, of which there was plenty, but recalled having had a lot of fun. Barney said they "roosted" wherever they were when dark drove them indoors.

Jesse had an intense dislike for snakes and there were plenty in the Browns Creek area. He was bit twice; first by a rattlesnake and then later in life by a copperhead. The copperhead incident occurred when Jesse saw the snake about to crawl under his house. He stepped on it to stop it, which he did, but it bit him on a toe exposed through a hole in his shoe that he had cut for relief of a corn. He became enraged and killed the snake by stomping it with the heel of his shoe. No mere snake was to undo this man! Jesse became very ill, but survived.

Jesse was made of courage and grit that has characterized Grahams throughout recorded history, but he also was a very sensitive man, which included a love of wildflowers. He allotted a large area of land in from of his house to many specimen of wildflowers. Included in those flowers was the thistle, the flower of Scotland.

About 1915 Jesse bought an Overland automobile, but did not know how to drive it. He depended on others to drive it for him, but as he had several grandsons who could drive, securing a driver was seldom a problem. However, once when Jesse wanted to go somewhere there was no driver available. He reasoned to himself that if others could drive there must not be much to it, and therefore he would do the driving. He had no problem getting the car moving, and steering it where he wanted it to go was no particular problem, but he suddenly realized that he did not know how to stop it! Too late to turn it into a clearing he opted to miss his house by running into a large woodpile. Undaunted by raiding Indians and hostile army gunfire, Jesse had met the challenge he could not conquer - driving an automobile. He never again tried and soon sold the machine.

Cornelia died on 12 June 1917. As was the custom of the times she was prepared for burial by her friends, and a graveside service was conducted where she was buried in a little pasture just south of their house. Their daughter, Martha Jane, and her infant child were also buried at the site and they had enclosed the area with a wrought iron fence. When Ft. Hood was established and the graves were moved to Restland Cemetery in Gatesville the fence was not allowed in the new cemetery. Rosa had Barney move the fence to her home and later gave it to him. It is now in the possession of Wilma Colvin Edwards for preservation (still standing).

Cornelia was remembered by her friends as a kind and gentle woman. Her family remembered her for her great devotion to her husband and children and especially to her grandchildren. She guided them gently but firmly and they loved and respected her for it.

In less than four months after Cornelia's death, Jesse married again and built a big house for his new wife in Killeen, Texas, on what is now Gray Street where Marvin Gray later built his house. His children were hurt by this and in turn hurt him by filing suit for their share of their mother's share of the estate. Jesse and Cornelia had acquired 514½ acres of land with the evaluation of \$15,000 plus their personal and cash value. To break up the estate at that point put Jesse in financial jeopardy and their action angered and hurt him. The childrens' claim prevailed, and Jesse never forgave them, and cut them out of his inheritance. He regained his composure and had an enjoyable life with his second wife, the former Miss Mattie Pollard.

I had always heard it was my grandmother who filed suit until I found that document in a dusty third floor room of the courthouse and found it was all his children and their heirs who filed suit. Of course it had to be styled under one name and that name was Mrs. Rosa Colvin et al vs Jesse Graham. There are twenty

two pages of that document.⁵

When I acquired the records of Jesse's "Soldiers Application for a Pension"⁶ and read the heading "For Use of Soldiers Who Are in Indigent Circumstances", I could understand his emotions for having to declare himself indigent after all the years of hard work to establish his financial independence. He would have had no part of welfare.

There are as many tales about this private family matter as there are tellers of the tale and perhaps they don't know the real circumstances of the incident. It is best to stay as objective as possible. While it is good to be truthful about genealogy, it profits no one by being slanderous.

Jesse was a man dedicated to the needs of others and he never shirked a responsibility. He was respected by and greatly influenced not only his children and grandchildren, but others of the area. He was about 5'10" tall and slender in stature, but a giant of a man in the community. He always wore a beard, was neatly dressed and was a Scotsman in looks and demeanor. He never wasted time or energy, but utilized every minute and material thing to the greatest advantage.

Jesse was such a strong minded Democrat that at one election when he so disliked an opposing candidate to his choice, he cut that name from the ballot with his pocket knife.

He liked to write to newspapers and there are copies of his letters that were published in newspapers in Gatesville, Dallas and Galveston.

He believed a little shot of whiskey was good for the constitution. I have one of his Bitters bottles.

Although Jesse was reared in the Primitive Baptist faith, he did not believe in predestination.⁶ He died 20 January 1920 and was buried beside his first wife, Cornelia, in their family cemetery on Browns Creek in Coryell County. His death certificate records his burial in Killeen, Bell County, but close relatives who attended his funeral said that information was incorrect.⁷ Jesse's and Cornelia's remains were exhumed and reburied in Restland Cemetery, Gatesville, Coryell County, Texas on 5 August 1942. His grandson, Barney Colvin, witnessed this. Their graves were just two of 1499 graves moved from Camp Hood area (it was not Fort Hood until 1948) to cemeteries mainly in Gatesville, Killeen and Copperas Cove. A few graves were moved to various other towns in central Texas. I have a list of all 1499.

Fort Hood may have displaced the descendants of Jesse and Martha Jane Graham and forever erased the homesteads of the big Clan Graham from this place in history, but there are certain things that tanks and millions of rounds of mortar fire have not destroyed. There are the wells still flowing with water not ten feet from tank roads, quarried stone storm cellars and indeed those very same dry rock fences placed there by Jesse and others over which archeologists have precedence over army personnel to preserve for posterity.⁸

Our family went back to that valley in October 1971 and as we came to the forks of the Eliga, Browns Creek and Gatesville roads, it seemed so strange to see the road covered with soft

green grass. (I was reminded of Carl Sandburg's poem, "Grass", that he wrote in 1918)...There was a whispering breeze in the cedars and I could just feel the presence of my ancestors. I wanted to walk down that road and see the wildflowers that I am sure are still growing there, but at that moment the guns of Army personnel on gunnery practice began to sound and brought me back to the reality of the present. I will never go there again, but it will remain in my memory.

That beauty of the hills which Jesse and Martha Jane and their family saw in 1855 can no longer be seen by their descendants. Their farms cannot boast with signs which signify the owner's property as a 'Century Farm' or Century Ranch' with the Department of Agriculture, but where one member of that family remains there will always be the memory of the hills and valleys and those creeks on which they settled.

There were hardships, feuds and tragedy, but contributions to civilization also. Patriotism, religious fervor, ceaseless energy and honor of the family are but some of the attributes of this big family Graham. Not one will deny the other a courteous encounter. There is a spirit of brotherhood of the Graham Clan that will endure."

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CHILD NUMBER ELEVEN

JAMES MONROE GRAHAM

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
of
Ronald Austin Graham

Parents: William Smith Graham and Cora Belle Graham
Grandparents: James Monroe Graham and Elizabeth Fleming Graham
Grandparents: Pickney C. Russell and New Russell
Great Grandparents: Jesse Abner Graham and Martha Jane Fannin Graham

I was born March 5, 1919, on Grandfather and Grandmother Graham's farm near Tulia, Texas.

I have a wonderful brother, James Russell Graham, (wife-Lucille) born Dec. 1, 1924 in the Love Community near Tulia, Texas. My loveable and beautiful sister, Jo Betsy Graham Talak, (husband-Stan) was born Dec. 11, 1928 at Bellview Community near Plainview, Texas.

Living in the Bellview Community was a vivid memory to me. Daddy was the School Principal in the two room school house. We lived in a two-room teacherage on the school ground. Our nearest neighbors were our friends, the Robert Borchardts. Going to school to Daddy was a blessing to me. Memories of his reading the Bible and directing The Pledge of Allegiance to the flag linger still in my heart and mind, making it very painful to see and hear the disrespect to God and Country these days.

Soon after Jo Betsy was born, we moved to McAllen, Texas where we survived the great depression. The time spent in the Rio Grand Valley at McAllen during the depression left indelible imprints on me. It was a mixed bag of happiness under stress. In 1936, I finished McAllen High School. Nearby was Edinburg Jr. College where I attended college. After finishing there, I moved away from home to Maco, Texas, where I attended Baylor University. There, I finished my pre-medical education. After working one year to pay off school debts, I entered Baylor Medical School. While in Medical School, Pearl Harbor came along initiating our involvement in World War II. Uncle Sam decided to leave us in school until after graduation in 1945. I was then sent to Randolph Air Force School of Aviation Medicine where I finished my training as a Flight Surgeon. Now the war was over and I was sent to Germany for 13 months.

By this time I had married Lourene Schell, a Christian lady, who was the Mother of my lovely children: David, a builder-contractor (wife-Mary Jane), James, a Physician, (wife-Virginia), and Barbara Ann who works with a travel agency. All reside in Kerrville, Texas. We have several wonderful grandchildren: Tamara, Elizabeth, David Jr., Sally, Martha, Ginger, Ruth, Jennifer, and two great grandchildren, Andrew and Jacob.

My wife, Betty, has two children: Vicki Kinsey Hoggett (husband-Jack), and a son, Kerry Kinsey, who was in a fatal auto accident while attending Howard Paine University in 1980, and two grandchildren, Heath and Kinsey Hoggett. All these children and grandchildren have been a tower of strength to me.

After a residency in Family Practice, I began my practice in Pharr, Texas, near my home McAllen, Texas. After working there 12 years, I moved to Junction, Texas, where I have been since 1960 except for eight years in Fayetteville, Arkansas and one year in Fort Worth, Texas at the Southwestern Theological Seminary. I am now working in Junction, Texas part time with a semi-retired practice.

Space and time will not permit any further writing. There are many things left unsaid, mostly positive and some negative.

My wife, Betty of eighteen years, and I are very happy. She is a wonderful lady. My God give us and ours life and strength and health for many years.

BIOGRAPHY OF
JAMES RUSSELL GRAHAM

My Parents were William Smith Graham and Cora Belle Graham. I was born December 1st, 1923, at 3:00 A. M. in Love Community near Tulia, Texas, in Swisher County. My parents related that there was a blizzard outside, and the schoolhouse where I was born had been converted into a dwelling place for the school principal and his family after the new schoolhouse had been built.

Dr. Mac Farlane arrived after I had already discovered America. My Aunt Perline, daddy's sister, was the mid-wife who ushered me into the world.

The doctor was late because of the blizzard. He drove a Model-T Ford all the way from Tulia to Love which was around 12 miles. This was quite a drive even when there wasn't a blizzard. According to my parents he tickled my neck with a feather and engaged in baby talk with me. I have wondered since if he was not a believer in socialized medicine since he tried socializing with me when I was so young.

As life progressed at Love Community, I will never forget the community church services which took place at the school. As we sang "Love Lifted Me", I was convinced that the congregation was singing about Love Community because at this time of my life there couldn't be a higher love found anywhere.

Before I was five years old we moved to Bellview Community near Plainview, Texas because my dad had been made Principal of the school. As at Love, a house was furnished for the principal and his family. The house came with all the amenities: a coal house, two outdoor toilets, one for the girls and one for the boys, and a water well.

The school building had four big rooms and each room had a big coal stove. My brother, Ronald, got the fires started each morning.

At the far end of the campus was a barn to keep the horses which children rode to school. The barn was stocked with feed and water. Outside the barn was a place for the buggies. That's right, some of the kids came to school in a buggy pulled by a horse. Other students walked. Some were transported in an automobile. No one at this time in history at Bellview came to school in a bus. I'll never forget the first day of school as I witnessed the spectacle which I have just described.

Life was very exciting at Bellview. Each Sunday we had the usual community church service. We practiced ecumenism without realizing it because there were people in attendance from many churches. The preachers we had were from various traditions. My favorite preacher was a Methodist named Brother Pickens. These preachers had a very positive influence on me.

BIOGRAPHY OF
JAMES RUSSELL GRAHAM

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The schoolhouse was the hub of the community. We had everything from a community halloween to a community Christmas tree. The chief sport was basketball, and the chief resource of the community was its good people.

I'll never forget the first Christmas celebration. All of us were sitting anxiously awaiting the arrival of Santa Claus. When he arrived, he bounced into the room and began kissing some of the ladies on the front row. Being only six years old at this time I didn't understand why some of the men got so angry.

Finally Santa got to the kids and the excitement really mounted till all the goodies were given out from under the Christmas tree.

School was always a blast. My teacher, Miss. Laceful, had four grades in her room. Each row was made up of one grade. She was charming and the kids really responded in a positive way to her.

One day while we were all out for recess some of us 1st grade boys thought it would be fun to urinate in the older kids boots and shoes. To make a long story short, my dad, who was the principal, still holds a warm spot in my being.

In early childhood, I came to love my parents and my sister and brother very much. My big brother, Ronald, was all that a big brother should be. He was always head and shoulders above everyone else; academically, physically, spiritually, and socially. The last few years he has gotten out in front of most of us.

One interesting incident which happened at Bellview was his being on top of the boys outhouse when my dad and I got back from town one Saturday afternoon. My mother was standing in the door of the house motioning frantically to dad and me. When we looked toward the outhouse sure enough my brother was on top of it, but not just for kicks. The neighbor's bull had gotten out and into the school yard. He (Ronald) didn't want to make a run for it.

One afternoon my brother and I were playing out on the school yard. All of a sudden our dad called us into the house. The doctor asked us if we would like to have a football. When he pulled the covers back from the bed there was our little sister.

She was always quick and eager to learn. She has always been able to get a tune out of the piano ever since she was big enough to sit on the stool. The three of us have grown closer through the years because we faced some pretty traumatic experiences together. I will not relate any of these.

BIOGRAPHY OF
JAMES RUSSELL GRAHAM

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In 1932 we left Bellview and the Panhandle for the Rio Grande Valley in a 1928 Chevrolet pulling a 20 foot house trailer made by my dad. In 1939 our parents separated and I went with my mother to Waco, Texas to live. In 1942 I graduated from Waco High School and the same year I joined the Unlisted Reserve Corps with the hope of finishing college. This was not to be. Before the end of the school year, I was inducted into the army. By the end of 1943 I was sent to the Pacific Theater of operations and remained there till the war ended in 1945.

After the war ended I re-enrolled at Baylor University and finished my undergraduate work there in 1949.

I spent a year teaching school and then enrolled in Southwestern Baptist Seminary. After two years I joined the staff at Mission Jr. High School at Mission, Texas. In 1984 my teaching career ended after having served as a classroom teacher, an elementary school principal, a Jr. High School Counselor and a few other jobs of a menial nature. I am presently in insurance.

In 1955 I married the woman who is still my wife and we have three adopted children. This October 8th, we became grandparents for the first time. Our daughter, Sandra, gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. Now we are doting grandparents.

The most important event in my life is when I came to know Jesus Christ as my personal savior at age 12. This experience was very real, and was something more than a childhood fantasy. I've never doubted the abiding presence of Christ in my life, not because I'm so great, but because God is great.

James Russell Graham
October 27, 1990

BIOGRAPHY OF
JO BETSY GRAHAM TALAK
(James Monroe Graham Family)

I, Jo Betsy Graham, was born December 11, 1928 near Plainview, Texas to Cora Belle Russell Graham who was born May 24, 1893 in Fredonia, Texas and died May 22, 1975 and to William Smith Graham, born October 3, 1888 in Coryell county and died October 29, 1967 in McAllen, Texas.

Daddy was school principal and Mother was doing substitute teaching long before I was born. Daddy was principal at Bellview community near Plainview, Texas when I was born.

Times were very hard. We moved to McAllen, Texas when I was only three years old. Daddy worked for a Mr. Bill Payne 12 hours a day for only \$1.50 a day for a period of two years. Then my daddy got a school principal job at LaGrulla, Texas, near Rio Grande City for \$85.00 a month and would come home on week-ends. He was at this job around two years. Then he began school business in McAllen and taught there until he retired in 1957. My dad was in school work as a teacher, superintendent and principal for a total of 48 years.

Daddy and Mother had bought some acreage and built a house near McAllen, Texas. I remember at one time they had around five acres of tomatoes. We ate tomatoes and mother made many preserves. I am sure they gave many away and sold as many as they could. I remember I would go and pick ripe tomatoes, and I remember how delicious they were.

Later Uncle Newton, Aunt Josie, Monroe, and Fern moved to McAllen. Then later Kizzie and her husband, Earl Green, moved down. What wonderful people they all were and are!!! Earl had a sense of humor like Uncle Newton. It was told that Uncle Newton and Earl were down town together when someone approached Earl and asked who Uncle Newton was. Earl replied that "this is the man my mother-in-law makes a living for"--Ha! I am sure these two had great fun together.

Uncle Newton had a nickname for my two brothers and me. James Russell was "James*O". Ronald was "Reynolds", and mine was "Jo Beth".

Uncle Newton and Aunt Josie had a 1937 light blue Ford car. One day Aunt Josie let me drive the pretty car to a near-by hamburger stand to buy some hamburgers for lunch. I felt so big and important to think she trusted me enough to drive this car and Oh, what a trust she must have had because you see --- I was not at all old enough to drive!

When I was nine years old, mother, James Russell, and I move to Waco, Texas to join Ronald who already was in Waco attending Baylor University. What wonderful people I found---Will F, who was always Billy to me, and Marion to be. They too were in Baylor at this time. I remember from time to time Aunt Mamie, Marion's mother, would come for a visit. We always looked forward to her being there so much.

BIOGRAPHY OF
JO BETSY GRAHAM TALAK

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I remember Billy's daddy was visiting Billy and I guess the first time I ever remember seeing Uncle Aaron. I just sat and looked at him because I thought he looked so much like my daddy.

Ronald graduated from Baylor in May, 1940, and James Russell graduated in 1949.

I would like to pay a special tribute to my Mother and Daddy. They were two wonderful people who taught us the values of life. They sacrificed to do so much for us and loved us so!

Also, I have two wonderful brothers, James Russell and Ronald Austin Graham. So to you Ronald and James Russell, I am so proud of you. You both are so special to me. I love you both so very much and with all my heart. I wish for you all the happiness, health, and wealth that anyone could ever have. Thank you for being such great and wonderful brothers!

On September 3, 1946, I married Curtis Maurice Brown, now deceased. Curtis worked at General Tire and Rubber Company in Waco, Texas for 30 years.

Curtis was the father of my three wonderful children and I must add, a very much loved father. My children are Curtis Maurice, Junior, Ronald Dwayne Brown, and Jamie Yvonne Brown Smith. I have eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. So to you Maurice, Ronnie, and Jamie, and to each of my grandchildren and great-grandchildren, each of you have such a talent for just doing so many thoughtful things for me, for making me so happy and for bringing special joy to my life---Thank you for doing just that, I love you so.

On July 6th, 1971, I married Stanley Talak born August 30, 1924 in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Stan retired from the armed services at Fort Hood, Texas, in 1966 after having served in the military service for almost 23 years.

Thanks so much to Bill and each one who has any part in making it possible for us to be together to have our reunions. The first time we gathered at The Old Settlers Reunion pavilion in Alvarado, Texas, I cannot explain the thrill I had to look at all those people and to know that you and you and you and on and on are kin to me. What a great feeling of pride to be related to such great and wonderful people. I am looking forward to knowing each of you better and better.

I would love for each one of you to come and visit me. I now live in Golinda, Texas, 12 miles south of Waco. Love to each of you.

Jo Betsy Talak

BIOGRAPHY OF
WILL F. GRAHAM

Answers to: "Will", "Will F.", "Bill", and "Billy". Have been called a few other names, some good, some undesirable.

Great Great Grandfather:	John Graham
Great Great Grandmother:	Mary Pennington
Great Grandfather:	Jesse Graham
Great Grandmother:	Martha Fannin

Grandfather:	James Monroe Graham
Grandmother:	Elizabeth Jane Fleming

Grandfather:	John LaFayette Burleson
Grandmother:	Albinia Dioneceia Pope

Father:	William Aaron Graham
Mother:	Mary Etta Burleson

Birthplace: Tulia, Texas, Swisher County
Birthdate: Saturday, June 25, 1921, the second of two children. The older brother, Burleson, was born four years earlier.

Education: Tulia Public School System, Graduate Tulia High School, 1938; a B+ student, with athletic letters in Football, Basketball, and Track; attended Baylor University, Waco, Texas for three years to qualify for entrance to dental college; Graduate Baylor University College of Dentistry, November, 1944.

Marriage: Married Evelyn Lee Brown of Dallas, called "Evelyn", in Bethany Presbyterian Church, Dallas, Texas, Oak Lawn area, July 15, 1944.

Military Service: Enlisted in U.S. Naval reserve while in Dental School. Upon graduation, commissioned Lt. jg. USNR November, 1944. Served in San Diego Naval Training Center, San Diego, California, was assigned temporary duty at the Naval Dental School, National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Md.

Was transferred to seaplane tenders: (1) USS Kenneth Whiting, (2) USS Norton Sound in the West Pacific Theatre. Visited: Okinawa, Philippine Islands, Hong Kong, and Japan. Was sent to inactive duty.

First child, John Will, (Called "John") was born in Florence Nightingale maternity hospital in Dallas a few days before his father's arrival from the west Pacific Ocean on a troop transport ship in San Francisco. After a train ride to Texas, John's father received a military discharge WWII.

BIOGRAPHY OF:
Will F. Graham

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Entered private practice of general dentistry in Hereford, Texas. Will and Evelyn joined the Hereford Presbyterian Church; later Will was elected elder. Second child, "Barbara", was born in Deaf Smith County Hospital. Will was elected Chairman of the Building Committee to plan and oversee construction of the church's new building.

Member, Board of directors Hereford Chamber of Commerce.

Korean fracas started. Returned to active duty USN Dental Corps. Stationed in San Diego NTC and then later the Pearl Harbor, Naval Dental Clinic.

Back to inactive duty approximately 1955. Family moved to Amarillo, Texas. Family was active in Westminster Presbyterian Church. Will enjoyed a general practice of dentistry and membership in a Toastmaster's Club.

Family moved to Pampa, Texas in 1960 for Will to join Dr. J. B. Veale, Jr. in an Orthodontic Practice -- Will qualified as a specialist in Orthodontics in 1965. Served on City Commission. Active in First Presbyterian Church. John, and then Barbara, graduated from Pampa High School.

During Barbara's Senior year in High School, the family enjoyed having Riina Lagas, a Foreign Exchange Student from Uppsala, Sweden living with us. -- Except John, who was not at home having started to attend Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Riina is now a physician in Sweden; her husband, Christer Hultquist, also is a physician. They have two little boys.

John decided that college was not for him at that time and did a bit of drifting in the northwestern part of the United States. He married an Oregon girl from the town Sweet Home, Teri Murray. Mr. Murray had a "Christmas Tree farm". Mr. Murray died after a very few years. Mrs. Murray lives somewhere in California.

John works for Teledyne Wu Chang near Albany, Oregon where John and his wife and two sons live. The sons are Adam and Rowan. Teri is a counselor in a psychology clinic.

Barbara finished college in the scheduled four years. She went to Colorado Woman's College in Denver, Colorado. The college, a privately endowed school, suffered from lack of financing and was known by several names before it finally closed -- after Barbara had graduated with a major in French.

BIOGRAPHY OF:
Will F. Graham

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Barbara had one exciting year during her education. She spent her Junior year in Geneva, Switzerland. The Denver college had arranged for an extended campus to serve a few French "majors" to attend classes near to a residence hotel. This year was especially good for Barbara. She matured delightfully.

After she graduated the next year, she started working for a Travel Agency. She had other similar jobs in New Orleans and Knoxville. Barbara and a young man from Denver who she had known while she was working there decided to marry. So, she moved back to Denver from Knoxville and she and Dennis Charles GRAHAM (Denny) were married in the chapel of Colorado Woman's College. Barbara's father is of the opinion that Barbara and Denny would have married a few years sooner if Barbara could have reconciled the fact of marriage to a person of the same Family name might be perfectly all right.

Barbara and Denny, Justin and Alexander are living happily in Cody, Wyoming. Denny is the controller of a Bank there and Barbara teaches ballet sometimes and does some really neat needlecraft stuff quite often.

BIOGRAPHY OF
WILLIAM SMITH GRAHAM
(3 Oct. 1888 to 1968)

WIVES: #1 Cora Russell
 #2 Mariland
 #3 Elsie

ISSUE: Ronald Austin Graham, M.D., March 5, 1919
 James Russell Graham December 3, 1923
 Jo Betsy Graham Talak December 11, 1928

William Smith Graham was the ninth child of James Monroe and Elizabeth (Fleming) Graham. He was born in Coryell County, Texas, in a farming community where Clan Graham had settled when they moved westward from Alabama. Presumably, he was named after his uncle, Dr. William Smith Graham, who was one of Monroe's older brothers.

When Smith, as he was called, was yet an infant, his parents left Coryell County and moved to Eastland County, where Monroe earned a livelihood for his family as a blacksmith and wheelwright. A few years later the family moved onto a section of land that Monroe had bought near Sweetwater in the White Flat community. There was a school at White Flat, and all of Monroe's children who were still at home attended that school. One of Smith's brothers, William Aaron, taught at the White Flat School for a period of time.

In 1908, Monroe moved his family to Swisher County, and located near the town of Tulia. At that time Smith was twenty years old. It is not known where he was living or what he was doing in 1908, but since he married in 1909 and held several teaching jobs after his marriage, he was probably attending college in 1908.

His first teaching assignments must have been in Swisher County, because his first son, Ronald Austin Graham, was born in 1919, and his place of birth is shown as Tulia. However, in about 1921 Smith was hired as the Superintendent of the school in White Deer, in Carson County. Apparently that job ended his days as a classroom teacher, because except for short periods during the depression when he had to take jobs outside of teaching, the remainder of his career was in school administration.

Smith was married three times, but it is not now known to this writer the dates of each marriage. It is known that his first wife, Cora Russell, was the mother of Ronald Austin Graham, but she was the mother of Smith's other two children, James Russell and Jo Betsy. However, it is a safe assumption that James Russell was her son since it was the fashion in that era to give the mother's maiden name to one of her sons as a middle name. Jo Betsy married a Talak.

In any case, Smith moved back to Swisher County in 1924, where he was Principal of Love School, which was ten miles east of Tulia. In 1927 he moved near Plainview, in Hale County, where he accepted another

BIOGRAPHY OF:
WILLIAM SMITH GRAHAM

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position as Principal of the school at Bellview. Bellview was 10 miles southeast of Plainview. The photograph appears to be made at about that period in Smith's life.



The school would soon feel the effects of the Great Depression. The school district was soon broke and could not pay Smith's salary. He was paid with vouchers, but they could not be cashed. All over the nation professional people were finding themselves without jobs, or they were like Smith, employers wanted their services, but had no money with which to pay them. Therefore, teachers and other professionals had to look for manual labor in order to support their families. In Smith's case, he moved to South Texas to hunt work. He worked on a farm for four years. Then he became Principal at La Grulla, Texas near Rio Grande City.

A new industry was developing in South Texas, the citrus industry. The climate and soil were well suited for citrus production. Laborers were needed on the citrus farms, so there was an influx of workers into South Texas.

Smith located his family in McAllen, where he hoped he could land a teaching position. However, there were no teaching positions available when Smith first moved there. So to support his family, he worked for a citrus farmer for \$1.50 per day until a school job opened up. Eventually one did open up, and then another, so he became the simultaneous principal of two different schools in McAllen. The year was 1935.

In 1933, Smith's older brother, Newton, visited him in McAllen, and in 1935 Newton moved to McAllen. He worked in the periphery of the citrus industry, selling and servicing irrigation equipment.

BIOGRAPHY OF:
WILLIAM SMITH GRAHAM

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At this writing, nothing more is known of Smith's life, except that he died on October 29, 1967 in McAllen, Texas. One of his sons, Ronald Austin, is a physician in Junction, Texas, and is compiling information with which to complete his father's biography. It will be incorporated when it is received.

BIOGRAPHY OF
BESSIE BEULA GRAHAM PAYNE

Bessie B. Graham was the youngest of twelve children in Mr. and Mrs. Graham's family. There were three girls and nine boys. Mrs. J. M. Graham's maiden name was Fleming. She was a very kind woman. Grandpa Graham was a blacksmith and a good farmer.

Albert Sidney Johnson Payne was my father. When he asked Mr. Graham's consent to marry his daughter he was carrying a shotgun which made Dad very nervous. He had a little trouble getting his answer, but he finally made the grade. It was customary to get the father's permission in those days.

Sid and Bessie were married in the Graham home close to Sweetwater, Texas on June 28th, 1908. There was no honeymoons thought of in those days.

In 1910 they were blessed with a son, Travis W. Payne. When Travis was six months old they decided to leave Nolan County and go to Swisher County. They loaded up their covered wagon with sweet potatoes, put Travis in a horse collar for his bed, and set out for Swisher County. They camped along the way and traded sweet potatoes for anything they could use.

They settled on a rented farm outside of Tulia on November 12, 1910. For the next four years they worked the rented land. By this time, I, Chester M. was born on September 13, 1913.

In 1914 we moved to Canyon and Dad went to work with the postal service. This kind of work did not suit Dad very well so we moved back to Tulia. Dad bought a farm four miles east of Tulia which was our home until we grew up. In 1957 Dad and Mother sold the farm and bought a home in Tulia.

By this time the J. M. Graham's and some of their children had moved to the plains. Uncle Jasper was sick and had come out west for his health, but he died shortly thereafter.

On November 22, 1918, Charles W. Payne was born into our family. This completed our family according to Sid and Bessie. There were twelve children in the Graham family and twelve children in the Phillip Payne family. Dad and Mother said they could not raise many children, "especially three as bad as us three".

By 1921, Grandpa Graham lived in town at Tulia. We would ride our horse to their home and then walk about five blocks to school. They were very good to us children.

Auntie Pearl Trimble lived with them. She was the oldest child in the J. M. Graham family. She had lost her husband when they were young. They had one daughter, "Lois Colleene". She also died when very young. We named our daughter after her daughter. Auntie was a nurse to everyone who needed her in and around Tulia. She never remarried.

BIOGRAPHY OF
BESSIE BEULA GRAHAM PAYNE

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Aunt Emma Davis, second daughter of the J. M. Graham's, lived in Tahoka. They had four children - Inez, Barney, Vernon, and Borden. Inez helped my Mother with her ceramics and china painting a lot.

Newton Graham lived at Running Water for awhile. They had three children - Kissie, Monroe, and another daughter (I cannot recall her name).

Uncle Aaron Graham lived in Tulia and was the Post Master and County Judge. They had two sons - Burleson and Will F.

Ben Graham moved to Tulai where they farmed. They did not have any children.

Smith Graham was Superintendent of the Love school, which was twelve miles east of Tulia. They raised three children - James Russel, Ronald, and Joe Betsy.

Middleton Graham lived at Trent, Texas. They had three children. One son and daughter were deceased when they were young and Eula which I remember best.

Marion Graham I never knew very well. He lived at Aransas Pass, Texas. He was running a shrimp boat when we visited them. He had one son and I understand he is a Doctor in Dallas, Texas.

Jasper Graham was never married. He died when he was very young.

Bessie makes ten of the children. The other two had died in infancy.

We were very close to Grandpa and Grandma. Auntie Pearl lived with her parents and cared for them along with what help mother could give her.

My parents, Sid and Bessie Payne, are buried at Tulia, Texas. Also buried at Tulia are Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Ben Graham and his wife, and Aaron and his wife.

We three boys grew up milking cows, feeding hogs, sheep, and chickens.

By: Chester M. Payne

BIOGRAPHY OF
TRAVIS PAYNE
(Son of Bessie Beulah Graham)

(Excerpted from a letter to Bill E. Graham 2-26-87)

I do not know much about the James Monroe Grahams. They lived about three miles northeast of Tulia. I think they lived on this place before my father moved to Tulia in the fall of 1910. I was 6 months old.

We bought a place two miles south of them, but I think Grandpa was there first. Mother said I slept in a horse collar at nights. They had \$5.00 and a load of sweet potatoes. He would work a few days and move on - I think it took about one month.

I can remember staying at Grandpa's (sic. James Monroe Graham) while small. But I remember my Aunt Perline. Grandpa was a stock man. Raised cattle and did the farming. Raised several hogs and chickens.

I remember the first airplane when at Grandpa's. It was over Tulia. I thought it was a wagon wheel in the air.

As I remember, my dad rented his (Grandpa's) place and Granddad moved to Tulia. Lived there until his death.

All of my aunts and uncles were very fine people. Leaders in the county.

I remember Granddad had the rheumatism and stayed in a chair, and was stooped. When he died they laid him on a board. He was a very big man. My Grandma was small.

I will talk about my Mother and Father. Their place was 3 miles _____ of Tulia. In a two room house. I can remember hauling cow chips for Mother to wash with. Also, we could hang a beef in quarters on the windmill. It would keep all winter. It would not keep two days now. That is how the air is polluted.

My Dad and another man bought the first Registered Jersey Cows in Swisher County. We raised chickens, hogs, and milked cows. Mother was a hard worker. Raised chickens, garden, and a very good cook.

I had two brothers. We all went to school at Tulia. Married and raised a family.

I will tell a little about me. I have done about everything. I am 76 years old. Still working every day. Have about 700 head of mother cows. I plow and raise feed for them. Have good health and thank God for that.

Submitted by:
Travis Payne

BIOGRAPHY OF
TRAVIS WILLIAM PAYNE

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Travis William Payne was born April 7, 1910 to Sid Johnson Payne and Bessie Beulah Graham Payne at Tulia, Texas, Nolan County.

Travis William Payne married Roma Sprawls on the 7th of September 1929. (Roma Sprawls was born in 1912.) There were four beautiful children born to this union. Two boys and two girls:

Travis William Payne, Jr.	Born Dec. 13, 1930 Married Evylen Foster
Richmond Johnson Payne	Born Nov. 14th, 1931 Married Martha
Joyce Gwen Payne	Born October 11th, 1933 #1 Married Landon Barrett #2 Married Robert Patching
Joan Payne	Born April 10th, 1938 Married Sturett Hamlin

Travis William Payne was a farmer and drilled water wells for a living. The entire family worked hard and finished high school. Some of the children attended college. All of them attended the First Baptist Church.

Roma died on February 12th, 1974. At that time Travis William and Roma had the four above listed children and ten grandchildren. Then in 1977 the great-grandchildren started arriving and there are 17 great-grandchildren at this time.

In 1976 Travis married the second time to Margie Nell Payne (no relation). Margie Nell had three girls. Travis William and Margie Nell then moved to Roaring Springs and started farming and ranching and is still very active and in good health. He enjoys people, taking pictures, cooking out, fishing, boating and due to his love of people, he enjoys GAB sessions very much.

(Page 2 of the Biography of
Travis William Payne, Sr. was
Submitted by: Mrs. Travis Payne
Box 238, Roaring Springs, TX.)

BIOGRAPHY OF
CHARLES WELDON PAYNE

I was born on November 22, 1918 in a farm house three miles east of Tulia, Texas. My parents were Sidney Johnson and Bessie Graham Payne. I have two older brothers, Travis of Roaring Springs, Texas, and Chester of Shamrock, Texas. I attended Tulia Schools from the first grade on through high school. I enjoyed my school years and graduated from high school in May, 1937. I think that my most outstanding memory is being a member of the football team in the fall of 1936 when we were the District Champions. I still have my sweater.

One thing that I consider a highlight of my growing up was getting to go to the World Fair in Chicago, Illinois in July, 1934. My Dad, Mother, Travis, Roma, Bobbie Jean (a cousin), and I all made the trip. We camped out on the way to Chicago, and on our return trip home. Dad rented a flat for us to stay in while we were in Chicago.

I met a girl in October, 1938, who was to become my wife on April 30, 1939. We lived in a small house east of the dairy barn and corrals on Dad's place until November of 1945.

We left our little home on November 20, 1945 and arrived in Durango, Colorado on November 21, 1945. We now had two beautiful little girls to take with us. Vesta Louise was five years old, and the picture of her grandmother Bessie. Melba Lee was two years old, and a little blue-eyed charmer.

I had no trouble getting a job after arriving in Durango. My problem was finding an apartment that would allow children. We spent our first ten days living in the LaPlata Motel.

We lived in Durango until the first of February, 1946. I rented a small farm in the Animas Valley north of Durango. We enjoyed living in the valley, and Vesta started to school while we were living there. Hermosa was a one room school. The teacher, Mrs. Marten, "only" had six grades that year, and what a wonderful teacher she was. Vesta got a super start in school. She told us then that she was going to be a school teacher - a dream that has come true for her.

In March of 1947, we bought a farm twenty-five miles southwest of Durango on the Fort Lewis Mesa. This was our home for the next thirty years and two months.

Curtis Weldon was born in September of 1947. He was the first left-handed member of the Payne family, and Dad tried to change him - no luck though as Curtis is still a leftie.

Lynda Elaine arrived in November of 1949. What a delicate little doll. She never weighed forty pounds until she was almost eight years old. She is still small with two large dimples.

BIOGRAPHY OF
CHARLES WELDON PAYNE

Page 2

Kyle Walter completed our family. He arrived in August, 1953 during the Plata County Fair. His two older sisters were in 4H and had projects to enter in the fair. After Kyle's arrival, the fair and 4H projects took back seat. Their little brother was special, and he is still special to them as well as to the rest of our family.

The children all attended elementary school there on the mesa. All five graduated from Durango High School.

We had children in school for twenty-five years. No wonder Hazel was lost when there was no one to get off on the school bus.

Our children were a joy to raise. They always "helped" in whatever we were doing. The older children helped to care for the younger ones, and the young ones learned by helping the older ones.

When the children grew up and left home, they scattered to different places. They each have married and have families of their own now.

Vesta Peterson lives in Phoenix, Arizona and has three girls. They are Amy Pearl, Crista Joy, and Sydney Dawn (Sydney was named for my Dad).

Melba DeWitt lives in Fort Worth, Texas and has a son; Weldon Craig (Craig was named for me).

Curtis lives in Fort Worth, Texas and has three children - Thomas Walter (Tommy was named for Kyle). Phillip Cole and Katie Lynn.

Lynda Hamilton lives in Farmington, New Mexico. She has two children - Cynthia Ann, and Davis Charles (Davis is also named for me).

Kyle lives across the road from us here on the ranch now. He has two boys - Travis William (Travis is named for Kyle's Uncle Travis), and Robert Louis.

Hazel and I both developed health problems and our home in Colorado was 7,000 feet altitude. We both have heart problems, and our doctor in Durango advised us to move to a lower altitude. It was hard to sell our home where we had been so happy and raised our children.

We sold our hime place; found our present home, and moved in three months time. We love our present home. We have a large house and yard here on the ranch. We have room for company and the welcome mat is always out.

Hazel and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary on Sunday, April 30, 1989. We are blessed that we still have all our family.

BIOGRAPHY OF
CHARLES WELDON PAYNE

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This brings me up to the present time. I was blessed by growing up in a warm and loving home. The girl that I married has made the house a home no matter where we have lived. She has always stood by me and supported me in ever move that we have made.

Hazel and I have attended the Graham Reunion for the past two years, and are looking forward to the one this year. Thanks Bill and Helpers for a job well done!

(April, 1991)

BIOGRAPHY OF
BRENDA SUE PAYNE DYSON

My great-grandmother was Bessie Beulah Graham Payne. I was born in Shamrock, Texas on August 18, 1959. I am the second of three children born to Gene and Ann Payne.

Shamrock, Texas is a small town in the Texas Panhandle and was a wonderful place to grow up in. After graduating from Shamrock High School, I attended West Texas State University and graduated from Clarendon Junior College with an Associate of Science degree. On July 28, 1979, I married Ronald Dyson who was raised in Mobeetie, Texas. After he finished his college education, we moved to Pampa, Texas. I worked as a bookkeeper for an oil investment company until the birth of our child, Amanda Colleen, on May 28, 1985. Ronnie is a computer technician for Phillips Petroleum. His intrests are motorcycling and computers.

My hobbies include reading and drawing. I am currently attending college part time and hope to receive a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree.

BIOGRAPHY OF
CHESTER MELVIN PAYNE

I, Chester Melvin Payne, was born two and one-half miles east of Tulia, Texas on Mr. Halls farm September 13, 1913. We lived there a short time. We then moved to Canyon where my father, Sydney Johnson Payne, went to work in the Post Office. This was not what father liked to work at so he managed to buy a farm three-fourths of a mile southeast of where I was born. My father, Sydney J. Payne, and my mother, Bessie B. Graham Payne, along with my brother, Travis, moved to this farm in 1916 where I spent my childhood.

I started to school when I was seven years old, but I had to go to Kindergarden as I was not seven on September first. I walked one mile north of our house and caught a ride with a school teacher. My brother had a bicycle which he rode three and one-half miles.

I began to help my mother gather eggs and clean the chicken house by the time I was five years old. By the time I was ten I was feeding hogs and milking cows. My father raised registered Jersey cows. Most of the time we were milking twenty cows for we sold milk and cream. We also took care of the hogs which we sold.

My second year of school we rode a horse to our Grandpa and Grandmother Graham's home and then we walked five or six blocks to school. When I was eleven my parents bought a used touring pickup for the three of us boys to go to school in as Charles was now school age. Sometimes the low gear on the pickup would not pull the hill going across the creek so we would have to back up the hill.

In 1927 two cousins came to live with us. Dad got a used Whippet car for us all to go to school in. This was better as it had windows instead of the old curtains which we had to repair a lot.

In 1931, I fell in love with a school mate, Ruby Lee Boney, and we were married. Our first child was a boy and we named him Melvin Gene. Our next child was a girl we named Lola Colleene. We named her after Auntie Pearl Graham Trimble's daughter that had passed away early in life.

After I married I learned carpentry, electrical, and plumbing trades from my father-in-law, Mr. Boney. We opened our first store in Tulia, Texas in 1935. In 1941 we decided to move and try our business in a new location in Shamrock, Texas.

A few months after we settled in Shamrock I went into the Air Force as World War II had begun. In 1942 I was stationed in Dalhart, Texas and had a rank of Staff Sargent. While on the range we were fired at while fixing the silhouettes. One night they dropped practice bombs on Buis City, Texas then my group would have to go check them out. When I left Dalhart I went to Salt Lake City, Utah. After there awhile I went overseas. I was in Biac and Morotai. When I was off duty, I would make souvenirs a lot for past time. I built some small P-38 fighter planes with fifty caliber shells and large base cannon shells. I made some rings out of silver half dollars, and things from sea shells and other things.

BIOGRAPHY OF
CHESTER MELVIN PAYNE

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I returned to San Francisco, California then on to Denver, Colorado where I was discharged in 1945. I served with the 5th and 13th Air Force.

When I came home in 1945, I went back to Shamrock, Texas and bought out a Plumbing business and started again. I received a divorce and got custody of my children. After a time I married Marcille Todd Mason Payne who also had one son, Thomas Galen Mason. Her husband had been killed in the Navy during World War II. I brought my two children to Shamrock and with my wife and her son, we all started a new life together.

After our son married, Virginia Ann Powell, and had gotten out of military service, Gene went to work in the store with us. For several years we worked on the job and in the store while my wife helped with the store and books. We built a nice business in plumbing, and electric work along with appliances and hardware. During this time I also got interested in farming and raising cattle. As the years went by we decided to sell the store to Gene and retire from business where I could enjoy the farming and ranching business.

At the present time Gene is still in the business. Colleene lives in California, and Thomas is in Denver, Colorado. We now have eight grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Clan Number

HUSBAND Chester melvin Payne

Born 9-13-1913 Place Swisher County Church Aff. Church of Christ
Occ. Farm & Ranch
Mar 6-5-1946 Place Shamrock, Texas
Died Place
Bur. Place

HUSBAND'S FATHER Sydney Johnson Payne

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES Ruby Lee Boney
HUSBAND'S MOTHER Bessie B. Payne
HUSBAND'S Mil. Record Staff Sergeant, Air Force

WIFE Marcille Todd Payne

Born 3-27-1921 Place Cotton County, Oklahoma
Occ. Bookkeeper & Housewife Church Aff. Church of Christ
Died Place
Bur. Place

WIFE'S FATHER Thomas Todd

WIFE'S MOTHER Iva Pearl Pillers Todd
WIFE'S Mil. Record Navy

SEX M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Given Names	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			STATE OR COUNTRY	DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE			WHEN DIED MONTH YEAR
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	TO WHOM		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	
1	Melvin Gene Payne	30-6-1932			Tulia	Swisher	Virginia Ann Powell Payne	Tex.	4-4-1953			
2	Lola Colleene Payne Swedlow	22-7-1933			Tulia	Swisher	Herbert William Callan (divorced?)	Tex.	1-17-52			
3	Thomas Galen Mason	2-12-1940			Ardmore	Carter	12-2-72 ROSEMARY	Okla.	divorced			
4												
5												
6												
7												
8												
9												
10												
11												
12												
13												
14												

GRAHAM
Family
Record



BIOGRAPHY OF
LOLA COLLEENE PAYNE

I was born in the summer of 1933 at 3:20 p.m. July 22nd to Chester Melvin Payne (son of Sidney Johnson "Sid" Payne) and Bessie Beulah Graham Payne in Tulie, Texas, Swisher County. Born to Mother Ruby Lee (Boney) Payne, daughter of Walter Wilber and Annie Nancy (Arrott) Boney.

I was born in a green wood-frame house of my grandparents, Walter Wilber and Annie. My grandfather had built the house as he was a carpenter. I was delivered by Dr. McCrawford even though the birth certificate states that Dr. McFarland was the doctor. Dr. McFarland did deliver my older brother, Melvin Gene Payne.

I was named after my Great-Aunt Pearl Trimble's daughter, Lola. Lola had died at a very early age. Aunt Pearl was Bessie's older sister.

My Father, Chester, (whom I will refer to as "Daddy") was a farmer then. It was hard times during the depression and work and money didn't come easy. If Daddy did get work it was for 50¢ a day; sometimes 75¢, but that wasn't very often. No one had money to buy or to fix anything. Daddy worked for his father, Sid. When my daddy started to school in the first grade, he would arise at 5:00 A.M. help with the milking of twenty to twenty-five cows, then walk a mile to the Junk Yard road and wait to see if teacher McKenny would pass to catch a ride with for the next 3-1/4 miles. Sometimes the teacher wouldn't show so he would be on his own to try and catch a ride or walk to school. He would follow the same routine at the end of the school day; help with milking and never ending chores around the farm. My daddy's older brother, Travis, would ride his bicycle for 4-1/2 miles to school this same school year. Horseback was the mode of transportation for daddy through his second, third, and fourth years; Uncle Travis holding the reins and daddy holding on behind. A few years later they traveled in a four-door WHIPPET! This was living --- In looking back on my daddy's school days when he was 16, his Ag. project was to retop a table of his mother Bessie's. This table had been passed down from his great-great-grandmother Flemming to his great-grandmother Graham when she was setting-up housekeeping around 1860. The table was used to place against a door to protect them from Indians and their arrows. This was somewhere in central Texas. Grandmother Graham then passed the table to Bessie just before her death. Chester was about twelve years of age at that time. Bessie felt the table looked bad, but her appreciation for the family air loom encouraged her to keep it. Chester retopped it with Oak Planking which was a top material used for flooring. He took special pains restoring this air loom using countersunk nails and a glue which he mixed from sawdust and powder glue. The table still has the original gloss varnish today. Bessie continued to use it through the years and it was handed down to Chester from his mother. I enjoyed many a loving meal of chicken wings from a bench at one end.

I grew up on my grandparents old home place. My grandmother, Bessie Beulah, whom I will refer to as "Mama Payne", brings warm and happy

BIOGRAPHY OF
LOLA COLLEENE PAYNE

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memories. She was a hard working woman rising long before daylight and retiring long after dark. She gave me gifts of love and a love of flowers that has lasted long after her death. Her garden was her delight, and I can still close my eyes and smell the honeysuckle outside my bedroom window. Her garden was not for her alone because during the week we would travel to the hospital to take her loving bouquets to patients there. I would describe her build as stout and soft to hug....She always wore a white apron made of flour sacks around her waist. I would be behind her dress holding onto her apron which was my security blanket when we were out in the chicken house. She took especially good care of the chickens in the chicken coop as she sold eggs for her money. We shared many hours together in the root cellar casing eggs. I can only recall once that she raised her voice to me; however, I am sure I caused her to get aggravated and flustered many times.

She provided a warm home and enjoyed working with lots of love. It was a quiet, warm home with lots of home-made bread and hand-churned butter every day.

She planted evergreens along the fence line long before I was born and at Christmas Mama Payne would build our Christmas tree. She would cut branches off a tree and insert them on wire that she had nailed wall-to-wall across the corner of a room. As the Texas plains had plenty of tumbleweeds, she would paint one and stick candy gum drops on the branches. She handed down to me her gift of creativity, her gift and love of painting, and helping others. Along with her and God's help, I have been blessed with being a Florist Designer for over thirty eight years.

There was a lot of ice cream made in hand-turned ice cream freezers with me as the anchor on top. Memories of Mama Payne tucking me into the SPECIAL feather bed with a heated rock wrapped in newspaper at my feet on cold winter nights. Going to the Home Demonstration Club with me as the only little person---these memories keep her close with me always.

My Grandfather, Sidney "Sid" Johnson Payne whom I will refer to as "Daddy Payne": I think of his silk white hair as far back as I can remember. This man who told me as a young girl to never judge another person until you have walked in their shoes. Daddy Payne was a hard working man who loved people and always spoke softly. He was a farmer by trade. I recall when I was very young he let me have a puff from a corn-cob pipe. Yet - I do not recall him ever smoking. He was a "teaser" as was my daddy and now I see it in my brother Gene.

Daddy Payne was a leader in agriculture and in many other walks of life. I swell with pride and joy when I think of him and how he has given me his unconditional love. Even the last time I saw this frail man at ninety, he wanted me to sit in his lap. I cannot recall him ever getting mad at me; however, I am sure he did.

BIOGRAPHY OF
LOLA COLLEENE PAYNE

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I have memories of going swimming in the round-hole put in during the depression for irrigation purposes. My daddy learned to swim in it wearing a 1926 long-leg bathing suit and we, as children, wearing the same suits trying our hand in the irrigation ditch.

A BIG treat was to go to the junk yard about 1-1/2 miles away. Daddy Payne would take us and we would return each time with treasures too good to believe. People today may find this unthinkable, but believe me, we found many useful items there. Daddy tells of Mamma Payne taking wooden crates, covering them with washed burlap bags, and making them into dressers and chairs. Flour came in cloth sacks and they would be washed and made into all types of clothing. I can recall Mama Payne making me some underclothing that I loved. She would sew them on a Mason treadle sewing machine 7075071 with hand-carved flowers and a wreath on the front. I have it in my sewing room. Mama Payne taught me to sew on it when I was very young. Mastering the treadle was somewhat of a problem as I was short legged.

I started to school in Tulia, Texas for the first years, then moved to Shamrock, Texas. My daddy had opened a plumbing shop in Tulia and then in Shamrock; PAYNE PLUMBING AND ELECTRIC which is owned by my brother Gene Payne today.

We moved during the war years back to Mama Payne's then to San Diego, California, while my daddy was in the army. We also lived with my Uncle Travis on his farm south of Canyon, Texas.

Sometime during my 8th year I was given the treat of riding with my Daddy Payne on the tractor just like the boys. I had begged my Daddy Payne for a long time to do this so he placed me on the hood. We were making the first round and our first turn around and I grabbed hold of the smoke stack to hold on. The smoke stack was hot causing me to lose balance thus throwing me under the tractor wheels. My sweet wonderful Daddy Payne never got over that. He still had tears in his eyes at the age of 90 when he spoke of the accident.

In my 7th year of school, my Daddy married Marcill Imogene (Todd) Mason on June 5, 1946, bringing into the family my second brother, Thomas Galen Mason who was six at the time. His father, Richard Mason, had gone down on a ship during the war. We lived in Shamrock, Texas until I finished high school in the Class of 1952 Shamrock Fighting Irishman. Markie (Marcill), as we called her, was a wonderful mother, friend, and companion to my brother and I. She has helped us along in many ways and even to this day is very much loved by all of us. She always had time to listen and helped daddy at his shop during their ownership, and continued to help Gene after he bought the shop.

I was married to Herbert William Callan, Jr. of Shamrock, Texas in 1952. He is the father of my three wonderful sons. He was then a coach at

BIOGRAPHY OF
LOLA COLLEENE PAYNE

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Shamrock High School. In 1954 we moved to Lefors, Texas where our first son, Gene William Callan was born on March 8, 1954 at 9:10 A.M. in Richland General Hospital in Pampa, Texas. He weighed in at 7 pounds, 10 ounces. GRANDDAD CHESTER and GRANDMOTHR MARKIE made the trip over to be with us. He was named after my beloved brother, Melvin Gene Payne.

Four years later our second son, Kim Creston Callan arrived at 10:44 A.M. on August 26, 1958 in the Richland General Hospital in Pampa, Texas. He didn't weigh but 3 pounds, so they had to rush him to a larger hospital in Amarillo, Texas. He had to weigh five pounds, five ounces, before we were permitted to take him home.

From Lefors, Texas, we moved to Muleshoe, Texas, where our third son, Galen Wesley Callan, was born July 2, 1962. He was born in the Clovis Memorial Hospital in Clovis, New Mexico at 2:15 A.M. He was also too small to weigh in. It was several weeks before we were able to bring him home. When we were finally permitted to bring him home, he weighed 6 pounds and 10 ounces. We named him after my other wonderful brother, Thomas Galen Mason.

Through the years we moved from Muleshoe, Texas to Denver, Colorado, Oceanside, California, and finally to Seattle, Washington. My life has taken me down many roads. My sons were, and are, the greatest JOY of my life. I am proud of the way they work and play; enjoying nature and sports and growing into fine young men.

Gene William Callan married Peggy Ann McKee of Goldendale, Washington. They have given me two beautiful grandchildren; Taylor Ann Callan born March 11, 1987 in Portland, Oregon, and Zachary William Callan born March 7, 1989 in Portland, Oregon. Once again, the angels kissed me with these two little dolls. Kim Creston Callan lives in Walla Walla, Washington, and is married to Shaun Marie Byrne of Shelton, Washington.

Galen Wesley Callan lives in Portland, Oregon.

All three sons received their degrees in Washington. Gene at Washington State University in Architecture. Kim at Washington State University in Engineering, and Galen at Eastern Washington University in Business. I guess that you could say that my sons and I grew up together. We have shared many adventures --- some great and some sad. I hope I have given my sons encouragement that they will continue filling the pages of our family history with new and exciting times together. They are all adults now on their road of many turns....

My profession as a Florist Designer rewarded me in many ways. I was told that I am an artist in my field. This talent has opened many interesting doors for me. I was forced to retire after thirty-eight years due to a broken neck. An interest in gardening, sewing, painting,

BIOGRAPHY OF
LOLA COLLEENE PAYNE

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cooking, and "God's" country fill my days. I returned to the old home place not long ago, and nothing remained but a small concrete arch and a windmill. I felt very sad, but as I restir these memories, there is a lot left of the past. My Daddy told me not long ago that he has continued working the land because he wanted to put back some of what he has taken out. I feel the same way. I would like to put back some of what I have taken out. I would like for my grandchildren to have some of my memories that I have. I have seen the excitment in Taylor's eyes learning and seeing new things. I hope others will see some of me in Taylor in years to come as I see some of Mama Payne in me. That Zachary and I will find our own round hole swimming area. That the adventures ahead will be memory makers for Taylor, Zachory, and I. Even compared to today's Junk Yard it will be an adventure with many treasures to bring home.

I now live in Pasadena, California, with my husband, Leonard Swedlow, born in Denver, Colorado. We were married August 6, 1979 at Pebble Beach, California. We both enjoy the outdoors and find travelling interesting. We are presently in the process of memory making.

Lola Colleene Payne Swedlow
April 22, 1991

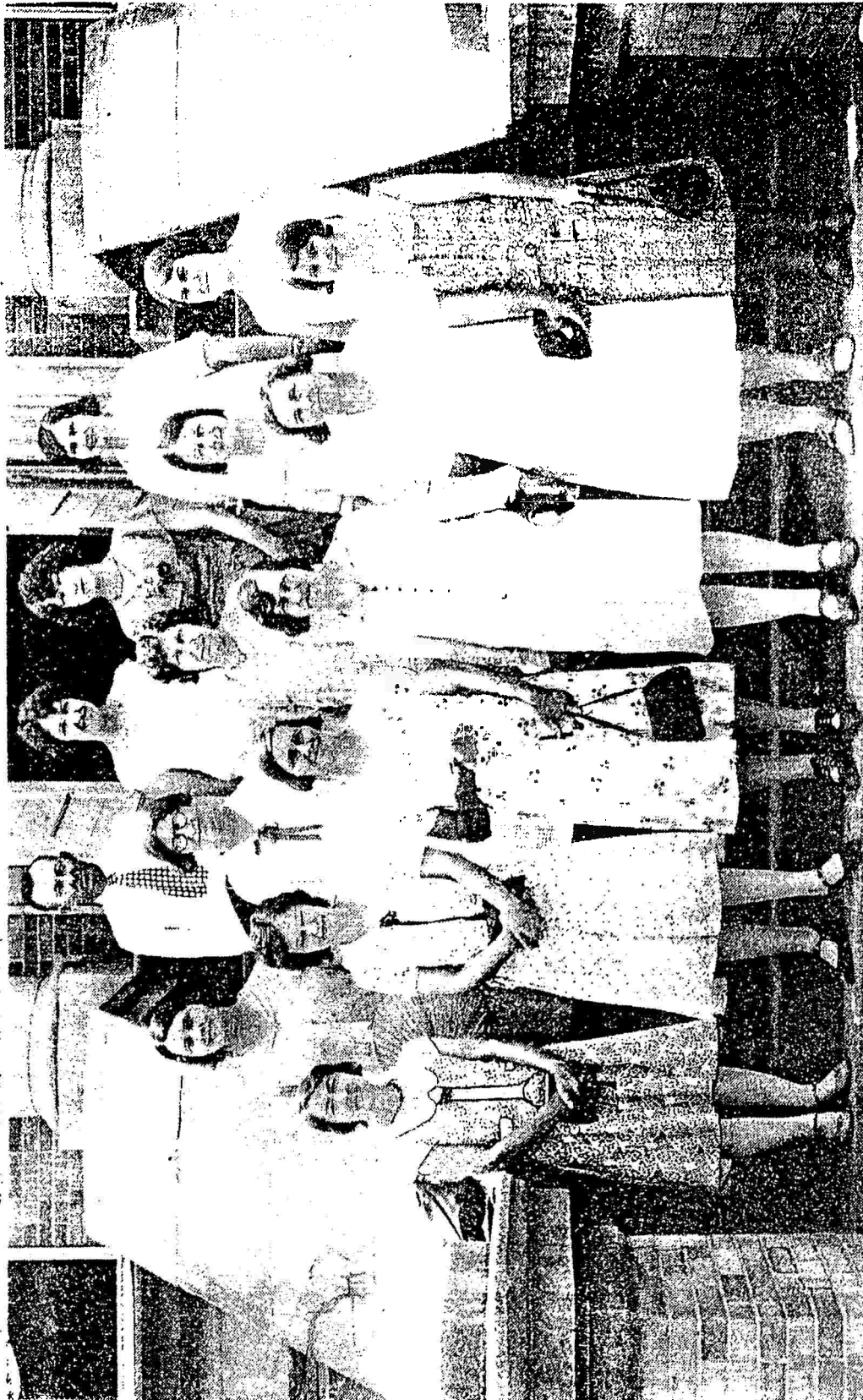
SWISHER & CO.
HOME OF PURE BRED JERSEYS



NOTED FOR JERSEYS — This photo of the Tullia
High agriculture group in the early 1930s reveals

something of which many people are not aware
"Swisher County, Home of Pure Bred Jerseys."

CHESTER MELVIN PAYNE TOP ROW 10TH BOY FROM LEFT



FARMERS SHORT COURSE — Swisher County's delegation who attended a Farmers Short Course in 1930, believed to have been held at Texas A&M University included: back row from left, County Agent C. B. Martin, County Home Demonstration Agent Pauline Lokey, Mrs. Cook and Lila Elliff;

second row from left, Mrs. A. H. Earnest, Mrs. Lewis Redmon, Mrs. O. Huxford, Mrs. W. W. Boston and Mrs. Dan Rivercomb; front row from left, Mrs. Howard George, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Tom Ellis, Mrs. Sid Payne, Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Lee Wright.

BIOGRAPHY OF
LOLA COLLEENE PAYNE

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The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: For thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over . . . Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. . .

In Memory of
BESSIE PAYNE

Born

July 28, 1892

Passed Away

September 8, 1968

Services Held from

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Tulia, Texas

2:00 P. M.

September 10, 1968

Officiating

Rev. Frank Pollard

Dr. W. Neil Record

Interment

Rose Hill Cemetery

Pall Bearers

Bill Payne
Bob Patching,
Gene Payne

Richmond Payne
Guy Hamlen
W. C. DeWitt

A WALLACE SERVICE

Mrs. Sid Payne Buried Tuesday

Mrs. Bessie Payne, 76, of 201 N. Floyd, died Sunday in Tulia Nursing Home.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon in the First Baptist church of Tulia with the Rev. Frank Pollard, pastor, officiating. Burial was in Rose Hill under direction of Wallace Funeral Home.

Mrs. Payne was a native of Coryell county and moved to Tulia in 1910. She married Sid J. Payne in 1908.

She was a charter member of the 1934 Study club and of the Swisher County Home Demonstration club. She was a member of the First Baptist church.

Survivors include her husband; sons, Chester of Shamrock, Travis of Canyon, and Charles of Durango, Colo.; 11 grandchildren and 15 great grandchildren.

A Tribute to . . . Bessie Payne

FROM HER HUSBAND, SID

It was in her mother's garden of roses I first met her, she being the most beautiful of all the roses I had ever seen. I was moved to seek her companionship for life. After we began to walk together for life I learned of her great charm and beauty of character. Besides being a wonderful companion, mother and housewife she had many other desirable traits and talents she mastered by doing (not being schooled in them earlier). One of her talents was to beautify all things about her. She took great interest and pride in growing flowers to beautify not only her surroundings but sick rooms and other places of need and interest. As her friends often said she would seek to serve rather than be served. In all she chose she excelled. She always busied herself with her hobbies, duties of our home, and the civic duties of the community in which she took great pride. When I failed to find her elsewhere, it was in the garden of flowers I would find her and if there is a garden of flowers in Heaven I expect to meet her there.

1908

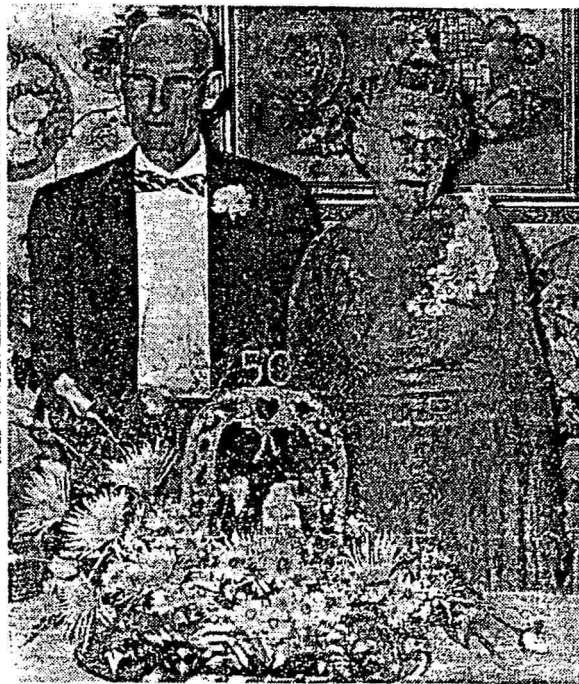


1908

Page 10



1958



MR. AND MRS. S. J. PAYNE

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Payne Observe Golden Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Sid J. Payne observed their Golden Wedding anniversary Sunday at their home in Tulla.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne were married June 23, 1903, in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Graham, who lived near Sweetwater.

In those days honeymoons were not customary. So the Paynes had what might be termed their honeymoon two years after their marriage

with their 6-months-old son Travis. They hit the trail in a covered wagon on behind a team of mules bound for the High Plains and Swisher county. Even though they had little, they were happy and enjoyed each day of the trip.

Sid had been to the Plains previously and rented a farm seven miles southeast of Tulla.

They left their little home in Nolan county which they had built

Nov. 3, 1910, and arrived at the Swisher farm Nov. 11, a day that has since been declared a national holiday, Sid said.

The Paynes rented land in Swisher county for four years. In 1915 they bought the quarter section four miles east of Tulla which they improved, starting "from scratch." They added a little here and a little here as they had savings. Sid says they came up the hard way and had to be conservative and perhaps will always remain so.

In 1913, Chester came and in 1918 Charles was born to join Travis in blessing the lives of their parents. With these additions came pleasure, happiness and privileges — and with privileges came responsibilities and duties, said Mrs. Payne. "For the mother especially, it rounds out a fulltime job."

The Paynes believed in and practiced a rather closely scheduled diversified livestock, poultry and farm plan. Mrs. Payne always took part in this and also took part in home demonstration work and other civic duties which kept her active.

Sid and Bessie planned, worked and saved along with their three boys so that they might not be dependent in their declining years. Recently they traded their farm home for a home in Tulla where they now live. The three sons are married, have homes and families of their own. The Sid Paynes have 12 grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

They invite friends who would like to see their Golden Anniversary gifts and their new home to visit them at 201 N. Floyd while the gifts are still on display.

Dairy Cattle Pioneer Dies at Age 90

TULLA (Spc)—Sidney Johnson "Sid" Payne, 90, a Tulla dairy cattle pioneer, died yesterday.

Services will be at 3 p.m. today in the First Baptist Church with the Rev. Charles Davenport, pastor, and the Rev. Murray Travis, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, officiating. Burial will be in Rose Hill Cemetery by Wallace Funeral Home.

Mr. Payne was born in Williamson County, one of 10 children. As a youth, he worked on his father's farm. After moving to Nolan County, he married Bessie Graham in 1908 at Sweetwater. The couple came to Swisher County in 1911 to farm southeast of Tulla.

He farmed and raised dairy cattle, hogs, and sheep. He helped organize the Plainview Dairy Show in 1929 and served as its president. The same year, he was named master dairyman in the Tri-State Fair at Amarillo.

The dairyman was also instrumental in designation of the first home demonstration and agricultural agents for Swisher County.

He was also a life member of the Swisher County Museum and helped in its formation.

Mr. Payne joined the Tulla Masonic Lodge in 1927. He was a 32nd Degree Mason and a former Worthy Patron of Order of Eastern Star.

He had been a member for 67 years of the First Baptist Church, where he taught Sunday School.

The Paynes moved into Tulla in 1958. Mrs. Payne died in 1968.

Mr. Payne married Iva Walker Hickman in 1969.

He helped organize soil and water



SID PAYNE

conservation in this district and served 14 years on the state Water Conservation Board without a salary. He had also assisted in establishing the Plainview Production Credit Association and served as its president.

For the past seven years, Mr. Payne had been active in the Tulla Golden Agers Club, serving as president for two years.

Survivors include his widow; three sons, Travis of Roaring Springs, Chester of Shamrock and Charles of Hesperus, Colo.; two stepsons, Gene and Bob Hickman, both of Tulla; two stepdaughters, Mrs. W. J. Hardy Jr. of Tulla and Mrs. Elmer Schuster of Tucumcari, N.M.; 15 grandchildren; and 21 great-grandchildren.

*God hath not promised
sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.*

*But God hath promised
to wipe away all tears.*

In Memory of

Sid Payne

October 28, 1886 April 10, 1977

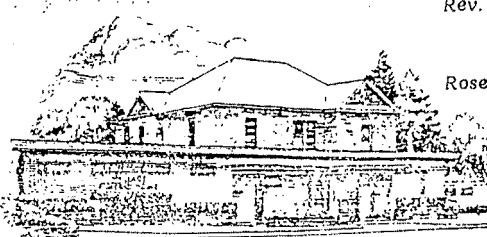
Services From
First Baptist Church

3:00 p.m. April 11, 1977

Officiating
Rev. Charles Davenport
Rev. Murray Travis

Interment
Rose Hill Cemetery

Under Direction of
Wallace Funeral Home





SID PAYNE

Swisher Pioneer Has Been Agri Leader

By MARIE HARRIS

A Swisher County pioneer is one of the oldtimers who helped get those things in motion that enabled farmers and stockmen of this area to live through the times they have in the past.

Sid Payne, who will be 88 Oct. 28, helped organize the Plainview Dairy Show in 1929 and served as its president. Also in 1929 Payne was named master dairyman of the Tri-State Fair at Amarillo, scoring 800 points of a possible 1,000.

"We did what had to be done to get this country started in the dairy business," said Payne. Payne also assisted in establishing the Plainview Production Credit Association and served as president. During an election of directors of the association, while Payne was presiding, he was nominated from the floor. "The fact is, I never ran for an office, but somebody just nominated me," explained the white-haired Tulia gentleman.

"Until we had the Production

Credit Association, we lacked a farm lending agency," Payne added.

An organizer of the Soil and Water Conservation Service in this district, Payne served 14 years on the state board without salary. Workers with Payne in the past called him the "old wheel horse for getting things done."

A native of Williamson County, Payne moved to Kaufman County and then to Clyde in Callahan County where his parents, Phillip and Elta Payne, died. As a youth, one of 10 children, he worked with his father on their farm.

After moving to Nolan County, Payne married Bessie Graham June 28, 1908 in Sweetwater. Two years later they took to the trail in a covered wagon behind a team of mules with their six month old son, Travis, bound for the High Plains of Texas. After seven days of traveling, the Paynes arrived in Swisher County where he had rented a farm seven miles southeast of Tulia.

When Payne first came to Swisher County, his philosophy was "If we try to make a living we might make a little money, but if we try to make a lot of money we might not make a living."

He rented land four years and then in 1915 bought a quarter section four miles east of town, which he improved "starting from scratch." Payne said he came up the hard way and had to be conservative and perhaps always will remain so. Later he bought three quarters of a section northeast of Tulia.

Along with his diversified farming and the raising of prize dairy cattle, hogs and sheep, Payne was instrumental in getting the first home demonstration and county agents for Swisher County. They were Miss Pauline Lokey of Amarillo and Charlie Martin, now ranching at Evant.

With the purchase of a prize bull from Guys Dairy Farm in Crosbyton, Payne started the Bull Circle in Swisher County of 10 pure bred Jersey bulls which won many blue ribbons.

"To me a farm is not a farm until it has stock," said the experienced farmer now retired. Commenting on the present day situation, Payne feels that the cattlemen have really caused part of their trouble. "It is worse for cattle to get too high then too low."

"The government is having more to do with everything now than I think it ought to and has been for the past 30 years," Payne stated.

Payne raised the first sugar beets, vetch and soy beans in Swisher County. There was no market in Texas for sugar beets at that time, but a sugar beet factory in Denver, Colo. wanted him to raise the beets. Payne agreed, although he did not know much about growing them. Darrell Smith, now Swisher County sheriff, then a trucker, took four or five loads of the beets to be freighted to Colorado.

Payne tells how in the 1930's there was a lot of grain but it was not worth any money. He managed to get a loan of \$2,500 from the Southwest Cattlemen's Association and bought 1,300 head of lambs and fed them out and did well in what many people called bad years. He made money, paying three cents a pound for the lambs and selling at \$7.65 a hundred pound.

After getting in the hog business, Payne received the first award given in Texas for first place on a ton litter of hogs shown in Fort Worth in 1929. The hogs were Duross.

"When I came to the Texas plains, I liked this country because it is one of the most wonderful places to live at home," said Payne. "You can raise anything in the garden. I raised a cabbage weighing 15 pounds and sweet potatoes in my patch would have made 600 bushel to the acre if I had had that much. I think

the country was better then than it is now as we have abused it." Payne added that he hated to see the water being used up so fast.

In 1933 Payne moved to his present home in Tulia where he and his wife celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. After her death Sept. 8, 1968, he later married Mrs. Tom (Iva) Hickman who came to Tulia in 1920 as a bride from Neosha, Mo.

A member of First Baptist Church 65 years, Payne taught at Sunday School and sang in the choir. He became a member of Tulia Masonic Lodge in 1927 and in 1950. He helped start the Swisher County Museum of which he is a life member.

For the past five years Mr. and Mrs. Payne have been active in the Tulia Golden Agers Club in which he served as president two years and she was secretary four years. This summer he was nominated for the title of Outstanding Senior Citizen in Swisher County.

After falling on the ice and breaking a hip in 1973, Payne recovered to walk again, using a cane, despite predictions of his doctors that he probably would never walk again. When Payne and Iva celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary in August, he drove 1,000 miles to Colorado and back. He has three sons, Travis of Canyon, Chesler of Shamrock and Charles of Durango, Colo., 11 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.

BIOGRAPHY OF
MELVIN GENE PAYNE

I, Melvin Gene Payne, was born June 30th, 1932 in Tulia, Texas. My parents were Chester M. Payne and Ruby Lee Boney Payne.

On July 22, 1933, my sister, Lola Colleene was born. We were so near the same age we were always getting into something or I was trying to take care of her. We grew up around Dad's business and at my Granddad and Grandmother Payne's farm. One day at the farm, I was watching the birds fly in and out of a tree and I discovered a bird nest. Well I just had to know what was in that nest, so I climbed up in the tree and got the eggs out of the nest. That would have been fine except the bird nest had mites in it and I got them on me. Very soon I was in trouble and my Aunt Hazel saw what had happened so she put me in a tub and scrubbed me good, hair and all. After that experience, I never wanted to get any more bird nests.

Granddad had a big stock tank which was where I learned to swim along with my cousins. We liked to play Croquet under the big apple tree in the front yard. We especially liked to beat our Granddad.

I attended grade school in Tulia until I was about ten years old. Then Colleene and I moved to California and lived with my Mother for awhile. Then Colleene and I came back to Texas and went to live with Uncle Travis and Aunt Roma Payne for a year. We attended school at Canyon.

In June, 1946, my Dad married Marcille Mason and we went to live at Shamrock, Texas. Marcille had one son, Thomas Galen Mason; now we were all together a family of five. Colleene settled down in Shamrock for the summer, but I stayed with Uncle Travis until harvest was finished.

I started to Shamrock Junior High School in September, 1946. After one year I graduated in May, 1947. That summer I started helping my Dad in his plumbing and electric business instead of working at the farm like I did the summer before. After four years I graduated from high school in May, 1951.

I started to college at Lubbock in September, 1951, but after a few months I knew college was not for me so I quit and came back to Shamrock where I went to work with my Dad.

After dating awhile I fell in love with Virginia Ann Powell and we were married on April 4, 1953 at Turkey, Texas.

In a short time I enlisted in the Army for two years. I served in Fort Sill, Oklahoma and Fort Huachuca, Arizona.

Our first child, a son, David Kent Payne, was born September 28, 1955 while I was a sargent in the army at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

BIOGRAPHY OF
MELVIN GENE PAYNE

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I finished my two years service and returned back to Shamrock, Texas in late 1955. I went back to work with my dad in the plumbing and electric business. I had always liked that type of work and I was always interested in new construction work. Even when I was a small child I really liked to just watch construction. I learned to figure jobs and do new construction work.

On August 18th, 1959 our first daughter, Brenda Sue, was born. On April 16th, 1961, our second daughter, Carol Lynn, was born.

By this time our son was starting to school, Ann was busy with the children and I was busy learning more about the plumbing and electric business.

After the children finished school, Ann went to work at an accounting firm and then later she became a computer operator at the Shamrock Clinic.

In 1973 my dad and Marcille decided to sell the business to me so he could spend more time with his farm and ranch business which he likes. Marcille worked for me for five years in the office then she retired.

From 1973 to this time I have continued with the business.

Our three children are married and we have five grandchildren.

Our son married Rebecca E. Ladd and they have one son and two daughters. They live in Shamrock, Texas.

Brenda married Ronnie Dyson and they have one daughter. They live at Pampa, Texas.

Carol married Ricky Bentley and they have one daughter. They live in Panhandle, Texas.

BIOGRAPHY OF
MARION F. GRAHAM, M.D.

(This information was excerpted from a letter to Bill E. Graham on March 27, 1987)

I vaguely remember a visit to my grandparents in Tulia, Texas, when I was but a wee lad. But I do remember numerous stories my father use to tell me about his youth, and wish I had time to recount them all to you. One in particular stands out, wherein he and a brother (which one I don't recall) were tending sheep in West Texas when they were but boys. It seems that a train came chugging by and scared the sheep, which darted in all directions. It just so happened that the boys had just emerged from a nearby creek in their birthday suits, in which attire they took out after the sheep, a rather bare spectacle for the passengers on board the train. On yet another occasion, he and my Uncle Ben were hoeing cotton out in Coryell County, as I recall, when my father, barefooted, stepped on an unfriendly copperhead snake, sustaining a bite on his big toe. As Uncle Ben told me in a letter (for which I would not have taken a fortune, but somehow managed to misplace), both the boys set sail for the house, which was some distance away. Once there, their folks immediately killed a chicken and stuck my father's foot in it after performing the initial X-shaped incision of the bite. They also uncorked a bottle of good Scotch (I presume it was) and gave some sips to my father, who was esconced in the middle of a big four-poster bed. My grandfather (James Monroe) set out on horseback to fetch the nearest doctor, some twenty or more miles away. It was written that by the time he returned, my father was feeling no pain, sitting up in the middle of that bed thoroughly enjoying himself. He apparently recovered without incident, but to this day I vividly remember the large scar on his big toe. Apparently, an endless succession of warm chickens and friendly Scotch brew did the trick.

Ironically, my father died of Addisonian anemia in the very year in which liver extract was introduced for treatment, but before it was available for him. He was a gentle man, and though I was but twelve years old when he died, he taught me much during those years. He and my mother both were school teachers by profession, and indeed met each other while teaching school out somewhere in the Tulia area. My father taught math, and my mother English, and between the two of them I had a solid foundation in basics even before I started school. At one time, according to my mother, my father worked as a mine foreman (?) (somewhere in Colorado), for I remember a faded old tintype of his crew, and a very colorful large and ornate vase which my mother was given by that same crew.

I myself was born in Aransas Pass, Texas, on August 22, 1919, allegedly not long after the great hurricane of 1919, which caused flood water to rise inside our house ankle deep. My father was engaged in the hardware business and an automobile store there, but in his final years returned to the land and farming, which he always loved. He died near a window from which he could see the land he had worked so assiduously. My mother taught school for many years after my father died.

BIOGRAPHY OF:
MARION F. GRAHAM, M.D.

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I married one Frances Ruth Looney on April 7, 1944, and to this union was born one daughter, Ruth Anne (Graham) Redding, of this city. Ruth Anne is an accomplished vocalist, having studied up East and abroad. Frances Ruth died in 1978, but we had been divorced since 1958. I married a second time, on August 10, 1958, to one Anne Lou Brotherton. We are still married, and have two fine sons, the older one named Ruffin Judson, who is now a medical student at Texas Tech University in Lubbock; the younger one named Duffy Jason, now a law student at Yale University in New Haven, Conn. Ruffin was born on April 17, 1960; Duffy on June 10, 1961. Neither of them is married. I have been practicing medicine here in Dallas since 1949, having graduated from med school here in 1945. I did some graduate work in New York and subsequently here in Dallas. Incidentally, both of the boys were born here in Dallas.

Curriculum Vitae

Born 22 August 1919 Aransas Pass, Texas

B.A. from Baylor University Waco, Texas 1939 cum laude

M.D. from Southwestern Medical School of the U. of Texas
at Dallas, Texas 1945 AOA honors

Internship USPHS Hospital Staten Island, N.Y. 1945-46
Residencies @ USPHS Hospitals Staten Island, N.Y., and
Lexington, Ky. 1946-48

Residency @ Children's Medical Center, Dallas, Texas, 1948-49

Assistant Clinical Instructor in Pediatrics @ UT Southwestern
Medical School 1949-69

Formerly or currently on staff at following Dallas Hospitals:
Baylor, Doctors, Presbyterian, St. Paul's, Methodist
Children's

Active Practice of Pediatrics since 1949; of allergy since 1958
in Dallas, Texas

Author of several books for lay consumption, including
Prescription For Life (McKay, 1966); Inner Energy
(Sterling, 1978)

BIOGRAPHY OF:
MARION F. GRAHAM, M.D.

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Author or Co-Author of Numerous Articles:

Medically-Oriented: SV Tachycardias in Infancy (Texas State Jr. of Med. 1955); Preventing CHD: The Pedi's Role (Texas Medicine, June, 1974); Transfer Factor, Usefulness in Asthma (Annals of Allergy, April, '78) Corticosteroids in the Practice of Allergy (Dallas Med. Jr., 1981) Medical Economics, Practice, etc.

Laymen: in Fitness and Health, Y's Way to Fitness, etc.

Member Board of Directors, Doctors Hospital, Dallas, Texas
1977-1984

Member Board of Directors, Doctors Nursing Center, 1977 to present

Member Board of Directors, Bordeaux Foundation, Dallas, Texas,
1985 to present

Member of: AMA, TMA, Dallas Co. Med. Society, Texas Pedi. Society, Texas Allergy Society, So'west Allergy Forum, American College of Allergy, and Diplomate of American Board of Allergy & Immunology. Also member of AAof A & I & The International Correspondence Society of Allergists.

BIOGRAPHY OF
RICHARD HILL
(Written in 1893)

"Pen Pictures from the Garden City of the World"
A Memorial and Giographical History of McLennon, Falls, Bell, and
Coryell Counties - 1893

Richard Hill of Boaz, Coryell County, Texas, was born in Hardman County, Tennessee in 1850. Richard Hill, his father, was born in Alabama in 1801; his father having moved to Alabama from South Carolina at an early day.

Richard Hill left his native state in 1849, and moved to Tennessee, where he resided one year, then came from there to Texas.

In Rusk County, Texas, he engaged in farming and stock raising, and here spent the remainder of his life, dying a natural death in November, 1859.

March 3, 1825, he married Sarah, daughter of Middleton Fannin, and of the 13 children born to them, the subject is the youngest, and only one now living. Of the others be it recorded that Delphia Ann, wife of R.J. Cook, died leaving a family of 6 children; Albert 11 is deceased; Louisa, wife of James McIntnrf died leaving 2 children.

Ever since he was eleven years old, Mr. Hill has managed a farm; in consequence of which he received very little school house training.

In 1871 he located in Coryell County, pre-empting at that time 160 acres of land. This property he sold in 1878, and bought 315 acres on which he now lives. Under his well directed efforts this place is being improved, and in fact assuming a home-like appearance.

Politically, Mr. Hill is a Democrat. The only office was that of School Trustee.

In January, 1869, he was united in marriage to Lucy Ann, daughter of Henry Waggoner of Tennessee. Issue from this union is as follows: Julia Ann, wife of R. J. Cook; John H, William T, Hulda A., wife of Dock Robinett; Sarah T, Albert II, (my mother) Ada Cordelia; Charles (uncle Charlie); Maud, Minnie, Virgie L, and R. Q.

BIOGRAPHY OF
INEZ DAVIS ROLAND

I am Inez Davis Roland, granddaughter of J. Monroe and Elizebeth Graham. My Mother was married to Scott Davis near Desdemona, Texas. My brothers, Borden, Vernon, and I were born there. When I was small we moved to the White Flat community in Noland County, where my youngest brother was born.

We went to a one-teacher school until I was in the fourth grade. Two schools consolidated and built a four room school. One afternoon as we were marching into the building, my friend kept saying "put your hand in your pocket". Just as we got to our room, I did, and nearly went into orbit! There was a dead mouse in my pocket and I am afraid of them. I kept saying, "get it out" until she did. When the teacher came, he wanted to know who was making all the noise. We didn't say a word. He would have known, had he looked at me as I was probably ghost white.

When I was in the second grade, I asked the girl across from me how to spell "banana". She wrote it on a slip of paper and flipped it to me. Leslie Graham, a third cousin, who was the teacher saw it happen and wanted to see the note. I said it wasn't a note, I wanted to know how to spell banana and gave it to him. He made us stand up in front of the room. Some boys laughed, so they had to stand up; by the time they quit, there was quite a line standing. I will never forget him. It was the only time I ever had to stand.

Church was held in the school house. Baptist and Methodist took turns preaching. If there was no preacher, we only had Sunday School.

1919 - Papa sold the farm and we moved to Lynn County, near Tahoka. This was our first time to go to school for nine months. It didn't turn out for kids to pick cotton. That was the best part of our move.

Some years later, I met Eugene Roland and we were married in 1924. We had two daughters, Verna Lois and Letta Dell. Verna Lois, the oldest, lives with me now. Letta Dell is married to Billy Ray Cocanougher. They have a son and a daughter and five grandchildren. Bill and Letta live less than two miles down the road from us, where they raise broilers -- 40-43,000 at a time. Their daughter and family live less than a block from us. The son and family lives in Russellville about six miles away, except for his oldest son who lives in Little Rock.

We moved from Lubbock County to Pottsville, Arkansas September 1, 1967. Eugene died April 10, 1974 from emphysema and lung cancer.

Papa and Mama lived in Tahoka. Papa had a stroke, but lived about 7-1/2 years before another one took him. Mama got sick in May after Papa got sick in March. She lived until December 15, 1938.

BIOGRAPHY OF
INEZ DAVIS ROLAND

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A neighbor, who was a Registered Nurse, came to stay the last few hours. She told Borden and me that she had never heard Emma say a bad word about anyone. Borden said, "I don't think I ever did"

THINGS REMEMBERED

1. Papa was a farmer. Before he married he and two brothers went off to pick cotton. One Saturday his two brothers went to town. Papa wouldn't go. The brothers got a letter that their father had died. Papa told them that he knew and that was the reason he didn't want to go to town. Grandma Davis died when I was small. I do not remember her. (At Desdemona)

2. There were four of we children:

Borden Clifton	Born 10-10-1900 in Eastland County (Desdemona) Died 7-20-1988 at Tahoka, Texas Married 6-1-1924 to Minnie Esther Curry (father was a Baptist preacher). She was Born 11-28-1906 Died 5-18-1988
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Ocie Vernon	Born 10-3-1902 in Eastland County, TX. Died 2-28-1963 at Tahoka, Texas Married 11-5-1935 to Wilma Gwendolyn Ward of Tahoka, Texas. She was Born 11-17-1906 Died 10-13-1981 at Tahoka, Texas
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Pearl Inez Davis	Born 10-15-1904 in Eastland Co., Texas Married 2-16-1924 to Eugene Roland Farmer - Tahoka, Texas. He was Born 11-26-1901 in Giles County, TN. Died 4-10-1974 in Arkansas
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Barney Monroe	Born 3-29-1908, Nolan Co., TX (White Flat Community) Died Married to Mattie Lou (Billie
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3. Mama was sick for a long time when we kids were small. She had to eat rice without any seasoning for a long time. When she was better, the doctor told her to walk. She would walk as far as she could in the yard, then one of my older brothers would pull her back to the door in a wagon. As she got stronger, she walked in the pasture taking a 22 gun to shoot rabbits. Our place joined a big ranch. There were lots of wolves and rattlesnakes. One day a wolf came close to the house. She got her gun to kill it, but it stayed just out of reach. She followed it some distance onto the ranch and finally she just shot

BIOGRAPHY OF
INEZ DAVIS ROLAND

Page 3

at the wolf. The cattle started after her. She ran as fast as she could to the fence. She had her dress unbuttoned to leave to the cows if they got to close. She got to the yard as the cattle got to the fence.

4. The men would build a brush arbor in the summer time for revival services. The lumber yard would loan the lumber for seats. There were no backs unless you sat in front of a post. Then you had bugs to bother you, for there would be a light of some kind on the post.
5. Papa liked to walk. He worked in the field all week, but before going to church on Sunday morning, he would walk over the field to look at the crop. One Sunday he didn't want to go to church because an old man that lived in the community was to preach and he never knew when to quit. Mama promised him they would just go to Sunday School and then leave. We did and some of the others left also. They didn't get out until one o'clock.
6. Borden worked in the depot, than a hardware store. The man in this store sent him to embalming school in Dallas. He was the first undertaker in Tahoka. A few years before he died he was given a plaque from the State of Texas honoring him for 50 years of service. There were only four or five more to receive this.
7. Borden and Vernon had a Gulf station and the wholesale business. After they sold this, he had a tire business until it got too hard for him to change tractor tires. Then he owned a hardware and furniture business. His last business was a picture frame shop. His wife, Minnie, kept books and collected bills for all of these things.

At one time Borden did a little farming as a sideline. Vernon worked in a bank until depression days. Later he had a small cafe. After he and Borden sold their Gulf station business, he farmed the rest of his life. His wife, Wilma, worked for the Tax Accessor. She also worked as a clerk in different clothing stores when she worked away from home.

8. Barney worked in tailor shops (dry cleaning) all his life starting at the one in Tahoka before he finished high school. He was the wanderer in our family. He went to Abilene from Tahoka, then Clovis, New Mexico, California, Medford, Oregon, Arizona, Durango, Colorado, then back to Clovis, New Mexico where he died.

Both Barney and Vernon died in their bed. Wilma found Vernon laying face down across his bed one morning when she went to wake him for his breakfast. Barney was found by someone from the tailor shop when he didn't come to work.

I am thankful for my heritage, Graham and Davis.

BIOGRAPHIES BY
VERNA LOIS ROLAND
(4 COUSINS)

Scott (Papa) and Emma (Mama) Davis had only four grandchildren. There were not a great number of cousins to play with and love, but we had fun. I, Verna Lois Roland, born December 25, 1925, was their first grandchild. Gene and Inez Roland are my parents. I was the fifth great-grandchild of the James Monroe Graham's, and the only one of us to even vaguely remember Grandpa. I can remember him in his home and that is about all. I remember Aunty (Pearline) a little better as she stayed with Papa and Mama some. She taught me to make a chain stitch in crochet.

The next grandchild was Gwynnelle Davis, born August 16, 1929, daughter of Borden and Minnie Davis. The last granddaughter was my sister, Letta Dell, born May 24, 1932. We had fun growing up together. Letta and I were farm girls and Gwynnelle was a town girl. We occasionally spent the night with each other, but most of our times together was at Mama's when we went to town for groceries and a visit. Gwynnelle was not very comfortable out in the country at night -- too many strange noises. Mama had a big yard for us to run and play. There were Chinaberry trees to make a play house under (the branches hung nearly to the ground) and lots of places to hide. Mama nearly always had cookies, but sometimes she made special ones with colored icing. She served them to us with milk or lemonade out under the peach tree. Our most special times together was at Christmas. We always had Christmas at Papa and Mama's house while they were alive. It might not always be on Christmas Day, but we were together. We would spend the night, all three of us in the same bed. We would try to stay awake to hear Santa, but never succeeded. We would awake long before getting up time, but could not get up until all of the adults were up. Of course there was lots of peeking. One Christmas Gwynnelle wanted a bicycle. She sent Letta to look and see if there was one. Letta didn't see it, but she came back and said it was there. When we were allowed, she ran to the living room to find it, but it wasn't there. It was in the dining room behind the dining table. It snowed that Christmas so Gwynnelle didn't get to ride her bicycle until the snow melted. After Papa died each family took turns having Christmas in their home. This continued until we moved to Arkansas. The first Christmas we were here my sister and family still lived in Texas, so we went back to Texas then. We also went back one other time. I think the last time we had Christmas at Uncle Borden's.

The last grandchild was Billy Ward Davis, son of Vernon and Wilma, born March 7, 1944. I always felt sorry that Billy didn't have a cousin his age to play with, but we enjoyed watching him grow up.

I started to be a Nurse and started to school in Abilene, but decided that I did not like it, so -- my first job was in a hospital. Got my LVN License when I lived in Seminole. While I worked there the doctor started a clinic for alcoholics and I worked in it. Later, I worked several years for a doctor in Lubbock. Later Mother and I had a Ceramic and Flower shop in Idalou, Texas. That evolved to us making dolls in Arkansas. I like to make things with my hands.

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VERNA LOIS ROLAND
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I think that was inherited from Mama and Mother. I taught 4 and 5 years old Sunday School Baptist class about 20 years or so.

Gwynnelle was married to Dan Lee Brookshire November 27, 1947 at home - Tahoka. Dan was a farmer and in Insurance Business. They had two children;

Dana Gwynn Born October 25, 1952 Married Robert Lee Craig, Jr.

Robert is an attorney. Dana taught school until they got their family. They have three adopted children

Robert Lee Born August 30, 1980
Holly Danielle)
Crystal Noel Born November 21, 1983

Don Davis Brookshire, Born February 2, 1954; Married to Cindi Williams
March 19, 1976.

They have two sons;

Tyler Williams Brookshire, Born June 13, 1983
Clifton Davis Brookshire, Born September 19, 1985

Don works for an oil company; don't know his title or job. He has made trips to other countries, mostly South America. They now live in Denver, Colorado. Cindi was a teacher until they had the boys. She knows "sign language" and taught deaf children.

Dan was accidently shot not long after Dana married. Gwynn lives in Lubbock, Texas and works for some lawyers in the Federal Court.

Letta was married November 30, 1951 in Idalou to Billy Ray Cocanougher. They have two children;

Danny Ray Born September 9, 1955 First married to
Beckie Lunningham. They had Alan Kirkland, Born November 12, 1975.

Second marriage was to Terri Yates. They have two children:
Eric Zachery, Born January 22, 1989, and
Jacquelyn Desiree, Born December 11, 1990

Teresa Jean Cocanougher married Ronnie Taylor. They had 1 child.

Miranda Shawn Born May 14, 1977 Married to John Newell

Miranda and John have one child:

Jonathan Eric Born August 28, 1984.

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Letta was church secretary in Idalou. Bookkeeper for two different truck stops here in Arkansas. Now she is "Retired" to helping husband taking care of 40-43,000 chickens and a "go-fer" for about all of us. Bill is a mechanic at school and drives a school bus. He was in the Army in the Korean war. A deacon in our church and was the song leader for many years. In his "spare time" he takes care of their and Mother's cattle, and other chores. Teresa works for a chicken brokerage place. They sell frozen chickens to restaurants and other food places. Her job is to keep the trucks going — where to deliver or pick up loads. Husband John works for his mother as part of a chicken catching crew. He works the front-end loader putting crates of chickens on the big trucks. Danny drives a truck hauling shavings to the chicken houses. He is also an auctioneer. Wife Terri is a student at Arkansas Tech and works part time at Food-for-Less.

Billy Ward Davis is married to Ann Louise Duncan (her father was a Judge). They have two girls;

Patricia Ann	Born December 19, 1968
Billie Kathryn	Born March 22, 1971

Both girls were active in 4-H and are now students at Texas Tech.

Billy farmed, but is now in Insurance Business. Ann was Extension Homemaker Agent when they married. She later worked for Human Services. I do not know if that is what she is doing now.

BIOGRAPHY OF
LETTA DELL (ROLAND) COCANOUGHER

I am one of the James Monroe Graham Clan. I was born at Tahoka, Texas, in Lynn County on May 24, 1932. Eugene and Inez (Davis) Roland are my parents.

I will make a list of who I will write about and their relationships.

Mama	Emma (Graham) Davis	My Grandmother
Papa	Scott Davis	My Granddaddy
Bessie	Bessie (Graham) Payne	Aunt
Auntie	Pearline (Graham) Trimbball	Aunt
Aaron	Aaron Graham	Uncle
Middleton	Middleton Graham	Uncle

(Emma, Bessie, Auntie, Aaron, and Middleton were bothers and sisters.)

Mother	Inez Davis Roland	
Daddy	Eugene Roland	
Verna	Verna Lois Roland	Sister
Uncle Borden-	Borden Davis and his wife, Aunt Minnie	
Uncle Vernon-	Vernon Davis and his wife, Aunt Wilma	
Uncle Barney-	Barney Davis	

(Borden, Vernon, Inez, and Barney are Scott and Emma (Graham) Davis children - listed in order of birth)

Gwynnelle (Davis) Brookshire - Uncle Borden's only child.
Billy Davis - Uncle Vernon's only child.

Verna is 3 years older than me. I am 12 years older than Billy D.
He was the last of the four cousins.

Bill Cocanougher	My husband
Danny Ray Cocanougher	Our son and oldest
Teresa Jean Cocanougher Newell	Our daughter

(Danny's children - Alan Kirland, Eric Zachary, and Jacquelyn Desiree.)
(Teresa's children - Miranda Shawn and Jonathan Eric)

Mama died when I was 6 years old, but I remember her as being a quiet person with a smile. She wore long dresses. She always had cookies for us. One time she had a "tea party" out in her front yard for Verna, Gwynnelle, and me. I don't remember what we had for "tea", but we had cookies she had made. She use to let me drink hot chocolate out of a tiny blue and white china cup and saucer. I don't know whose it use to be, but it was given to me after she died and I still have it. There was a handmade child's chair with a cord bottom. Mother said that one of Mama's Grandpas made that chair for Uncle Ben when he was a little boy. It was a rocker originally. One time Mama (after married) was at Ben's, they were using the chair with a board over the arms of it at the barn for a milking stool. Mama asked if she could have it and they said yes. She took it home and scrubbed the manure off it and cleaned it up. The cord bottom was from string cord that

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Uncle Borden or Vernon had to put around a top to throw top and make it spin. After that all was fixed, she made the little velvet cushion. So this chair is over 100 years old. Mother has that now. Mother and papa were both sick in bed and someone fixed me up with an apron and I played their nurse.

Mama and papa had a big yard. Verna, Gwynnelle, and I would play out there. Verna would hide from us. Gwynnelle and I would make our plans to find her and put up "traps" to see if she would come that way, Verna was on the other side of a wooden fence listening to us. Mama had a grape arbor and we would play under it. One day Gwynnelle reached up in it and got stung by a wasp. She thought she was going to die; she had heard grown folks tell about someone nearly dieing from a wasp sting. All time I was growing up, I would get Gwynnelle's clothes she had outgrown. I liked getting them and trying them on.

There was a swing on Mama and Papa's front porch that we all liked to swing in. After Billy was born I liked swinging him to sleep. I was glad to have a little cousin to carry around and play with. He had a little kakai-colored suit and they had a "gulf" emblem put on the jacket. He was about three or four years old then. That was when Uncle Borden and Uncle Vernon had a Gulf Station. One day Billy was with Uncle Borden and Billy told Uncle Borden all about a pony his daddy bought him. Told him the color and what he looked like. Later Uncle Borden said something to Uncle Vernon about Billy's horse and Uncle Vernon didn't know what he was talking about - there was no more horse! Billy not only had that imaginary horse, but he had an imaginary friend and had a name for him, but I don't remember his name. I got to enjoy watching Billy see what "Santa" brought him. He played football when he got in high school for Tahoka and was a good player.

We would go to see Aunt Bessie at Tulia, Texas. It always seemed like a long ways to me. They lived on a farm. She always had such a pretty yard and flowers. She served us graham crackers with a powdered sugar mixture between them. She would color some of the fillings pink. I thought they were so good. Aunt Bessie would collect pretty rocks when they would go on a trip. Lots of different types, colors, and sparkles to them. She later made a fireplace in her home out of them. After she died, her fireplace was put in a museum at Tulia. She painted and did ceramics. Mother and Verna took after her in those talents. She gave Mother some of her paintings. Mother gave me one of them. I love things that come from family. I had a real old China Doll that belonged to Aunties girl. After I was married and moving one time it got broken.

I remember going to Uncle Aaron's home at Tulia. The only thing I remember about it was the staircase. It was pretty to me.

Sometimes when we went to Merkel, Texas to see Daddy's folks, we would stop by to see Uncle Middleton. His house (to me) had a big front porch.

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Mother said it was screened in. I also remember another house close by and it was Grandpa and Grandma Graham's home when they were living. They were my great-grandparents.

In my younger years, I remember Uncle Borden as always working. My older years I remember him pulling jokes and pranks on people. At one time he and Uncle Aaron had a Gulf Station together. One or both had a Phillips Station. Then Uncle Borden had a tire re-cap store, than a Hardware store and after that he retired. He took up wood crafts as a hobby and it turned into a picture frame business for a few more years. Aunt Minnie always helped him. He called her "Shorty". He called mother "Sister" and Gwynnelle was "Tommy". When I was about 13 to 15 years old, I would get tickled at him. He would say "Shorty" uh "Tommy" uh "Sister" before he would get the right persons name that he was talking to. Now I do the same way with my kids and grandkids! Must be my payment for getting tickled at him!

When we would go by his picture framing place to see him there was a Bible on a table. He would read during the day while he was there. After he died I was looking through his Bibles (he had several) and you could follow his years of Bible reading by the dates written over the pages as he read the scriptures. Gwynnelle let me have one of them and I treasure it. It's a part of him. She also let me have some of his bird books. He built bird houses and feeders and put in his back yard. I was living in Arkansas the last years of his life and there are lots of pretty birds here. I'd tell him about the ones we had here.

Uncle Borden was liked by all. He was a good husband to Aunt Minnie, a good brother to my mother, and good daddy to Gwynnelle. He and Aunt Minnie came to Arkansas and stayed with Mother and us the last two weeks of Daddy's life. He always looked after "Sister". I know he said this to others, but those last years he would say with a smile to me; "You know, I kind of like you". He got to live to see after "Shorty" his life's companion and then a few months later he died.

Uncle Vernon was a very kind, gentle and loving person. He had a cafe for a while, he had filling stations, and later years was a farmer. Mother use to go to a Tahoka laundry to do our washing. You could go out the back door of it into the back door of Uncle Vernon's Cafe. I remember getting to go over that way to see him when I was small and he would cook me the best Hamburger and give me a "Delaware Punch" soda pop. So, I always liked going to see him. That was many years ago, but I can still see the inside of his cafe and his smile when I went in. Later when he and Uncle Borden were in the station business together and we would stop in, he would tell me to get some candy and a pop. "Delaware Punch" was always the soda I liked. I don't think that was still made by the time I was grown, but it was good.

Mother use to tell how Uncle Vernon would always take up for her when they were kids and Uncle Borden would pester her.

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During World War II it was hard to get things. Someway Uncle Vernon got me a second-hand boys bike and got new tires for it. This was after Vernon was graduated and I was about 10 years old. I didn't have anyone to play with and we lived in the country. One day Mother, Daddy, and I went to Uncle Vernon and Uncle Borden's station. I think that one was a "Gulf". Uncle Vernon told me to come with him. We went in the part where they wash and grease cars. He showed me the bike and told me it was mine! I was so happy I cried! It was a wonderful surprise and gift. I was as proud of it as if it was the most expensive bike there was. It didn't bother me that it wasn't new or a girls -- it was just fine. I rode that bike many of miles on those country roads. It lasted several years and went through several tires and tubes.

I don't remember how old I was or what year it was, but I remember when he and Aunt Wilma got married. He married later in life than Mother and Uncle Borden. He also was a good husband, brother, and daddy.

Uncle Barney was always kind of a loner. He didn't live around close and I wasn't ever around him much. He worked in dry cleaners. He liked animals and elderly people. He raised rabbits and quails. I know these things about him from letters he wrote mother and things said the few times he visited. He was married once, but didn't have any children. He was living somewhere in New Mexico when he died. Mother and Uncle Borden had him brought back to Tahoka and was buried on the lot I guess was bought when Uncle Vernon died. The three brothers, Aunt Wilma, and Aunt Minnie are all buried there together. Bill (my husband) and I stopped by there in July, 1990 and a "rattlesnake" crawled by us — we gave him plenty of room to crawl!

Christmas was a fun time. We usually went up on Christmas Eve and spent the night. (Sometimes we went to Merkel, Texas to be with Daddy's folks.) We had electric lights on the tree (we didn't have electricity out in the country). It was always so pretty to me. There would be Christmas Carolers to come by and sing. I don't know when they quit coming around but always when I was small they did. Mama died sometime before Christmas. Mother already had a tray bought for her. That's the only thing I remember of gifts to them. Papa would be helped to a chair. I can't remember anything about the meals at Christmas until after mama and papa were gone, but I do remember a real pretty cut glass bowl that was mama's and we always had fruit salad in it. I don't know what ever happened to it, but I wish I had it. It was so pretty. Aunt Wilma always had the best pecan pies. Aunt Minnie had chocolate potato cake and mother fixed the best fresh coconut cake! Always had dressing and turkey or hen. I don't know who fixed that. Mother always made potato salad. One Christmas Verna, Gwynnelle and I was going to Gwynnelle's house for something (on next block behind Mama and Papa's house). I was out in front of Verna and Gwynnelle and got on the front porch before them. One of Uncle Borden's friends had put either a dog or coyotte between screen and front door. I don't know what made it stiff - don't know if it was stuffed or what, but it had its paws on the door knob and it was on its hind feet.

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Well I opened the screen and there it was. Scared me to death! I didn't think it was a very good joke.

We always went to either Tahoka or Merkel for Christmas until I was about a junior in High School. We lived at a place then that had electricity and a bath room. We were really "citified" country people. Anyhow, we had a pretty tree with electric lights and the "Tahoka Kinfolks" came to our house. We were not a very big group, but had lots of love and fun. After Gwynnelle and I each married and had our families we quit all getting together as much. Verna didn't choose to marry and Billy Davis was still a young boy when Gwynnelle and I married. He later married and has two girls.

That is some of my memories of Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles, and two cousins. Now to my life with Mother, Daddy, and Verna.

My first memories is when we lived at Southward (a community southeast of Tahoka, Texas in Lynn County). I don't know what age I was when we moved there, but we lived there until I was eight years old. Daddy farmed and he grew cotton and grain. We had milk cows, hens, and sometimes hogs. Daddy loved to tease. He worked real hard. People liked him and he always kept his word. I liked going to places with him. When he would be outside working I'd go follow him around. Lots of times I'd be right behind him and when he'd take a step I'd step in his footprint. Then all of a sudden he would stop and I'd bump into him and he would laugh. I don't remember this, but mother said she left me with him while she went to Tahoka. Daddy was working on his tractor. I got his grease can and squirted grease everywhere. He got on to me and I told him "he wasn't my boss!" Mother was the one that did the spankings - which now I can see that wasn't really fair to her to be the parent to do all the spanking.

Daddy got his first tractor when we lived at Southward. It was a two-row Farmall F-12. He traded in his horses on it. The field always smelled good when dirt was first plowed. Sometimes when he would be planting he would let me sit in one of the planter boxes and ride a few rounds while he planted. One day he brought a little cotton tail rabbit to the house from the field. We fed it milk from one of my doll bottles. We had it for about two weeks and then one day when we got back from Tahoka we found it dead. Verna and I had a funeral for it and put wild flowers on it's grave. One time we had a "bird" funeral and buried the bird in a match box.

Mother always made me a pair of new flannel pajamas for Christmas and some new summer ones for my birthday (May 24th). One birthday she made me a special birthday cake in one of my toy pans. A neighbor girl got to spend the day with me. We got to eat out in the backyard on a small table or box. I don't remember what it was. Sometimes when Mother was making cornbread or biscuits she would cook me some cornbread in my toy cornbread stick pans and would make two or three little biscuits

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in with their big biscuits. Mother never does talk about anybody. She had lots of patience and still does. She made my clothes. Some were made from flour sacks. Flour was sold in material sacks then. They usually had a floral design. You could buy the next batch of flour with the same design and get enough to make my dresses. I don't know about Verna's, she was older than me. Those flour sacks were also used for drying off when you bathed (in a number 3 wash tub), used for drying dishes. I don't know how many pounds of flour was in a sack.

We attended a small community church there called Bethel. Mother and Verna would help me learn memory verses for Sunday School. Verna was saved at that church. Churches then didn't have a baptistry. She was baptized in a neighbor's concrete tank.

In the summer Verna and I would go to the well and get buckets of water and throw up in the air and on each other. The well had a barrel or two that would catch the well water when you turned it on. The wind blew the wheel on top of the well and pumped water out of the ground. There was also an earth tank that got water pumped into it someway. I don't remember how it was hooked up. Verna and Daddy would go swimming in this tank. Daddy could swim, but they put lids on two buckets and Verna would put a bucket on each arm to keep her up. That was the "olden days" life jackets. In my memory there is still not any water that tastes as good and cold as West Texas water straight out of a well.

Two bad storms happened while we lived at SoWard. One was a "Black Sand Storm". It came rolling in from the north and the sky was black. We could see it coming. Mother spread a sheet on the floor and put our clothes in it and took it to the cellar with us. Daddy was in the field about a mile from the house, but close to a neighbor. He went with them to their cellar. A neighbor man was walking down the road by our house and he got in the cellar with us. We went to the cellars a lot. Daddy kept a pick and shovel in there for emergency. We always had a lamp in the cellar for a little light. I have been through several sand storms in West Texas when it was necessary to light lamps during the day time because it was so dark, but this particular one was the worst.

The other storm was a snow storm when I was in the first or second grade. The bus Verna and I rode was the only one that almost completed its route. Four children was left at our house and four at each of two more houses. The snow was so deep you could hardly walk to the house. Mother said she used all our quilts and coats to bed everyone.

I was sick a lot in the first grade. Suffered from ear aches, strip throat, whooping cough, and eczema. One day Verna was sick and wasn't going to be able to go to school the next day. That night I wished I'd be sick so I wouldn't have to ride the bus by myself. The boys teased me and I didn't want to go by myself. That night I got a terrible ear

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ache and I have never wished to be sick again.

I started having eczema and it became progressively worse. Mother and daddy took me to the doctors; however, nothing helped. A neighbor told them about "Miss. Eva" a mexican lady. Sometimes she was in our community, but at this time she was in Abilene, Texas. They found out where and took me to her. She bathed me in something and would clean the sores. I don't know how long we stayed there, but they took me to her each day. She told me she would give me a little toy of some kind if I didn't cry while she worked on me, but I usually did cry - she would give me something anyway. I have no idea how she healed, but she did when doctors couldn't. She told us that I would keep having eczema some more, but it would get less and less as time went on and that's what happened. She did other things of healing to many people. One time she was at Southward when I had a bad ear ache and I cried for "Miss. Eva". Mother and Daddy took me to her and the ear got alright. Sometimes when I would have those ear aches Daddy would blow cigarette smoke in them. It would help for a little while (thank goodness for today's medicines and warm houses.)

It was at Southward when I was playing around the kitchen cook stove and caught the house on fire. Mother put it out!

One day daddy was chasing a cow that was out of the pasture. She would run around one feed stack and then the other until daddy got close enough to kick her. When he kicked his other foot came out from under him and he landed on the ground. The first thing he did was look toward the house to see if anyone saw him and Mother did!

We had an ice box to keep food cool in. A man would come through the country selling ice. We had a big cardboard sign to put in the window to let him know if we wanted 25, 50, 75, or 100 pounds of ice. Mother said we would get 100 pounds. I always liked for the "Watkins" or "Raleigh" man to come by selling vanilla, spices, etc. He would bring in this satchel or bag and open it up for us to see what all he had to sell.

Saturdays was a treat! We would go to Tahoka and stay most of the day. We got to have sandwich meat for Saturday nights! That was a treat. She would also purchase lettuce and tomatoes in the summer and make a salad. Daddy would get bananas and he and I would reach in the sack and get one to eat on the way home.

Sometimes when we had home made ice cream I would eat it and get so cold I'd go to bed and mother would put quilts over me. Sometimes I'd go to sleep before the ice cream was eaten and she would put some in a pint jar and pack it in the ice cream freezer bucket in ice and I'd have it the next morning when I would wake up.

We moved to Dixie Community (northwest of Tahoka) between the age of eight and nine years old. I went to a two teacher school at Dixie.

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The wife taught grades one through three and husband taught fourth through sixth. At recess we played baseball - "piggy wants a signal", and "kick the can". We also had swings. One time I fell out of the swing and scrapped the hide off both my knees. Mother put a pillow on each side of my legs at night to keep covers off my knees. At Dixie was when I got old enough that I could quit wearing those awful old "cotton stockings" in the winter and those "unionalls"! I had a terrible time with multiplication tables. Mother and I would sit in at the kitchen table by the stove with kerosene lamps for our light and work on math. (Those lamps had to have chimneys washed, wicks trimmed, and kerosene put in them.)

At Dixie our house leaked. When it rained furniture was scooted around and pots and pans set under drips. (It was a good thing it didn't rain as much there as it does here in Arkansas.) In the winter time the bedrooms were very cold. We used hot water bottles or hot flat irons wrapped in paper and cloth to put at our feet. We had flannel blankets to sleep between. Mother would pull the bedspread up over our heads in the bedstead and clothes pin it to the bedstead. That made us a tent to sleep under. She also did that for us when sand storms were blowing. We would still have sand on us from those West Texas sand storms. They were awful.

Mother helped daddy in the field a lot. One day in the hot summer they left me, my dog and their jug of water at the turning row while they were working. The way daddy fixed the water jug to keep the water cool was he would wrap and tie a toesack around a one-half gallon glass jug. Then he would wet the sack and jug in cold well water and fill the jug from the well. It would stay cool a long time. This particular day my dog and I were playing. My dog got thirsty, I thought so I dug him a hole in the dirt and poured all the drinking water in it for him to drink. When Mother and Daddy stopped for their drink--there was no water! So we went to the house and got more water.

The radio we listened to was battery operated and the battery was charged with a thing called "Wind Charger". It was hooked to a battery and was kind of like a little windmill. When the wind blew it recharged the battery. On Saturday nights we listened to the "Grand Old Opry". Daddy liked Roy Acuff's "Great Speckled Bird" and another of his songs. I liked "Ole Shep". I don't know who sang it, but it was about a dog and he died. I'd cry every time I heard it.

Verna and I was to kill a chicken one summer day and fix it for dinner while Mother was in the field with daddy. I was suppose to hold its head and she was to hold its feet and chop its neck off. As she swung the hatchet I was afraid she would chop my hand. I turned loose and his "bill" got chopped off. There he ran with blood spurring out of his nose. We had to catch him. I thought we took him to the field for Daddy to kill, but Verna thinks she rung his neck off. Anyway, he got killed and cooked.

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Verna would fix me paper doll houses out of paste board boxes. She would put windows, doors, and room dividers in it. We would wallpaper the rooms from some of Mother's left over wall paper. Curtains were made for the windows. I had lots of fun with them. I always liked for Verna to read to me and I learned to love books - still do.

Mother canned a lot. Verna and I had the job of washing and rinsing all the fruit jars. We had number three wash tubs out by the windmill. We would play "pretend" and "play like" while we washed the jars. I don't know now what we pretended, but we had fun while we worked.

Another big snow storm happened while living there. Not as bad as the one at Dixie, but a big one. Snow drifted between haystacks as high as they were. We made "snow ice cream" and it was good. I put chocolate on mine.

We had neighborhood hog killings. Everyone helped each other. Also, if anyone's windmill broke down they would help each other. When we would go to see Daddy's folks, a neighbor would milk the cows and feed the hogs for us.

Verna graduated from Tahoka High School when we lived at Dixie. She went off to nursing school at Abilene, Texas. It was after she left that Uncle Vernon gave me the bike I referenced earlier. Beside my bike riding, I would turn an empty barrell over on its side and "walk the barrell". In the summer, I usually went barefoot and it was easy to get that barrell rolling with bare feet.

When we moved to Dixie we started going to church at New Home. Mother fixed Sunday dinner a lot for the preacher and his family. We were always having company or going to someone's home. During revivals we would feed the preacher fried chicken and lots of times home made ice cream. It was in April when I was nine years old that I was saved. I was baptized in the new baptistry. I think I was about the seventh one to be baptized in it.

Approximately three years after we moved to Dixie we moved a few miles to a farm just east of New Home and I started to school there and graduated from there. We had our first electricity there. Lived in a big house that had four bedrooms and three porches. One was screened in and I slept out on that one in the summer time. We had three cottonwood trees in the back yard. We continued having lots of company, ice cream, and watermellons. I started having girlfriends spend nights with me and I with them. Mother and Daddy left me at one of the girlfriends for about a week while they went to Stovall Wells for Daddy to take hot baths for his arthritis. I was glad to see them come home.

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When I got in from school I would listen to "Jack Armstrong" on the radio. I also listened to KLLL to music and the Disc Jockey was a guy named "Waylon Jennings".

Lots of winter nights Mother, Daddy, and I would play checkers, dominoes, rummy, or canasta and eat pop corn.

We still went to Tahoka on Saturdays and sometimes through the years I started going to double feature western movies with Daddy. As I got in high school I would go to other theaters at Tahoka that had shows that weren't westerns, but I still liked westerns.

I use to read in the farm magazines in the advertisements about farms for sale in Arkansas with streams and woods. I would day-dream about living there. (In 1968 we all moved to Arkansas.)

World War II was going on and everyone had to use ration stamps to purchase gas, sugar, tires, and shoes.

I had my first date when we lived east of New Home. A school class-mate brought me home from church.

We next moved west of New Home and lived there three or four years. It was there that I graduated from High School and went off to college.

It was there we had our first in-door bath room. Living a fancy life now! Electricity and in-door bath! I guess you can say that was when life got a little easier for Mother and Daddy. It had always been a good life to me and never thought about not having much "worldly things" because I always had lot of love and security. I just wish all children could have had a happy carefree childhood like mine!

We got our first new car there. A 1948 Plymouth. Mother got a new rug, living room suite, and a new radio with record player. Also a deep freeze that caused lots of work. Killing and dressing about 200 chickens to freeze in it! The yard even had grass and flowers instead of just a hard-packed dirt yard like everywhere else. Mother used to put us to "sweeping the yard". I bet no one else ever did that! We swept up and threw away any trash in the yard and kept them clean. So it was nice to have grass and we had a "Letta Powered" lawn mower!

I played basketball at New Home and during our senior year we went to State. I had a 16th birthday party while living there. Had a "wienie roast" for the senior class. Also, World War II ended while we lived there.

Two boys from school came by one night. Drove in the front yard and started "serenading"! They drove off. Daddy was wishing (for fun) that he would have gotten his Old Long Tom Shot over their heads up in the air. I was too. A little later they drove back and started

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singing. I kept asking Daddy to get the gun. He didn't need much encouragement! He got the shot gun and went out the back door and shot up in the air. That put an end to the serenading and that car spun out in a hurry! Those two boys stayed clear of daddy until they found out he wasn't mad at them.

After I graduated I went to Wayland Baptist College in Plainview, Texas. That was in the fall of 1949 and Spring of 1950. I got to play basketball on "Wayland Flying Queens" team. At Christmas time we went on a two week basketball tour. We played at Little Rock, in Tennessee, in North and South Carolina. We played professional teams or high school teams. At that time, I believe we were the only college that had a girls team. As I look back, that is one thing in my life I would have continued, but I didn't go back the next year. I wish I had finished college.

Mother and daddy bought a farm at Idalou, Texas and moved there at the end of 1950 or first part of 1951. I was very unhappy about the move from New Home and Idalou would never be my home. Well, I met a 6'4" blond-headed guy that changed my mind and on November 30, 1951, I was married to Billy Ray Cocanougher of Idalou and it became my home for several years. The following January he and his best friend were both drafted. His buddy was sent to the Marines and Bill to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Later he was in Korea for nearly a year and came home safe.

On September 9, 1955, our first child, Danny Ray Cocanougher, was born. On April 23, 1957, our daughter, Teresa Jean, was born. In February, 1968, we moved to Pottsville, Arkansas in Pope County. Mother, Daddy, and Verna had moved here in 1967. Bill's mother died when he was four years old and his Dad when Teresa was a baby, but he had five sisters and one brother.

Our children went to school and graduated from Pottsville school. They both played basketball.

We had a 50th. anniversary celebration for Mother and Daddy in February, 1974. Daddy was real sick with emphysema and lung cancer. He passed away April 10, 1974.

Danny graduated in 1974 and Teresa in 1975. Danny married and had a son, Alan Kirkland, born November 12, 1975.

Teresa married and had a girl May 14, 1977. Both of these marriages ended in divorce. A few years later Teresa married again and had a son, Jonathan Eric Newell, born August 28, 1984. Danny married and had another son, Eric Zachary, born January 22, 1989 and December 11, 1990 a little girl, Jacqueline Desiree.

Mother and Verna live in Pottsville, Arkansas. Teresa and family live about a block from them. Danny's oldest son lives in Little Rock

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with his mother. Danny and family live in Russelville. Bill and I live south of Pottsville on a small farm. We have a few cows; two 40' x 400' chicken houses as we raise broilers for Tyson Food. We get 40 to 42,000 chickens five or six batches a year. Get them when they are a day old and keep them until six weeks and one or two days old. We have started our fourth year growing chickens. Bill enjoys taking care of cows and calves. I enjoy feeding all the pretty birds we have here and usually have a squirrel or two to come eat. I think the trees in Arkansas are beautiful in the Spring and Fall seasons.

BIOGRAPHY OF

BYTHEL ONEY

(Taken from letter to Bill E. Graham in February of 1988)

Son of Eunice Louise (Graham) Oney and Richard W. Oney, Jr.

Daughter of Aaron and Martha Louise (McCleskey) Graham

Son of Issac Jackson and Sarah Ann (Kinsey) Graham

I was born in a farm house near Pearl on February 1, 1932. I am an only child. Probably planned that way due to the depression. For about 50 years I wondered where in the world my mother and father found my first name. I also wondered why there were several people in Coryell County that are about my same age and were given the first name of Bythel. About six years ago I was talking to a minister from that part of the country and he said "Oh that is very simple, didn't you know the name of the president of the bank in Gatesville during the depression had the first name of Bythel". Therefore, I assume everyone that was trying to save the mortgage on the farm or trying to get a loan during the depression named their sons Bythel. Anyway, I was stuck with it. Knowing what I know now I would love to have had one of the traditional first names from either of my families. My first ten or so years were on a farm adjacent to the Aaron Graham farm. Since I really knew nothing about the world outside Pearl, Texas, I was very secure. My grandfather Aaron Graham owned property a few miles northwest of Pearl. My grandfather, Richard Oney, owned property east of Pearl. A relative (Mymie Keeton) on my father's side was my first and second grade teacher. One of my mother's very close friends (Lois Carrigan) was my third grade teacher. Therefore, I grew up as an only child, being told I was the smartest and most handsome Kid in the world. Add all that to Uncle Toral Oney running the General Store, I probably just thought the world revolved around me and my family. Granted, when you are out on those farms around Pearl you don't have too many of the conveniences of life. However, if you are not aware of that, you don't miss it. Anyway, that is probably why I have enough ego to choke a horse. I generally have all the confidence in the world. Sometime I have to watch myself and remind myself that I am not always right; however, usually I am - Ha! Once in a while, I would get to make the 25 mile trip to Gatesville and see that big huge peculiar looking Court House. Granddad Aaron would sell cream and eggs and a few times I was able to spend a nickel or dime to see a Tom Mix, Gene Autry, or Shirley Temple movie. Gatesville was the outside world until World War II. During the war we moved to Fort Hood. We lived on the Fort and I remember Sugar Loaf mountain, but during that time I had no knowledge of Jesse or what went on in that area as it relates to the family background. During the war we still frequently visited the families in Pearl. After the war we moved to Temple, Texas, where I finished high school. I made an attempt to attend Temple Junior College and Tarleton State College at Stephenville. However, I was not taking it serious, and when the Korean War came along, I volunteered for the Air Force. About that same time (1951) I married Barbara Ann ("Bobbie") Martin, who happened to be the lady I had been dating since I was in the 10th grade. I enjoyed the four-year tour in the service. I was stationed at San Antonio, Wichita Falls, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Symrna, Tennessee, one year in French Morocco, North Africa, and 1-1/2 years at Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

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The Air Force exposed me to some technical training, and I probably became a little more serious about considering what my future career should be. I accepted my discharge and my GI Bill and started back to school at Texas A&M University. My wife, Bobbie, worked on campus and I had a part-time job surveying. I did not transfer any previous hours, and I managed to receive my BSEE in 3-1/2 years (1958). In February, prior to finishing A&M, my daughter, Elizabeth Gail, was born. She was the most beautiful girl in the world and the pride of my life, and still is. After completing my degree at A&M, I worked for Humble Oil and Refining Company as a Geophysicist for a few months. However, I had worked for Southwestern Bell Telephone Company between my junior and senior year and I was able to make a rather quick decision on a job change. This summer (1988) I will have 30 years with Southwestern Bell. I have worked in Dallas, Texas, Little Rock, Arkansas, San Antonio, Texas, Basking Ridge, New Jersey, and St. Louis, Missouri. I consider my career successful, mainly for two reasons. I have had the opportunity for promotions to the point where I gained additional responsibility as I grew in the company, and I have been associated with and had the responsibility for organizations that have made a significant impact on telecommunications. Within two years after starting to work for Southwestern Bell, I started managing Engineering groups. In 1964, the company decided I needed some education and they shipped me off to St. Louis, Missouri for a year of graduate work at Washington University. It was during that year, while I was flying back and forth from Dallas to St. Louis that my son, Richard, was born. He is my fishing and golfing buddy and on occasions gives me something to remind me what a pleasure it is to have a son. By the time I had been with the company eight years, I was a Division Manager. Division Manager is our fourth level of supervision. I was in San Antonio, Texas for about 15 years. During that time, I managed Engineering organizations that exceeded 450 employees, and I had about another 2000 employees under contract. Our annual capital expenditures during that time were roughly \$150 million. Of course, that was during a time of tremendous growth and technical changes in telecommunications. I was directly associated with such things as advanced changes in multiplexing toll calls, automatic message accounting, and Traffic Service Position Systems, all of which replaced hundreds of telephone operators and manual position switchboards in south and west Texas. I had the associated building and tower construction also. That involved contracts with architects and building contractors. It was a super job that Engineers usually just dream about. In 1973 my marriage ended in divorce. We were two good people that just got caught up in a lot of things. My part was probably work and Bobbie probably became the victim of too many doctors and the associated tranquilizers. During the late 1960's and early 1970's, I don't think the doctors really managed that type medicine correctly.

By the mid-and late-1970's electronic switching and more advanced carrier systems came along and I still kept busy at work. In 1981 the Justice Department decided to break up the Bell System, and I went to AT&T Headquarters in Basking Ridge, New Jersey and worked on

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what was referred to as "The Transition Task Force". I didn't believe in breaking it up, but that was no longer the question. The problem was how. After about nine years of swinging single life (which, by the way, was not too bad), I met Lynda. She is from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, but had lived in New Jersey about 17 years. We were married just as I finished the Task Force work in May, 1982. We moved to St. Louis, Missouri and I became a telephone company's communications manager. Divestiture had brought on the problem of regional telephone companies having to pay for toll (interLATA) usage, and with the help of a few engineers, I designed a network to eliminate a payment to AT&T Company for our interLata toll calls. At that time we were spending about \$144 million annually on that part of the business. I am now Division Manager - Administration Services. In November, 1985, I discovered I had prostate cancer. In December, 1985, I had a radical prostatectomy, and I consider myself 100 percent cured. Since I lost my father to the same cancer, I know I was extremely lucky to discover it early. I presently manage a staff of about 150 people consisting of such duties as 45 mail clerks, 60 words processing clerks, 26 people running a travel services bureau, and the remaining in reproduction and documentation. Years ago, I would have referred to it as a shelf job, but it does not have much pressure and I still enjoy working with people. My ability to work with people is a strong asset that far exceeds my technical ability as an engineer, although I still enjoy getting into an engineering problem occasionally. I guess I went through all the above just to say that whatever has come out of my life, and by the way I consider it successful, I owe it to my family, with particular emphasis on my parents and grandparents. I think that is why I am so hung-up on the Genealogy kick.

Golf, fishing, and gardening are probably my most enjoyable hobbies and sports. I attend Bible Study Fellowship and Lynda loves reading and working on church activities. Lynda and I also enjoy card games with pinochle at the top of the list.

Submitted to Bill Graham by:
Bythel Oney

BIOGRAPHY OF
AARON ("JUNIOR") GRAHAM, JR.



AARON ("JUNIOR") GRAHAM JR. - Aaron Jr. was born on December 24, 1919 at Coryell County, Pearl, Texas. He was the fourth child of Aaron and Martha Louise Graham. He married Juanita Fettner and had one daughter named Marlene. I have no details on Marlene other than to know she moved to California with her mother at a very early age. On December 27, 1944 Junior married **Nina Sheek**. Junior was in the military service during World War II. He served a tour of duty in Europe during the period of battle. After the war Junior and Nina moved to the Dallas area. The majority of Juniors working career was with the Sears Company. They had a home in Mesquite, Texas and they had four children named Ginger, Timothy Aaron, Cindy, and Peggy Jill. Junior died December 15, 1973 and is buried in the Grove Hill cemetery in Dallas, Texas. Nina and Junior always showed an interest in people, with a special concern for members of the Graham family. Junior was always promoting a family reunion and/or just members of the family getting together and visit. Details of Junior and Nina's family are as follows:

GINGER - Ginger was born September 23, 1948 at Dallas, Texas. She married Speedy Meister in 1965 and and they had two children named Jeffrey (born 1966) and Stephanie (born 1969). Ginger married Tom Walden in the mid 1970's.

TIMOTHY ("TIM") AARON GRAHAM - Tim was born November 28, 1950 at Dallas, Texas. He married Ellen Bigham and their children are Kelly (born 1971), Ginger Gail (born 1974), Amber (born 1978), and Timothy Jr. (born 1983).

CYNTHIA ("CINDY") - Cindy was born October 11, 1953 at Dallas, Tx. She married Bill Temple and their children are Ben (born 1974), William (born 1976), and Melissa (born 1979).

PEGGY JILL - Peggy was born April 19, 1962 at Garland, Texas. She married Carl Flowers and their children are Courtney (born 1979), Sara (born 1980), and Aaron (born 1982).

BIOGRAPHY OF
DOROTHY WAYNE (GRAHAM) SMITH



Gloria Jean - Carlton - Dorothy - Terry Dwayne

DOROTHY WAYNE (GRAHAM) SMITH - Dorothy was born August 30, 1922 at Coryell County, Pearl, Texas. She was the fifth child of Aaron and Martha Louise Graham. She married **Carlton Melvin ("Cautch") Smith** on June 22, 1940. Carlton was born August 30, 1920. Carlton's father's name was Jack Smith and his mother's maiden name was Birdie Manning. Carlton and Dorothy lived near Pearl, Texas when they were first married. Carlton was in the military service during World War II and after the war they moved to Dallas, Texas. He worked in the aircraft manufacturing business and retired with LTV in Dallas. They have a daughter Gloria Jean and a son Terry Dwayne. Dorothy and Carlton have always had concern and given care and love for their family, their church, and their home. They have been fortunate to remain very close to their immediate family. They built a retirement home in East Texas (Golden, Texas), where they presently live. Details of their family are as follows:

GLORIA JEAN PHILLIPS - Jean was born May 26, 1941 at Pearl, Texas. She married **Dick L. Phillips** on June 30, 1961. Dick was born December 17, 1937. They have two children named **Kimbra Lee ("Kim")** (born March 24, 1962 in Dallas), and **Angela Gail** (born May 8, 1966 in Dallas). Kimbra married **Stuart Hammans** and they have a son **Joshua Lee ("Josh")** (born January 4, 1979 in Tyler, Texas) and a daughter **Jamie Michelle** (born May 20 1985 in Tyler, Texas).

TERRY DWAYNE SMITH - Terry was born May 11, 1948 at Dallas, Texas. He married **Sandy K. Swenson** on February 2, 1967. Terry and Sandy have two children. Their son's name is **Derek Eugene** (born September 2, 1968 in Dallas) and their daughter's name is **Deitra Rochelle** (born October 2, 1970). Terry and Sandy live in Frankston, Texas.

BIOGRAPHY OF
FELIX GRAHAM

Felix Graham was the seventh child of Isaac J. Graham and Sarah Ann Kinsey. Felix was born September 27, 1872 in Coryell County, Texas. Felix married Julia Anne McCleskey. They were parents of one child, a daughter, Lillie Mae, born March 8, 1891 in Hamilton, Texas.

Felix is remembered by a granddaughter as a kind and caring person, and always willing to help anyone when needed. Felix died October 29, 1939 and is buried in the King Cemetery. Julia died April 21, 1956 and is buried beside Felix in the King Cemetery. Felix and Julia were blessed with only one child, but this daughter gave them eight grandchildren. One of the granddaughters is Lois E. Rogers. Lois remembers her grandparents as kind loving people and with a lot of love for their daughter and their children.

Felix and Julia's daughter

Lillie Mae Graham - born March 8, 1891 - died March 10, 1985
Burnet, Texas

(Grandchildren of Felix and Julia Graham)

Children of Lillie Mae Graham and husband Charlie L. Burk

Mamie L.	- born Jun 1, 1911 - married (1) Raymond Brown (2) John M. King
George H.	- born Mar 12, 1913 - married Nellie Jennings
James L.	- born Jan 26, 1915 - married Mildred Hullum
Herman E.S.	- born Feb 9, 1920 - killed in World War II in France
Louis F.	- born May 26, 1917 - died Feb 14, 1925
Lois Ester	- born Jul 17, 1925 - married Douglas Rogers 1941
Johnie Marie	- born Feb 18, 1932 - married Charles Smith
Francis Alberta	- born Jan 26, 1935 - married Troy Owens

This information given to Sarah J. Mullinnix by Lois E. Rogers
granddaughter of Felix and Julia Graham.

Submitted by

Sarah J. Mullinnex